PALAESTRA 139
UNTERSUCHUNGEN UND TEXTE
AUS DER DEUTSCHEN UND ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE,
begründet von Alois Brandl und † Erich Schmidt,
herausgegeben von **Alois Brandl** und **Gustav Roethe**

GUY OF WARWICK

Nach Coplands Druck

zum ersten Male herausgegeben

von

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Vorwort.

Als ich im Jahre 1896 bei meiner ersten Veröffentlichung aus Zupitzas Nachlaß — Lydgates Fabula duorum Mercatorum — die von Coplands Guy of Warwick in Aussicht stellte, ahnte ich nicht, daß erst ein Altersgrenzengesetz mir Muße genug geben sollte, meine Vorarbeiten zum Abschluß zu bringen und mein Versprechen einzulösen.

Meiner Ausgabe liegt in erster Linie Zupitzas Abschrift des alten Druckes Brit. Mus. C 21. c. 68 zugrunde. Er trägt am Schluß den Vermerk: 'Imprynted at London in Lothbury, Ouer agaynst saynt Margarits Church by wylliam Copland' und umfaßt die Verse von 1091 an. Über die Zeit seiner Entstehung habe ich in der Anmerkung zu 5042 eine Vermutung ausgesprochen. Bei meinem letzten Aufenthalt in London (1907) habe ich das Original eingesehen.

Neben dieser Abschrift fand sich in Zupitzas Nachlaß die eines anderen Abzuges des Copland'schen Druckes; sie bot mir die Verse 1-2164 und war Zupitza von Furnivall mit dem Vermerk zur Verfügung gestellt worden: 'Mr Locker-Lampson's copy has no title-page. It has several woodcuts. Mr Locker-Lampson wishes the Editor to state that the 1st part is printed from his copy.' Indem ich dieser Ehrenpflicht nachkomme, bemerke ich, daß diese Abschrift es mir ermöglicht hat, die Verse 1091-2164 mit Zupitzas Abschrift zu vergleichen. Abweichungen in der Abschrift Mr Locker-Lampson's von Zupitzas habe ich unter dem Text in runden Klammern vermerkt. Wo sich Mr Locker-Lampson's Original befindet, hat er nicht angegeben. 1907 habe ich es im Britischen Museum in Händen gehabt, und, wenn ich meine Aufzeichnungen nach fast 16 Jahren recht verstehe, liegt dieser zweite alte Druck dort unter C 18. e. 1. (49) I A 55533.

Meine Ausgabe behält die Orthographie des Originals bei; doch schreibe ich v bezw. j für konsonantisches u bezw. i. In den Reimen habe ich im allgemeinen nur dann geändert, wenn die Orthographie zur Verkennung des Reimlautes verleiten könnte: z. B. countrey : he 5212. Die aus dem frz. -é (-ée) stammenden -y und -ie (vgl. cittes 47 neben citties 37, Trinite 707 neben Trinitie 4347) im Reime mit dem germani-

schen ehemals geschlossenen e habe ich unverändert gelassen, da der Laut in Coplands Zeit i war: z. B. plenty : blee 38, menie : free 132. Auch die französische Endung -on, die den u-Laut hatte, habe ich nicht durch -oun ersetzt: z. B. baron : towne 106. Gleichförmigkeit bei scheinbarer Bindung männlicher und weiblicher Reimworte (enemyes : ywis 2912, knightes : rights 163, wroth : goeth 6609) halte ich auch nicht für nötig, da e in solchen Reimen keinen Silbenwert hatte. Das l in fault (: Heraude) 4864 habe ich als lehrreich für die Schreibung in den Text aufgenommen, obgleich es stumm ist. Alle Abweichungen (außer v = u, j = i) sind in den Fußnoten verzeichnet.

Die Interpunktion habe ich nach eigenem Ermessen gesetzt. Zupitza hatte angefangen, die Kommas von 1093 an sämtlich abzuschreiben, hat aber von 1141 ab die am Zeilenende stehenden nicht mehr verzeichnet. Die Verse 1093-1113, 1115-7, 1119, 1121-38, 1140 schließen jeder mit einem Komma, 1120 mit einem Punkt; 1114, 1118, 1139 haben kein Zeichen am Schluß. 1095 und 1110 haben in der Mitte noch ein Komma; das steht auch 2192 f., 2273, 2828 usw. an dieser Stelle.

Der innere Versbau legt häufig Änderungen nahe: 1782 könnte lauten The strongest (citye) in Lavayne, 2292 With (his) sword in (his) hand (vgl. 2322), 4844 Out of their (owne) cittie, 7487 Up (in heaven) in hye blisse. Neben zu kurzen stehen überlange Verse (z. B. But taken I saw Heraud and his fellowes eke 5348), die sich durch Tilgung von Wörtern ändern ließen: [Certes] my love is so upon thee sette 387, It fell [ryght] at the tyme of the Trinite 707, And rode [togither] to the cittie without delay 1646, So it [be]fell [up]on a sommers day 2493 (= 4131), Now have I broken my sword [that was] so good 7322. In Versen von normaler Länge könnte gelegentlich dem Rhythmus durch Umstellung aufgeholfen werden: vgl. 270 He would to shamefull death me do mit dem Original. In metrischer Beziehung bietet sich also der Konjektur ein ebenso weites als oft leicht zu bestellendes Feld; es zu bebauen, habe ich, wenn mich nicht andere Gründe bestimmten, im allgemeinen unterlassen, da Copland oder der Bearbeiter, für den er druckte, keine Kunstpoesie bieten, sondern der großen Masse des Volkes eine alte Sage wieder zugänglich machen wollte und ich mir denken kann, daß die phantasiereichen Menschen des 16. Jahrhunderts an der Erzählung von den Fahrten Guys, des 'English Hercules', wie ihn Michael Drayton nennt, 'that wandered wondrous far', wie man mit George Chapman von ihm wie von Odysseus sagen könnte, auch ohne daß sie in gleichmäßige Orthographie und regelrechten Versbau gekleidet war, ihre Freude hatten.

Meine Freude aber ist es, mich in dieses viel verschlungene Gewebe des Fabulierens von Guys Tun und Leiden haben vertiefen und das Lebenswerk meines unvergeßlichen Lehrers Zupitza fortsetzen zu können. Darum weiß ich auch Herrn Geh. Regierungsrat Prof. Dr. A. Brandl aufrichtigen Dank, daß er meine Arbeit in die Palaestra aufzunehmen für wert er-

achtet hat, und der Verlagsbuchhandlung, daß sie in dieser schweren Zeit die Druckkosten nicht gescheut hat, die ich u. a. auch dadurch zu vermindern bestrebt gewesen bin, daß ich von kursivem Druck möglichst geringen Gebrauch gemacht habe.

Im folgenden gebe ich noch einige Nachträge und Berichtigungen: **Zu 55** Der Text des Girardus Cornubiensis erscheint nach Zupitzas Abschrift neu gedruckt in HArchiv (145?). — Zu **708** f. doubbe druckt Copland auch Ys. 284. — Zu **782** wylsum Ys E 597 = wilfull. — Zu **1450** Wyshe me a waye Ys. 395 in Coplands Druck und D. — Zu **1625** And hundreth auch Ys. XXV 7 von Copland für An h. verdruckt. — Zu **2309** Justis ist wohl für sustir (vgl. NED 1-7), nicht für syster (2810) verdruckt; d hat sonst diese Form nicht. — Zu **3019** Zur Verwechselung von d und n in Copland'schen Drucken vgl. chyldred = chyldren Ys. 125. — **3648** Betreffs der Beteuerung by this day (davor fehlt das Komma) vgl. Zupitza zu c 1581. — Zu **3926** Zum Übergang von i (y) zu e vgl. stent: went 1178 neben stinte: dinte 1306, 2936, 3096, 7815, : tint (altn. tyna) 1928 und dent 1331. — **4232** fast after ist, wenn die zu 2054 ausgesprochene Vermutung nicht zutrifft, als Ellipse (rennyng f. a.; vgl. 2950, 3800) in Kommas zu setzen. — Zu **6319** Betreffs der Frist vgl. auch d 5233. — Zu **6401** lookes ist wohl für looked verdruckt: vgl. many on lokyd wrathe C 7926, Zupitza zu c 7742, betreffs der Verwechselung von s und d m. Anm. zu 2043. — **6487** Wenn brake besser als Prät. (vgl. zu 3418) zu fassen ist, möchte ich 6488 E. w. do o. wrake (vgl. zu 5732) lesen.

Während der Drucklegung sind mir aus dem bisher in Oxford in Napiers Wohnung aufbewahrten literarischen Nachlaß Zupitzas noch Teile zweier afrz. Hss. zu Gesicht gekommen. Aus ihnen teile ich folgendes mit: die eine ist die Hs. Corp. Chr. Coll., Cambridge, L. Zu **5992** Sie erwähnt fol. 147 d auch Guys Mutter nicht. — Zu **6014** Eb. riche reis e empereurs. — Zu **6035** Eb. 148 De ici al tierz iour le uus dirai. — Zu **6047** Un iur com li coens repairat De la riuere ou il pris ad Volatile ad grant plente Guion ad apelle: eb. 148. — **6048** d stimmt nicht mit c 7053 What tyme (wyll yow weddyd bee), C. C. C. 148 Quant (uus femme prendrez) überein; wie α 11, 10, C 7363 fragt d nicht nach der Zeit. — Zu **6060** Auch α XIII erwähnt Spanien nicht, wohl aber C 7377 ff. Thy doughter leuere me is Than to wedde with al Spaigne The Emperours doughter of Almaigne = La fille le empereur de alemaine Od tote la terre de ci ke en espaine (148). — Zu **6067** Les noeces puis tenues ont Quatre iours (148 c.). — Wo die andere mir zum Teil zugegangene Hs. liegt, finde ich nicht angegeben; aus ihr vermerke ich: zu **6954** Bien sauez en quele Guise (fol. 163 vb.). — **6970** none earthly man steht hier in anderem Sinne als 6300; vgl. cil pelerin nest pas home mortel Ainz est angle uenu du ceel (164 ra.). — Zu **7018** Diese Hs. (164 f.) hat regelmäßig la mier als Ort, wo Guys Leben gefährdet wurde. — **7049** αCc (vgl. S. 269) können nicht die Vorlage von d gewesen

sein: as rayne and thonder erinnert nur an frz. com foudre ke uenist de la sus (fol. 165 vb.).

Zwischen All-togither 1654, forth-right 4230, golde-ring 6146, to-morrow 1966, to-morne 5403 fehlt der Bindestrich, das Anführungshäkchen vor 443, 5847, hinter 4094. Zu streichen sind die Gedankenstriche hinter 172f., das Komma hinter quod 1674, hinter low 4382, cittie 4604, him 6282; es fehlt hinter will 4427. Das Semikolon hinter 4215 ist durch Kolon zu ersetzen. S. 1, Z. 3 v. u. lies 7412 (st. 7352), S. 243, Z. 7 v. o. (= p.) st. (: p.).

Berlin, den 4. Januar 1923. G. S.
SW 47, Katzbachstr. 12.

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Vergleichende Inhaltsübersicht.[1])

-18 Aus der Betrachtung der Vergangenheit folgt Segen. A Lücke, C 1-20, c 1-18.

19-26 Thema der nachfolgenden Erzählung. A Lücke, C 21-36, c 19-26.

27-56 Rohande war Graf in Warwick. A Lücke, C 37-58, c 27-50.

57-94 Er hatte eine Tochter, Phelis. A Lücke, C 59-106, c 51-82.

95-124 Sein Verweser war Segarde. A 123-142, C 107-142, c 83-109.

125-168 Dieser hatte einen Sohn, namens Guy. AC 143-184, c 110-142.

169-186 Zu Pfingsten veranstaltet Rohande ein großes Fest. AC 185-202, c 143-154.

187-212 Er beauftragt Guy, seine Tochter bei der Tafel zu bedienen. AC 203-231, c 155-172.

213-254 Dabei verliebt sich Guy in sie. AC 232-272, c 173-190.

255-310 Guy hat große Liebespein auszustehen. AC 273-340, c 191-212.

311-392 Er findet bei Ph. keine Erhörung. AC 341-414, c 213-234.

393-484 Sein Liebessehnen erwacht aber von neuem. AC 415-502, c 235-246.

485-508 Rohande schickt seinen Arzt zu ihm. AC 503-526, c 247-268.

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[1]) A = Auchinleck MS. (Edinburgh) fol. 107 v - 146 vb.
α = Fortsetzung von A in Schweifreimstrophen fol. 146 vb - 167 rb.
Rbr = Auchinleck MS. 167 vb - 175 vb.
C = Caius College (Cambridge) MS. 107.
Alle vier von Zupitza in Paralleldruck, soweit C reicht, veröffentlicht in der EETS., Extra Series XLII (1883), XLIX (1887), LIX (1891).
c = Universitätsbibliothek (Cambridge) Paper Ms. Ff. 2. 38; herausgegeben von Zupitza: EETS., Extra Series XXV f. (1875 f.).
S = Sloane MS. 1044 (Britisches Museum); veröffentlicht von Zupitza in den Sitzungsberichten der Wiener Akademie LXXIV, 624 ff. (1873).
P = Additional MS. 14408 (ebenda); vgl. Sitzungsberichte 637 f.
GC = Guy & Colebrande in Bishop Percy's Folio MS., ed. Hales and Furnivall, London 1868, Vol. II 527.
L = Lydgates Guy: vgl. Sitzungsberichte S. 649 ff. und PFolio II 520.

Unberücksichtigt gelassen habe ich *Guy & Phillis*, eb. 201 f., 'simply a résumé' (eb. 509) und *Guye and Amarant*, eb. 136—148, von dem Furnivall sagt (136 Anm.): 'Certainly modern, and certainly bad, as bad as it well can be, if it was meant seriously. One is tempted in charity to think it a quiz of the style it affects'; ferner *w*, ein Blatt in der Bodlejana (Douce Fragments 20), von dem Zupitza in den Sitzungsberichten S. 641 sagt, es entspreche d (= Coplands Druck) Ii II und III (in meiner Ausgabe 7293-7352) und sei fast nur orthographisch von ihm verschieden; und endlich *Lanes Guy* (nach Warton 'not only an inartificial imitation of Chaucer's manner, but a weak effort of invention': eb. 646) als bedeutungslos für die Textkritik.

509-530 Guy geht abermals zu Phelis. AC 527-562, c 269-294.

531-576 Eine Vision wirkt auf Phelis ein.

577-696 Phelis will seine Werbung annehmen, sobald er zum Ritter geschlagen ist und Rittertaten vollbracht hat. AC 563-682, c 295-374.

697-718 Guy erhält den Ritterschlag. AC 683-724, c 375-428.

719-742 Er nimmt Abschied von Phelis. AC 725-751, c 429-445.

743-772 Ebenso von seinem Vater und Rohande und geht mit Heraude, Yorrold und Urry in See. AC 752-784, c 446-498.

773-868 In Rouen hört er von einem Turnier, dessen höchster Preis Blaunchflower, die Tochter des deutschen Kaisers Rayner, sein soll. AC 785-854, c 499-564.

869-996 Guy bleibt Sieger. AC 855-994, c 565-678.

997-1024 Er erhält die ausgesetzten Preise und verspricht Blaunchflowers Ritter zu werden. AC 995-1034, c 679-710.

1025-1044 Das Roß, den Falken und zwei Windspiele, d. i. die Sachwerte, schickt er zu Rohande. AC 1035-1062, c 711-742.

1045-1060 Er sucht weitere Abenteuer. AC 1063-1074, c 743-750.

1061-1085 Dann kehrt er nach England zurück. AC 1075-1114, c 751-776.

1086-1150 Phelis fordert neue Waffentaten von ihm. AC 1115-1180, c 777-834.

1151-1208 Guy geht abermals in die Normandie. AC 1181-1255, c 835-904.

1209-1228 Auf Umwegen gelangt er in die Lombardei. AC 1256-1266, c 905-918.

1229-1292 Der Herzog von Pavia, den er in Rouen beim Turnier besiegt hatte, läßt ihm nachstellen. AC 1267-1358, c 919-996.

1293-1332 Der erste Überfall wird glücklich abgewiesen. AC 1359-1406, c 997-1032.

1333-1442 Im weiteren Kampf verliert Guy Urry und Yorrold; Heraude wird für tot gehalten. AC 1407-1552, c 1033-1142.

1443-1490 Guy stimmt die Totenklage an. AC 1553-1600, c 1143-1200.

1491-1518 Ein Eremit hilft ihm Urry und Yorrold begraben; den tot geglaubten Heraude bringt er auf seinem Rosse in eine Abtei. AC 1601-1644, c 1201-1244.

1519-1536 Ein Mönch ruft Heraude, ohne daß Guy davon erfährt, ins Leben zurück. AC 1653-1666, c 1253-1268.

1537-1548 Ein Eremit heilt Guy. AC 1645-1652, c 1245-1252.

1549-1558 Guy zeichnet sich in Apulien aus. AC 1667-1682, c 1269-1280.

1559-1566 Ebenso beim Herzog Rayner von Sachsen. AC 1683-1692, c 1281-1290.

1567-1596 Auf dem Rückweg nach England bleibt er beim Herzog Milon von Burgund. AC 1693-1708, c 1291-1314.

1597-1650 Dort trifft er Heraude, der als Pilger umherzieht. AC 1709-1782, c 1315-1378.

1651-1666 Beide verabschieden sich vom Herzog. AC 1783-1800, c 1379 -1394.

1667-1686 In St Omer treffen sie einen Pilger. AC 1801-1822, c 1395-1412.

1687-1812 Seine Erzählung von einer Fehde zwischen dem deutschen Kaiser Rayner und dem Herzog Segwyn von Löwen veranlaßt beide dem Herzog Hilfe zu leisten. AC 1823-1924, c 1413-1566.

1813-1830 In der Hauptstadt des Herzogs hören sie von der Belagerung durch den Verweser des Kaisers. AC 1925-1948, c 1567-1596.

1831-1898 Sie ziehen gegen die Belagerer und bringen unter anderen Gefangenen den kaiserlichen Verweser ein. AC 1949-1996, c 1597-1674.

1899-1928 In weiteren Kämpfen gewinnt Guy dem Herzog seine Länder zurück. AC 1997-1942b, c 1675-1720 [1]).

1929-1970 Der Herzog von Pavia bestimmt den Kaiser zu einem neuen Zuge gegen den Herzog von Löwen. AC 1943b-1984, c 1721 -1770.

1971-1988 Der Kriegsplan der Belagerten wird festgestellt. AC 1985-2006, c 1771-1798.

1989-2036 Heraude eröffnet den Angriff, gerät aber durch Otto von Pavia in Bedrängnis. AC 2007-2060, c 1799-1849.

2037-2092 Guy hilft ihm und macht Otto kampfunfähig. AC 2061-2102 (A zum Teil verstümmelt), c 1850-1908.

2093-2134 Beide siegen über Rayner und Wandomer von Köln. (A)C 2103-2130, c 1909-1954.

2135-2164 Guylyn, ein Verwandter des Herzogs von Löwen, wird verwundet und veranlaßt diesen zum Eingreifen. (A)C 2131-2155, c 1955-1992.

2165-2200 Der Erfolg der Belagerten bleibt nicht aus. (A)C 2156-2170, c 1993-2022.

2201-2220 Rayner und Wandomer werden wieder kampfunfähig. (A)C 2171-2194, c 2023-2046.

2221-2294 Auch Terry von Gurmoyse vermag die Schlacht nicht zugunsten des Kaisers zu wenden. AC 2195-2252, c 2047-2124.

2295-2308 Segwyn und Guy ziehen mit den Gefangenen, unter denen der Sachsenherzog, Wandomer und der Reichsverweser sich befinden, in die Hauptstadt ein. AC 2253-2270, c 2125-2144.

2309-2316 Segwyn stellt die Gefangenen unter die Obhut seiner Schwester. AC 2271-2280, c 2145-2152.

2317-2362 Der Kaiser bereitet einen dritten Angriff vor. AC 2281-2328, c 2153-2192.

2363-2378 Segwyn und Guy beraten sich. AC 2329-2346, c 2193-2218.

2379-2396 Fortgesetzte Erfolge Guys, der des Kaisers Sohn Gayer überwindet. AC 2347-2362, c 2219-2234.

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[1]) In AC ist die Zählung verworren, indem auf 2006 noch einmal 1905 folgt.

2397-2452 Neue Kämpfe führen zu Segwyns und Guys Ermüdung. AC 2363-2410, c 2235-2280.

2453-2464 Beide Kämpfer ziehen sich in die Stadt zurück. AC 2411-2422, c 2281-2292.

2465-2492 Ein Sturmangriff auf die Stadt ist erfolglos. AC 2423-2448, c 2293-2318.

2493-2564 Der Kaiser soll von einer Jagd in die Stadt gelockt werden. AC 2449-2508, c 2319-2400.

2565-2648 Er läßt sich von Guy überreden. AC 2509-2582, c 2401-2490.

2649-2660 Er wird in Abwesenheit des Herzogs, den er nicht sehen will, festlich empfangen. C 2583-2590, A verstümmelt, c 2491-2508.

2661-2772 Auf Bitten der Gefangenen, auch Guys, ist der Kaiser zur Versöhnung bereit. (A)C 2591-2716, c 2509-2630.

2773-2820 Otto von Pavia bleibt unversöhnlich. Trotzdem wird der Friede durch eine Doppelhochzeit besiegelt. AC 2717-2768, c 2631-2684.

2821-2844 Guy geht mit dem Kaiser nach Speier. AC 2769-2800, c 2685 -2712.

2845-2894 Dort sieht er aus Konstantinopel vertriebene Kaufleute und wird durch ihren Bericht veranlaßt, dem Kaiser Ernis von Ostrom gegen die Sarazenen zu Hilfe zu eilen. AC 2801-2860, c 2713 -2774.

2895-3044 Der Kampf verläuft erfolgreich. AC 2861-3063, c 2775-2957.

3045-3062 Die Guy zugedachte Belohnung erweckt den Neid des Reichsverwesers Morgadour. AC 3064-3090, c 2958-2972.

3063-3114 Ein Spion erfährt im Sarazenenlager, daß ein neuer Angriff auf Konstantinopel geplant wird. A 3091-3146, fehlt C, c 2973-3022.

3115-3306 Morgadours Versuch, Guy bei Ernis zu verleumden, ist erfolglos. AC 3147-3390, c 3023-3222.

3307-3360 Guy entwirft den Plan zur Abwehr des neuen Sarazenenangriffs. AC 3391-3468, c 3223-3280.

3361-3512 Auch dieser Angriff scheitert dank der Führung Guys. AC 3469-3726, c 3281-3466.

3513-3652 Morgadour veranlaßt den Kaiser, den Frieden durch einen Einzelkampf herbeizuführen; die Herausforderung dazu übernimmt Guy. AC 3727-3848, c 3467-3614.

3653-3682 Guy rüstet sich zur Fahrt, für die er auch die Begleitung Heraudes ablehnt. AC 3849-3870, c 3615-3634.

3683-3762 Im feindlichen Lager angekommen, übermittelt er die Botschaft des Kaisers. AC 3871-3959, c 3635-3705.

3763-3782 Dann schlägt er dem Sultan den Kopf ab. AC 3960-3996, c 3706-3730.

3783-3854 Mit Heraude, der ihm zu Hilfe geeilt ist, kehrt er unter dem Geläut der Glocken nach Konstantinopel zurück; der Kopf des

Sultans wird in einer vergoldeten Messingkapsel auf dem Markte aufgestellt. AC 3997-4108, c 3731-3842.

3855-3914 Auf einem Besichtigungsritt durch das zerstörte Land, den er mit dem Kaiser unternimmt, befreit er einen Löwen von einem Drachen und findet an ihm einen treuen Gefährten. AC 4109 -4164, c 3843-3924.

3915-3982 Guy soll Loret, des Kaisers Tochter, angetraut werden; aber in Erinnerung an Phelis stellt er sich ohnmächtig, so daß er das Bett hüten muß. A 4165-4244 (in C nur 4235 f. And Guy into his bedde he is stryke, And therin he lieth longe sike), c 3925-3996.

3983-4008 Nach einer Besprechung mit Heraude bleibt er bei seinem Vorsatz, Phelis nicht untreu zu werden. A 4245-4280, fehlt C, c 3997-4034.

4009-4120 Morgadour tötet seinen Löwen, Guy rächt sich dafür und nimmt von Ernis Abschied. AC 4281-4490, c 4035-4236.

4121-4142 Auf dem Heimwege verweilt er beim Kaiser Rayner und dem Herzog von Lothringen. AC 4491-4522, c 4237-4270.

4143-4292 In einem Walde trifft er Terry, der in der Fehde des Kaisers mit dem Herzog von Löwen (2221) eine große Rolle gespielt hatte, in hilflosem Zustande. Terry hatte seine Braut, Osile von Lothringen, vor den Griffen Ottos von Pavia retten wollen, mußte sie aber Räubern überlassen, die ihn im Walde überfielen. AC 4523-4681, c 4271-4490, P 1-54.

4293-4324 Guy befreit Osile aus ihren Händen. AC 4682-4722, c 4491 -4526.

4325-4338 Unterdessen wird Terry entführt. AC 4723-4734, c 4527-4534.

4339-4374 Auch ihn holt Guy aus der Hand seiner Entführer zurück. AC 4735-4788, c 4535-4586.

4375-4404 Mittlerweile hatten Heraude und seine Gefährten Osile in ihre Herberge gebracht. AC 4789-4818, c 4587-4616.

4405-4448 Dort herrscht große Freude, als Guy Terry dorthin bringt. AC 4819-4904, c 4617-4690.

4449-4468 Beide schließen innige Freundschaft. AC 4905-4938, c 4691 -4728.

4469-4524 Die Rückkehr nach England wird dadurch hinausgeschoben, daß Terrys Vater, der Graf Anbry, gegen Herzog Loyer von Lothringen und Otto von Pavia nach Beistand suchen läßt. AC 4939-5014, c 4729-4808.

4525-4540 Guy geht daher nach Gurmoyse, Anbrys Residenz. A 5015 -5040, C 5019-5024, c 4809-4837.

4541-4604 Vor den Toren der Stadt findet ein erfolgreicher Kampf mit den Mannen des Herzogs von Lothringen statt. A 5041-5158, C fehlt, c 4838-4936.

4605-4730 Bei einem von Otto geführten Angriff fällt Heraude in die Hände der Feinde. A 5159-5440, C fehlt, c 4937-5102.

4731-4804 Er wird aber von Terry und Guy befreit und Otto kampfunfähig. A 5441-5502, C fehlt, c 5103-5180.

4805-4816 In Gurmoyse herrscht Siegesfreude. A 5503-5504, C fehlt, c 5181-5194.

4817-4892 Otto schlägt vor, den Grafen Anbry mit seinen drei ritterlichen Verteidigern und Osile aus der Stadt zu locken und, wenn sie einen Tagesmarsch von ihr entfernt seien, sie zu überfallen. A 5505-5578, C fehlt, c 5195-5278.

4893-4936 Als Vermittler geht ein Bischof nach Gurmoyse. A 5579-5616, C fehlt, c 5279-5324.

4937-5034 Nach einem Scheinfrieden zieht Anbry wegen seines hohen Alters nach Gurmoyse zurück, die übrigen folgen mit Osile Loyer. AC 5617-5688, c 5325-5424.

5035-5176 Da bringt Otto seinen verräterischen Plan zur Ausführung: Loyer, dem Guy darüber Vorwürfe macht, zieht sich zurück, Guy verteidigt sich gegen die Lombarden und rettet sich vor seinen Verfolgern über einen Fluß. AC 5689-5856, c 5425-5568.

5177-5255 Loyer kehrt mit Heraude nach Lothringen um, Otto geht mit Terry und Osile nach Pavia. A 5857-5952, C nur 5937-5942, c 5569-5650.

5256-5278 Von Schmerz verzehrt, gelobt Guy Rache. AC 5953-5986, c 5651-5686.

5279-5366 Für acht Tage findet er Unterkommen bei Ritter Amis. AC 5987-6102, c 5687-5784.

5367-5436 Von dort geht er, unkenntlich gemacht, als Knappe nach Pavia und wird von Otto zu Terrys Kerkermeister ernannt. AC 6103-6186, c 5785-5860.

5437-5514 Er bringt dem Freunde Lebensmittel und löst seine Fesseln. A 6187-6282, C nur 6275-6282, c 5861-5966.

5515-5544 Dann trifft er mit Osile Verabredung. AC 6283-6314, c 5967 -5998.

5545-5580 In der Nacht hilft er Terry über die Stadtmauer und sendet ihn zu Amis. AC 6315-6384, c 5999-6068.

5581-5640 Dorthin eilt er auch selbst mit Osile, nachdem er sich Otto zu erkennen gegeben und ihn getötet hat. AC 6385-6542, c 6069-6222.

5641-5674 Alle vier gehen zu Terrys Vater. AC 6543-6586, c 6223-6272.

5675-5738 Heraude, von Loyer als Friedensvermittler abgeschickt, erwirkt ihm Verzeihung. AC 6587-6686, C nur 6677-6680, c 6273-6382.

5739-5754 Die Versöhnung findet in Lothringen statt und wird durch die Vermählung Terrys mit Osile bekräftigt. A 6687-6712, C fehlt, c 6383-6408.

5755-5816 Auf einer herzoglichen Jagd verfolgt Guy einen Eber auf das Gebiet des Königs Florentyne von Brabant, erlegt ihn, tötet aber auch einen Prinzen, der Guy im Auftrage des Königs wegen der Wilddieberei in unhöflicher Weise zur Rede stellt. A 6718-6812, C fehlt, c 6409-6504.

5817-5874 Auf der Burg des Königs, die er ahnungslos aufsucht, verteidigt er sich gegen die Rächer des Prinzen. A 6813-7016, C fehlt, c 6505-6706.

5875-5888 Zum Herzog Loyer zurückgekehrt, bringt er endlich seinen Entschluß, England wiederzusehen, zur Ausführung. AC 7017-7124, c 6707-6798.

5889-5902 Guy stellt sich König Athelstone in York vor. AC 7125-7137, c 6799-6812.

5903-5986 Auf die Nachricht von den Verwüstungen, die ein Drache in Northumberland anrichte, eilt er dorthin und tötet das Ungeheuer. AC 7138-7306, c 6813-6966.

5987-6004 Dann geht er über Lincoln nach Wallingforde und Warwick. α 3-4, C 7307-7320, c 6967-6990, S 1-4.

6005-6068 Phelis reicht ihm die Hand zur Vermählung. α 5-19,6, C 7321-7388, c 6991-7107, S 5-194.

6069-6082 Doch ist das Eheglück nur von kurzer Dauer. α 19,7-20,6, C fehlt, c 7108-7118, S 195-204.

6083-6154 Denn Guy beschließt eine Bußfahrt. α 20,7-34,3, C 7389-7459, c 7119-7274, S 205-216, L 24,6-25,6.

6155-6168 Nach seinem Abschied bleibt Phelis untröstlich. α 34,4-38, C 7460-7519, c 7275-7334, L 22,7-23,4.

6169-6188 Heraude eilt seinem Freunde nach, findet ihn aber nirgend. α 41-43, C 7539-7572, c 7363-7392.

6189-6402 Guy trifft im heiligen Lande den Ritter Jonas von Dulas, der für den König Triamour von Alexandrien gegen einen Riesen des Sultans von Persien Hilfe sucht. α 44-78,7, C 7573-7938, c 7393-7754.

6403-6462 Beide gehen nach Alexandrien, wo Guy sich Triamour unter der Bedingung zur Verfügung stellt, daß er den mit seinen Söhnen in Alexandrien gefangen gehaltenen Jonas nach der Besiegung des Riesen frei läßt. α 78,8-89, C 7939-8084, c 7755-7892.

6463-6648 Der Riese wird überwunden und Jonas mit seinen Söhnen erlöst. α 90-140,9, C 8085-8645, c 7893-8387.

6649-6676 Mittlerweile hat Phelis einem Knaben das Leben geschenkt. Er heißt Raynbrowne, wird mit vier Jahren in Heraudes Obhut gestellt, diesem aber von russischen Kaufleuten geraubt. Rbr 3,4-9,12, C 8654-8737, c 8397-8474, L 22,5 f.

6677-6712 Heraude macht sich auf, ihn zu suchen, wird nach Afrika ver-

schlagen und gerät in Gefangenschaft. Rbr 27-32,8, C 8918 -9009, c 8657-8724, L 21,5-22,4.

6713-6746 Raynbrowne war dem König Aragus von den Kaufleuten geschenkt und von diesem zu einem tüchtigen Ritter erzogen worden. Rbr 10-13,12, C 8738-8755, c 8475-8496.

6747-6828 Nach der Trennung vom Grafen Jonas findet Guy in Deutschland einen Wanderer, der sich ihm als Terry zu erkennen gibt und nach Guy sucht, damit dieser für ihn gegen Barnard von Pavia kämpfe und ihn von dem von B. verbreiteten Verdacht, Otto von Pavia getötet zu haben, reinige. α 142-161, C 9030 -9357, c 8745-9078.

6829-6866 Durch eine Wundererscheinung findet Guy in einem Berge ein Schwert, mit dem er sich für den Kampf ausrüstet. α 162-167, C 9358-9428, c 9079-9147.

6867-6980 Guy erbietet sich beim Kaiser, den Zweikampf mit Barnarde zu übernehmen; der Kampf wird aber bis zum Abend nicht entschieden. α 168-193, C 9429-9744, c 9148-9448.

6981-7024 Barnarde, von Guys Überlegenheit überzeugt, sinnt auf eine List und läßt in der Nacht den schlafenden Gegner samt seinem Bette ins Wasser werfen; Guy wird aber von einem Fischer gerettet. α 194-200, C 9745-9845, c 9449-9524.

7025-7066 Am nächsten Morgen wird der Kampf fortgesetzt; Barnarde muß seine Verleumdung mit dem Tode büßen. α 201-209, C 9846-9985, c 9525-9652.

7067-7128 Terry, der das Asylrecht in Anspruch genommen hat, wird von Guy herbeigeholt und erhält die Verzeihung des Kaisers. α 210-220,9, C 9986-10121, c 9653-9768.

7129-7184 Erst jetzt gibt sich Guy abseits und ohne Zeugen seinem Freunde zu erkennen, will aber still seines Weges weiterziehen. α 223-232, C 10151-10283, c 9793-9908.

7185-7212 In England erfährt er von der Dänengefahr und geht nach Wynchester. α 233-237, C 10284-10359, c 9909-9996, GC 25-57, L 36-43,2.

7213-7264 König Athelstone wird durch ein Traumgesicht auf den an seinem Schloßtor liegenden Pilger hingewiesen und erhält von ihm die Zusage, gegen Colbroud, den Riesen des Dänenkönigs, zu kämpfen. α 238-248,9, C 10360-10519, c 9997-10127, GC 58-116, L 1-21,4, 25,7-35 u. 43,3-46.

7265-7288 Der Schlachttag und die Vereinbarungen für die Zukunft werden mit dem Dänenkönig festgesetzt. α 248,10-254, C 10520-10587, c 10128-10216, GC 117-174, L 47.

7289-7344 Der unerkannte Pilger bleibt Sieger. α 255-269, C 10588 -10773, c 10217-10370, GC 175-401, L 48-53.

7345-7370 Ehe er von dannen geht, sagt er Athelstone unter der Be-

dingung, daß er vor seinem Tode von seiner Tat nicht spreche, seinen Namen. *α* 270-277, C 10774-10842, c 10371-10472, GC 438-477, L 54-61.

7371-7392 Dann geht Guy nach Warwick und wird von Phelis mit anderen Armen täglich gespeist, aber nicht erkannt. *α* 278-282,3, C fehlt, c 10473-10520, GC 478-524, L 62-63,5.

7393-7414 In einer verlassenen Einsiedelei, die er sich zur Wohnstätte erwählt, verkündet ihm ein Engel, daß er in einer Woche sterben werde. *α* 282,4-286,3, C 10843-10854, c 10521-10576, GC 525-554, L 63,6-65,5.

7415-7452 Infolgedessen sendet er einen Boten mit dieser Nachricht und dem Ringe, den ihm seine Gemahlin bei ihrer Trennung gegeben hatte, zu Phelis. *α* 286,4-292,6, C 10855-10930, c 10577 -10646, GC 555-569, L 65,6-66,4.

7453-7474 Sie eilt zu ihm, er stirbt vor ihren Augen und wird an Ort und Stelle beigesetzt. *α* 292,7-296, C 10931-11039, c 10647 -10712, GC 570-604, L 66,5-70,2.

7475-7488 Nach 14 Tagen folgt sie ihm in die Ewigkeit und wird an seiner Seite begraben. *α* 297, C 11040-11063 [1]), c 10718-10748, GC 605-636, L 70,3-71.

7489-7544 Heraude verspricht dem afrikanischen Fürsten, in dessen Gefangenschaft er lebt, seine Hilfe gegen König Aragus. Rbr 32,9-40, C fehlt, c 10787-10910.

7545-7562 Es gelingt, Aragus zur Flucht zu zwingen. Rbr 41-53,3, C fehlt, c 10911-11080.

7563-7636 Aber der Kampf wird abgebrochen, da sich Heraude und Raynbrowne gegenseitig zu erkennen geben. Rbr 53,4-66,9, C fehlt, c 11081-11224.

7637-7688 Auf dem Rückwege nach England finden sie auf Amis' Burg Aufnahme und erfahren von seiner Gattin, daß der Burgherr im Feenlande in Gefangenschaft lebe. Rbr 66,10-76,6, C fehlt, c 11225-11356.

7689-7796 Raynbrown befreit Amis. Rbr 76,7-99, C fehlt, c 11357-11628.

7797-7932 Auf ihrem Weiterwege kommen sie nach Burgund und hören, daß das Land durch einen Grafen, in dessen Diensten ein junger Ritter stehe, schwer zu leiden habe. R. wagt den Kampf mit dem Jüngling, und nach heftigem Ringen ergibt sich, daß es Heraudes Sohn Aslake ist. Rbr 100-123,6, C fehlt, c 11629-11934.

7933-7955 Ohne sich vom Landesherrn zu verabschieden (Rbr 123,7-127,9, c 11935-11946), kehren Vater und Sohn mit Raynbrowne in

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[1]) *α* 298-299, C 11076-11095 schließen mit der Erzählung, daß Terry mit Athelstones Genehmigung den Leichnam Guys in Lothringen beisetzen läßt.

die Heimat zurück. Rbr 127,10 (der Schluß verloren), C fehlt, c 11947-11972; frz. von Zupitza als Ergänzung von Rbr abgedruckte Quelle 1-22.

7956-7960 Rückblick auf fünf der handelnden Personen.

7961-7965 Ethischer Gehalt der Dichtung. Frz 23-30.

7966-7971 Segenswunsch für die Seelen der vorhin gedachten fünf Personen.

7972-7976 Segenswunsch für die Leser. Frz 31-34, c 11973-11976.

Sithen the tyme, that God was borne
And christendom was set and sworne,
Many adventures have befall,
The which that men know not all.
Therefore I reade, that ye fande
Wit and wysedome to understande,
And gladly heare good sawes,
Which that good men us shawes,
That before us hath bene
And many adventures hath sene.
For they loved ever stedfastnesse
In word and deede, both more and lesse;
Wherefore men should be fayne
Good deedes to honour and sayne.
Who so holdeth, that he may heare,
Much good then may he leare
And wer a right wyse man,
That heareth witte and keepe it can.
Now of an earle I will you reede,
That doughty was in every deede,
And of a knight, that was his stewarde,
An hardy man and no cowarde,
And of that steward his sonne mylde,
A curteous and a noble chylde,
How he loved a mayden free,
An earles daughter: his heyre was shee.
Of that earle I will you reede,
That dowty was in every deede.
An earle he was in Englande,
That helde Warwick in his hande.

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5 Thererfore || fonde.

Riche he was, hardy and free, (A 2 v)
Wyse and ware, who list to see.
Golde and sylver he had plenty
And clothes eake of dyvers blee
And much vessell of sylver ynow,
Much more then I can tell you,
Strong castles and riche citties,
Good townes, forestes and fees.
All Englande to him stoode in awe,
To his strength and to his sawe.
There was no man that tyme, certayne,
That durst him warre agayne,
But that he tooke his body anone
Into a strong pryson of stone.
Good knightes with him helde,
That doughty were with speare and shield.
He gave to them riche cittes all,
Gold and fee and stede in stall.
He was therefore of eche man helde wyse.
In Englande he bare ever the pryse.
That good lorde was earle and syre
Of Oxforde, the good shyre;
And lorde he was, where he came,
Of the earledome of Bokingham.
That good earle Rohande hight;
Curteous he was and a noble knight.
A daughter he had of great price;
That fayre mayde hight Phylice.
Her great bewty I cannot tell,
But a parte I will you spell.
Her body was good and gent withall, A 3 (r)
Her head, feete and her neck small;
Whyte forehead, and cleare of vyse,
Her eyen gray, and nose treatyse,
Bent browes of good assyse,

54 Rokingham.

With comely mouth in the best wyse;
Her countenaunce kept, I can devyse;
Every thing, she did, was for to pryse;
Shoulders shapely she had also
And armes well sitting thereto;
Long body and flankes lowe
(Fayrer mayde might no man know);
Whyte handes also had shee
With long fyngers and fayre to see;
As rose red was her colour
And whyte therewith as lillie-flower.
Learned she was both lowde and still;
The seven artes she could at will.
Her maystres were gray-heared,
That in her fathers house her leared:
They learned her astronomy,
Arethmatick and geometry.
For that mayde was both noble and wyse,
Holde she was of noble pryse.
Kinges and princes came her to woe
And lordes of dyvers landes ynow;
But none of them ne would she;
For she was so gent and free;
Of good thewes she bare the flower;
Wyser was none in hall ne bower.
Though men had over all sought, (A 3 v)
A fayrer mayde might none be wrought;
But, and I should her bewty tell,
All-to long then should we dwell.
Of Phelis now let we be,
And of that steward talke we!
That steward was curteous and good.
And come he was of noble blood;
And a riche man of great vertue:
No man in lande of more value!

68 prayse. 80 learned.

Well prooved of armes then was he;
For he had full wyde be,
To win him pryse over all about;
And men of him had great doubt.
In Walingforde, that good towne,
Borne was that bolde baron.
A stronger man, then he was one,
In all England that tyme was none.
The Earle Rohande he served so
With such service, as he did tho,
That no man durst agaynst his lorde
In all this lande make no discorde,
But that he slue them, without leace,
But if they made sooner their peace;
But he tooke them with his hande,
Though they fled into Scotlande.
All Englande, both towne and towre,
That tyme he kept with such honour:
For, had a man that eche stounde
On him borne an hundered pounde,
He should not have found no robbour A 4 (r)
To have robbed him of that treasour.
Segarde I heard his name call;
Praysed he was in bowre and hall.
That stewarde had a sonne wyse,
Hende and fayre and great of prise.
He made him loved all about
With giftes riche in and out.
The Earle Rohande he served than,
He was his owne liegeman.
The Earle loved that chylde so free
Over all his other menie.
In the Earles chamber a-nightes he lay
And served him of his cuppe on the day.

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115 he] he ne. 122 treasure. 127 f. *Die zweiten Vershälften vertauscht.* 134 on h. c.

Curteous he was, without leasing:
The Earle him loved over all thing.
Guy of Warwick was his name.
Of great honour he bare the fame;
Praysed he was — and that was right—
Of every man both day and night;
In the Earles countrey was none,
That they ne loved him, everichone.
In that countrey was no squyere
So noble of lose far ne neare.
To prayse him it was worthy,
For he was both fayre and doughty.
All men loved him verament,
For he was so good and gent.
All vertues in him were layde,
And every man good of him sayde.
Into tournament and justes bolde (A 4 v)
A steede to prick and well withholde—
Guy had a mayster him to learne:
Heraude he hight of Arderne.
This Heraude was a curteous knight;
He taught Guy with all his might
Of harte, of bore, of venison,
Of sperhawke, goshawke and gerfawcon.
All other games he taught him tho—
Of tables, dyse, of chesse also.
Who so asked Guy any thing,
He gave it at the fyrst asking.
Prysoners and pore knightes
Guy gave and helpte in all rights:
He gave them both palfray and steede,
Gold and sylver and rich weede.
A whyle of Guy now let we be,
And of Earle Rohand speake we.
At Penthecost, in the sommers tyde,

143 squyre.

Earle Rohand heald a feast with pryde
At Warwick in his owne hall.
Through custome came thyther all—
Earles, barons of that countrie—
And all their ladyes fayre and free
And gentle damsels, most and least:
All they came unto that feast.
Many a lady of gentle blood
To chuse her lord there thought it good;
Many a noble knight also
Of the ladyes chose their wyves tho.
And, when they came fro church all, B 1 (r)
They yode unto the Earles hall.
The Earle to the meate them set,
And Guy he let before him set,
Segardes sonne, the Earles stewarde.
God kepe him from happes harde!
The Earle bad Guy to chamber go
And greete well Phelis tho
And serve her fayre and well,
Till she had eaten every dell.
Guy went and did, as the Earle him bad,
In a gowne of scarlet clad.
Shapely he was of body and bone,
Nothing to amende, that was him on.
For he was so fayre a man,
Every body behelde him than.
Guy fell on knees as squyre wyse,
And fayre he greete that mayden Phelys
And sayd, her lorde had him sent
To serve her at her owne talent.
She thanked Guy with hart free
And sayd: 'Fayre syr, welcome to me!'
And, as Guy kneeled her beforne,
She asked him, where he was borne.
Guy tolde her well and curteously,
'Segardes sonne', he sayd, 'am I,

That your lordes stewarde is;
And your lorde I have served, ywis,
Ever yet unto this day.'
Then sayd Phelis, that fayre may:
'Arte thou Segardes sonne, the good? (B 1 v)
Men say, thou arte of gentle blood.'
When the ladyes to meate should gone,
The water was brought: they washed anone.
Guy did all his might that day
To serve Phelys well to pay.
And maydens there were thyrty,
That turned their loves all to Guy;
But of their loves kept he nought.
For on another was all his thought—
On Phelis, that was fayre and gent.
All his love Guy had her lent;
For, as he served her that day,
His love fell so to that may,
That his hart, without leasing,
Nerehand brast, for love longing.
So fell Guy in great torment
For love of that mayden gent.
Mourning Guy made out of measure;
For he durst shew it to no creature,
The wo, then he was in smit;
For no body should it wit.
He loved so that mayden bright,
That he ne wist, what he doe might;
But helde him still as a stone,
Till they had eaten, everichone.
Guy fell on knees before that may;
He sayde: 'I served you to-day:
I am your man and ever will be.'
To all the maydens then went he
And tooke his leave at them, everychone, B 2 (r)
And to his chamber then can he gone
In such an outragious care,

As he would have dyed thare.
Then asked his men, both more and lesse,
If he had any sicknesse,
Or if he had caught any scath.
Guy sayd: 'An evill tooke me rath,
And so harde it greeveth me,
That never whole I hope to be.'
Great mourning they can make
Through the court for Guyes sake;
For he was wont to serve them well
With meate and drinke at every mell.
 Listen now of the great sorrow,
That Guy was in even and morrow,
For love longing of that may;
For he ne had his will, perfay.
 Guy was fall in such a lyfe,
That ofte he called himselfe caytyfe.
In such mourning Guy was lad,
That for love he was nye mad.
'Alas!' he sayd both day and night,
'That ever I saw this byrd bright,
For whome I suffer all this care;
And I dare not say all my fare!
My lordes daughter, I wote, she is,
Whome I should honour, ywis.
And if her father wist, I loved her so,
He would me to shamefull death do;
He woulde doe me hang and draw (B 2 v)
Or in some other wyse me slaw.
Alas!' he sayd, 'for her I rave,
That never more my witte I shall have.
For wo', he sayd, 'my heart will brest.
Lorde', he sayde, 'what is me best?
When I should lye, I ryse with wrake;
When I should sleepe, with woe I wake;

244 there.

Meate nor drinke will I none have
Nor no comfort, that I will crave.
Though my hart should brest', thought Guy,
'No man shall wete, wherefore nor why.'
Leaver him were in woe to lye
Unto the day, that he should dye,
Than the Earle should doe him slo
Or to his pryson for to go.
Thus ledde Guy ever his lyfe
In woe and care and much stryfe
Unto the ending of that feast,
That all were home, moste and least.
Then sayd Guy, withouten rest
That he must needes doe his best.
'Much wo', he sayde, 'I have forethought,
And to tell it dare I nought.
But I have heard say—and yet I shall—
That hunger breaketh a stone-wall.
So shall love doe me to go,
Or I will expresse my wo,
My paynes and my great sorrow,
Which I suffer both even and morrow.
In her mercy I shall me doe, B 3(r)
And, if she will, she may me sloe.
I will not abyde for no thing,
For doubt of earle ne of king,
Fayre Phelis to wende unto;
And in her mercy I shall me doe:
If she will, she may me sloe.
So is me leaver then have this woe;
For leaver me were with a knyfe
Myselfe to slea then leade this lyfe.'
Now listen, how Guy can wende
To court unto that mayden hende
For to shew his paynes grill

283 Leaue. 307 she w.] the w.

And for to wete of her will!
Guy came to court to that may
And greete her right curteously, without nay.
'For Christes love', then sayd he,
'Phelis, have pittie and mercy on me
And greeve thee nought with my cheare,
But lesten, lady, unto my prayer!
No longer may I suffer, certayne.
For love doe me to tell my payne
And the wo, that I have aye
For thee, Phelis, both night and day!
Thou arte the thing, that I chalaunge;
Fro my harte that may not chaunge.
Over all thing I love thee well,
And much wo for thee I feele.
My harte, iwis, shall with thee wende
Ever unto my lyves ende.
For under heaven is nothing, (B 8 v)
But I would doe it at thy bidding;
For nothing would I leave,
Though men should my lyfe of me reave.
Thou arte my lyfe, thou art my deede,
Thou art my counsell, thou art my reede.
More then myselfe I love thee;
For thy love dead would I be.
And, Lady Phelys, have on me mercy,
That liveth for thee in this great mallady.
The great woe can I not tell,
For thee, Phelys, that I in dwell.
Deare love', then sayd he,
'On me caytife have pittie!'
Phelys aunswerd hastilye:
'What?' she sayd, 'arte thou not Guy,
Segardes sonne, my lordes stewarde?
Thou speakest a foule forwarde.

325 chalenge. 330 Ouer.

In great folly thou werte brought,
When thou this thing tooke at thought;
Though thou it oughtest, thou were unwyse.
Thou holdest me at a little pryse;
A great foole thou holdest me now,
And at evill schoole taught were thou.
Thou shamest me; wotest thou not that,
That Earle Rohand me begat?
Hew should I love thee now, Guy,
That thou axest me such folly?
Yet found I never old man nor ying,
That durst aske such a thing,
Earle, barron, ne knight, certayne. B 4 (r)
And if I loved now a swayne,
Evill had I sped me than.
Thou arte my fathers liegeman:
If I should thee to lemman take
And so many lordes, as I have, forsake—
Kinges, princes, earles and barrons
And lordes of many good townes,
That would have had me to wyfe
And never saw me in their lyfe—
Then did I out of kynde;
Men might say then, that I were blynde.
But, by my fayth, that in me is,
If I tolde my father of this,
He would thee do hang and draw,
So that all other should have awe
And be ware by thee now, Guy,
Their lordes daughter to bid folly.
Ryse up', she sayd, 'and from me flee,
That I thee here no more see!'
Then sayd Guy, as him was wo:
'Lady', he sayd, 'syth it is so,
That I of thee no love shall have,

359 yong. 375 do] to. 379 flye.

Certes, for thy love then shall I rave
As a mad man or foole nyce
For love of thee, my fayre Phelys.
Certes, my love is so upon thee sette,
That no man therefro may me let,
Unto that I be dead, certayne,
Or else suffer the more payne.'
Guy then rose up and went forth full softe (B 4 v)
Unto his chamber, sighing full ofte.
Now listen, lordinges, what wo
That Guy suffred for Phelis tho!
More sorrow, then that tyme had he,
Ne had no man before in be.
Unto his chamber came Guyon,
And in great sorrow he layde him downe.
He thought, his hart would tobreake;
For he of Love might him not wreake.
Ofte he sayd: 'Alas, what shall I do?
Now dare I Phelis no more go to.'
He sate in his chamber all alone,
And truely he made there his mone.
So sorry a man was he never ere;
He roffe his cloathes and drew his heare;
Of Love he playned him sorrily,
That tormented him so deadly.
'Love', he sayd, 'but thou aslake,
Of thee I must my death take.
Love', he sayd, 'let me have rest!
Or, certes, thou wilt my hart brest.
This lyfe may not long indure:
So wo in trouble was never creature.
Thou doest me my cloathes ryve
And makest, that I may not thryve.
I may not, certes, defend me:
So sore I am tormented with thee.

409 aflake. 416 that] me.

Ofte thou doest me fall to grounde,
And ofte thou makest me sigh and sound.
Alas, Love, what may I saye? C 1 (r)
Thou doest me woe both night and daye.
Certes, I would fayne be deade;
For now it were my best reade.
O Death, hast thee unto me!
Thou doest me wrong, thus in woe to be.
Love doth me my handes wring
And oft-tyme wellaway to sing.
All my witte is cleane gone from me;
Wherefore, Death, I pray, take me to thee,
For I have no joye of my lyfe.
Love hath me brought in such a stryfe,
That I am worthy my death full well.
For well I wot, shee loveth me never a deale,
Ne turne to me then will she nought,
For whome I am in this woe brought.
For holden he is a foole of all,
That taketh a charge, that doth him fall:
So did I. What shall I doe?'
To the wyndow Guy yede him tho
And behelde that tower so hye.
'A, Tower!' then sayd Syr Guy,
In thee is that mayden bright,
For whome I mourne both day and night:
Other I may have no dell.
Love hath gyven me a feble ansell.
Alas, Tower! Why doest not fall—
Castell, stones and chambers all?
Then might I see that mayden bright,
For whome I am in this plight!'
After that Guy sighed sore; (C 1 v)
Then was his care more and more.
Sone after upon a stound

427 me *fehlt.*

In swoning he fell downe to ground.
'Alas', he sayd, 'that ever I was borne!
For love I have my lyfe forlorne.—
Love', he sayd, 'wo thou be!
For thou haste nigh slayne me.
Thee may not deare speare nor shield;
Into thy mercy therefore I me yeelde.
Me is leaver to dye, certayne,
Then longer to suffer this wofull payne.
Wo worth the daye, fayre Phelys,
That ever I saw thy body of pryse!
To serve thee well I ded me payne,
And ill I have my meede agayne.
I love thee with all my might
And thou not me—that is no right.
Thou haste the wele and I the wo:
It greeveth me not myselfe to slo.
Certes, thou art a wicked wight,
If I dye for love of thy sight.
When I saw thy middle small,
I was so invyroned withall,
Wherethrough I am brought in such travayle,
That I hope never to be heyle.'
In such wo was Guy right
That seven day and seven night.
All they, that might him see,
Of him had great pittie.
The Earle Rohand, the sooth to sayne, C 2 (r).
Was woe ynough for Guyes paine;
All men eake of that country
Of Guyes woe had great pittie.
Listen, lordinges, I shall you teache,
How Earle Rohande sent his leche
To wete at Guy, what evill he had,
To leche him and make him glad.

482 ynongh.

The leche came to Guy swyth
And asked him often-syth,
Where he felt his evill mest—
On back, on syde or on his brest.
Then sayd Guy with great desyre:
'I have an evill as hote as fyre;
My body brenneth as any glede:
Night and day such lyfe I leade;
After the heate I have a colde.
That greeveth me more a thousand-folde,
That, me thinketh, my lyfe will awaye:
Such lyfe I leade night and day.
Of my payne can I say no more
But: thus I live in paynes sore.'
The leche sayd: 'It is a fevery.'
'Thou sayest truth', then sayd Syr Guy.
The leche did, that he could done;
But medicine might avayle him none,
But that he might have that may at will.
The leche yede and Guy left still.
'Alas!' he sayd, 'fayre creature,
How long shall I in payne indure?
The death, I pray, thou me sende, (C 2 v)
That it may bring me to an ende.
Well I wote, she loveth me nought,
For whome I am in this woe brought.
For I saw once her body gent,
Thus am I brought in great torment,
And, if I go to her agayne,
To her lorde she will it sayne.
But thereof I will not spare,
Though I should dye right downe thare,
That I shall to her gone.
What give I force, though men me stone?
The sonne, that is so hote above,

501 say *fehlt*.

Was never so hote, as is my love.
Unto her I will, what so betyde,
And say to her, what woe I byde.
If she me blame for my saw,
Love I shall to warrant draw
And say, he made me hither to flee,
That I ne might withholde me.'
  Of Guy let we a stound be,
And of a vysyon heare shall ye,
Which befell upon a night
In chamber before Phelys, the bright.
  As Phelys laye and slept a-night, C 3 (r)
Her thought, she sawe an angell bryght
In the fourme of a chylde,
That to her sayde with wordes mylde:
'Phelys, dreade thee ryght nought!
That I thee tell, holde in thy thought!
Bethynke thee, for thou doest yll
And art brought in a wicked wyll,
That thou wylt not that love fonge,
That true is and lasteth long!
Neverthelesse, though it poore bee,
All thy desyre yet might thou see.
Despise not Guy', he sayde than,
'That is thyne owne true love and man.
For covetyse of worldes good (C 3 v)
Who so it doth, I holde him wood.
Bethinke thee now in thy thought
And love that man, that love hath sought,
And leave thy covetyse-wyll,
Or els it shall thee spyll!
For love is hote, and love is colde,
And love maketh a man both young and olde;
But true love is good to have,

Hinter 534 *ein Holzschnitt mit der Überschrift*: How an aungell came to Phelis the bright | In her chamber as she slept in the night.

Though it be of a poore knave.
Love for richesse is false and feynte;
When povertie commeth, it is atteynte.
For, when they seye: "Alas, alas,
That ever us betide that cas,
That we shoulde dwell same,
(For in our hart was never game
But of our golde and of our fee—
And such loves must needes bee)"
Suche love is covetise,
That tendeth in the deviles servise.
Therfore, Phelys, I rede thee wele,
That thou turne thy thought every dele
And love him with all thy myght,
That loveth thee both day and night.'
With that worde he went away
Out of the chamber, there Phelys lay.
Phelis held well in her thought
The word, that the aungell her brought.
  Of Phelis let we now bee,
And of Guy here shall yee!
  Now Guy rose up soone anone, C 4 (r)
And into courte is he gone.
'Lorde!' he sayde, 'I doe folly:
I go to seeke my deadely ennemy.
Me thinketh it a fooles reede,
That goeth to seeke his owne deede'.
With that fell Guy in sowning;
And, when he rose, without leesing,
'Alas!' he sayde, 'this evill is keene.
No wonder, though I mee bemene.
For soth', he sayde, 'I wyll go,
Whether it turne to weale or wo'.
Guy came to courte, as I say you:
Wo and care he had inow.

562 us] them. 570 tnrne. 580 And] An. 587 eulll.

He yede into a garden greene,
And there he found Phelys, the sheene.
On knees he fell downe full sory;
Wepyng he sayd: 'Phelys, mercy!
I wote it well, I am but shent,
For I have broke thy commaundement;
For I am come thus agayne.
But, why it is, I wyll you sayne:
On lyve may I no longer bee,
But I have the love of thee.
Thy love, Phelys, my deere leefe,
Hath brought me in great mischeefe;
Well I wote, I dye hastely,
But if thou have on me mercy;
Myne hart ever with thee to bee,
So is my love layde on thee.
Though men, certes, my body slaw, (C 4 v)
My harte shall never from thee drawe;
I shall thee love, for soth to say,
Ever unto my endinge daye.
Mee were lever, my death were come
Then thus in woe to be alwaye nome.
Love mee doth so sore smart,
That I have to thine hart.
If thy lorde wyst', then sayde he,
'That I so sore thus loved thee,
He woulde mee to death doe,
And no man should mee shielde therefro;
And that, Phelys, were shame to thee,
If I for thy love dead should bee.
But, though I dye in paynes gryll,
For thee I take it with good wyll;
I ne recke, what come to mee:
For thy love dead would I bee.'
With that Guy fell in a sowning,

613 lether. 620 sheilde.

And Phelys behelde his falling.
Of him she had great pytie;
Unto her mayden then sayde she:
'Ryse and go take up Guy here
And make hym some mery chere!'
The mayden yede Guy untyll
And tooke hym up with good wyll.
She sayd: 'By God, that men to call,
Were I the fayrest mayde of all
And my father an emperour,
The richest alive of towne and towre,
If this his love were so set on me, D 1 (r)
As, me thinketh, it is on thee,
All my love should he have,
Though he were but a pore knave.'
Guy rose up then fro swoning;
Him helpe up the mayden ying.
Unto Guy sayd Phelys, the free:
'Wylt thou slea thy selfe for mee?
Unto my father send shall I
And altogither him say, why,
How thou of love haste besought me;
To death then will he doe thee.'
Then sayd Guy, as him was wo:
'Ye! would God, that were so!
Of my death then thou were incheson.
Were it wrong, or were it reason,
To have the death leaver me wore
Than to drinke, when me thyrsteth sore.'
With that Guy fell in sowning
For feeblenesse of his mourning.
Then sayd Phelis: 'I have pittie
Of that woe, thou haste for me.
For, certes, Guy', she sayd than,
'In this world is no woman

644 yong. 646 thon. 651 was *fehlt*. 653 inchosen.

Ne lady so fayre and free,
— — — — — — — —
That thou ne shouldest their love have
And thou thereafter no more crave.'
Then sayd Guy: 'Phelis, let be!
For well I wote, thou scornest me.
Neverthelesse, but thou love me,' he sayd,
'All my joyes downe be layde.' (D 1 v)
'Guy', she sayd, 'thou haste love sought;
Therefore chaunged is my thought.
Therefore', she sayd, 'harken unto me,
And all my will I will say thee.
But, though I say thee my will,
Holde thou not my wordes at yll.
I will', she sayd, 'love no wight,
But if he be a dubbed knight,
Fayre and good and of blood royall,
Thereto bolde and curteous holden over all.
And, when thou art proved in town and feeld
The doughtyest knight with speare and sheeld,
That in this world is lyvand,
And wonne haste into thy hande
Noble citties, castels and towers
In sondry landes with great honours,
Come to me, and thou shalt have
All my love, so God me save'.
And, when he hearde this tyding,
He tooke up a sore syghing,
For joy swoned, certayne,
And Phelys raysed him soone agayne.
Guy then tooke his leave to go
An hundered wynter, he thought, and mo,
Tyll he was dubbed knight
Of the earle, that Rohand hight.
Guy to the Earle on his knees him set

683 is *fehlt*.

And full curteously him gret.
'Syr', he sayd, 'I pray you, tight
That ye would do make me knight.
I shall you serve, if that I may: D 2 (r)
Ye be my lord and shal be ay'.
'For soth', sayde the Erle, 'I wyll gladly'.
Harneys he dyght redy for Syr Guy,
Him a dubbed knight to make
And thirty squyers for his sake.
It fell ryght at the tyme of the Trinite,
That Guy doubbed knyght should bee
And with him thirty squiers,
Barons sonnes, that were his peers.
There was no squier of them, aplight,
That wanted ought, when they were dight,
Of clothes of sylke riche and fyne
And mantles furred with good armyne;
Good armes they had and good destreris
And good palfrayes and good sommeris.
Guy was anone dubbed knight;
Noble and gay he was dight.
To Phelis then Guy can gone
And sayde to her: 'Deare lemmon!' anone.
'Well thou wotest, that I have bee
In greate mourning for the love of thee,
And now I am full hole and light
And for thy love made a knight.
Now am I come to doe thy will
And with thee to speake my fyll.'
Phelys aunswered and sayde on hye:
'Haste thee not to swyth, Syr Guy!
For right now arte thou rid no more
Of doughty deedes, then thou werest ore;
Nor no better arte thou, aplight,
Save onely thou hast the order of knight. (D 2 v)

698 greete. 705 H. a d.] And dubbed him. 718 d.] to dight. 729 rid] hid.

But, when thou hast bene in divers landes
And proved so doughty of thy hands,
That thou have in this world no pere
Of doughty deedes farre ne nere —
Then', sayd Phelys, 'thou shalt have me.'
'Certes', hee sayde, 'that shall never be,
That I shal be so doughty.
But for thy love travayle shall I
In dyverse landes nyght and daye.'
His leve he tooke and went his way.
And to his father then went he ryght;
He sayde: 'Syr, now, I am knight,
I wyll passe over beyonde the sea
In deedes of armes prooved to bee.'
Then was his father glad, certayne;
He prayde God sende him soone agayne.
'Of my treasure, sonne', sayd hee,
'At thy wyll take it unto thee
And all thynge, that longeth thee too,
At thyne owne wyll therwith to doo!'
Guyes father also yerne
Sought after Heraude of Arderne;
For he shoulde go with Guy:
His mayster was a baron hardy.
'Heraude', he sayde, 'listen unto mee!
With Guy thou must passe over the sea;
For he is right tender and yinge,
I betake him into thy keping.
And take with you Yorolde and Urry:
I holde you three knightes doughty.
With Guy ye shall fare all three; D 3 (r)
For well in you trust I mee.'
The knightes sayde all thare,
Gladly they woulde with him fare.
Then Guy tooke leave at Erle Rohaude

765 there.

And came agayne and tooke Heraud,
Syr Yorolde and good Syr Urry also
And all, that he had neede of tho.
They went unto the sea anone
And passed over fayre, everychone.
Lysten nowe without janglyng,
How Guy dyd in his begynning,
And how he wan the fyrst pryce,
And how he him bare for fayre Phelys!
In Normandy then came Guy
To winne him price as a knyght hardy.
He rode forth be fyrth and fell,
Of deedes of armes to heare tell.
I tell you, sekerly, without delay
He rode many a wilsome way
Aventures to seeke and fynde;
On deedes of armes was all his mynde.
And thus he rode day by day
And himselfe well can assaye;
For, where so ever that he came,
The maystry all with him he name.
Unto Rone in Normandy
Full fast theyther drewe Syr Guy.
So it fell agayne an eventyde,
That he myght no further ryde.
Then acquented would he bee
In Rone, in that fayre cytie.
Anone they were redy to suppere— (D 3 v)
Guy and his knightes in feare.
Rytch was the meat, that before them was set;
So was the wyne, both pyment and claret.
Syr Guy to him dyd call his hoste
To suppe with him without boste;
And, when they had supped, everychone,
To his hoste Guy spake anone;

783 to *doppelt.*

'Some tydinges', he sayde, 'tell thou mee,
If thou canste, of this countrie,
Where any justes shal be nigh-hande
Holden anywhere in this lande
Or tornement or assemblery
Of barons or of knights free.
For in the strete shieldes sawe I;
Therefore I areson', sayd Guy.
'Syr', then sayd that good man,
'Tydinges tell you I can
All together, why and what it is
Of the sheeldes, that ye saw, iwis.
There is a mayden bright and shene,
That in this countrie woneth, I wene.
Her father, for soth to sayne,
Is the emperour of Almayne.
A tornement he hath done crye:
Was never such in Normandye.
There is no knyght in al Spayne
Ne in all the coste of Brytayne
Ne no squire, that armes hath nome,
That they ne shall thether come;
And, who so may with good defend
Beare him best in that tourment D 4 (r)
And can ought of paramour,
If he be a man of any honour
(So in happe God may them speede),
If he his lyfe in love would leade,
His desyre then may he have
And no more thereafter crave.
And, who so be doughty that day,
In that place win he maye
Great manhoode and great honour
And that mayden Blaunchflower.

806 th.] any. 807 Of t. or of a. 810 a. s.] are sayd for. 816 moneth. 825 defence.

Thyther shall come knightes, many a one,
From all the sydes of the world, great wone,
To turney for Blaunchflower,
Reyners daughter, the Emperour;
At that tournament shall she bee.
Well is him, that may win that free!
With her shall come a gerfawcon,
Whyte as mylke, to flight well bowne,
And a mylk-whyte steede also
And two whyte grehoundes thereto;
And that mayden gent and free,
All for sooth, have shall he,
That best may beare him there,
Be he knight or be he squyere.'
Thus he tolde Guy this tyding,
And Guy was never so glad of thing.
Guy his knightes began to call:
'Lordings', he sayd, 'be glad all!
Good tydings I have this day.'
Therefore his host he gave a palfray;
And on the morrow Guy and his knightes (D 4 v)
Rode forth on their way anon-rightes,
Till they came unto that tournament.
There they found many a knight gent,
Hoved in a fayre large field
With helme on head, with speare and sheelde.
All about him Guy gan seene
And saw many a man armed cleene;
All the feelde, both dale and den,
Was full of cleane armed men
Both with target and with speare,
And eche sayed, other downe to beare.
When they were brought all same, E 1 (r)
Of justes there began a game.
There were princes and kyngs with crowne,

845 whyte mylke. 848 he] ne. 850 squyre. *Nach* 868 *ein Holzschnitt.*

Dukes, earles and many a bolde barowne.
Out of a range there yede a knight,
Fryke and fierce, hardy, wyght.
Guy axed a knight, that hoved besyde,
What man it was, that there can ryde.
He sayd, it was the Emperours sone Gaire,
A proude knyght, hardy and fayre;
To juste he woulde ryde,
'If he fynde any, that dare abyde.'
And, when that weste Syr Guy,
That Gayre to juste was redy,
Guy pricked out of that throng.
A knight he semed hardy and strong,
And he rode Gayre untyll
And justed with Gayre hys fyll.
Gayre smote Guy fyrst in the feelde
With his spere in the sheelde,
That his spere brast with that knappe;
Good was the haubert, that bare that rappe.
Guy smote Gayre agayne that stound,
That horse and man fell downe to ground.
Guy tooke Gayres horse anon
And lefte his owne and lepte thereon.
Now beginneth Guy to ryde
Also fast, as he may glyde.
He dyd his myght to smyte sore
Among the knightes, that were thore.
Many a good knyght he tooke that day, (E 1 v)
And many a steede he wan, perfay.
So many speres he brake insonder:
All, that it sawe, therof had wonder.
Guy smote none so noble a knyght,
That he ne felled hym downeryght.
The fell Duke Otton of Pany
Had to Guy full greate envy.

889 knappe *fehlt.*

For pride he rode to juste with Guy,
And that him rued hastely:
Through the shoulder Guy hym smote;
Downe to the grounde he fell full hote.
He may say, that he was mette:
'Another tyme it shall goo bette!'
Foorth then came Duke Raynere
Of Cesoyne with full hardy chere.
With greate envy he rode to Guy
And sayd: 'Abyde, Syr Belamye!
Evell', he sayd, 'thou sawest that stound,
That thou gave Duke Otten a wounde.
For him, iwys, thou shalt be slayne:
He is my owne cosen germayne,
And I am here, Duke Rayner,
For to venge my cosyn dere.
Turne and juste, thou proude knyght!'
'For sooth, I graunt!' quod Guy as ryght.
Guy turned him and smote hym so,
That in the feelde he fell downe tho.
Guy toke the Dukes stede, certayne,
And rode and gave it the Duke agayne.
'Have here agayne thy steede! E 2 (r)
Well mightest thou yeelde me my meede!'
The Duke tooke his steede of Guy
And lept theron, a knight hardy.
'Syr knight', he sayd, 'what art thou?
Where were thou borne? Tell me now!'
'Guy of Warwick hight I;
In England borne I was, truely.'
Forth then came the Duke of Lavayne,
An hardy knight and much of mayne,
With a sharpe sword in his hande
And sought Guy, full fast prickand.
Guy him mette as an hardy knight.
Togyther they smote with swordes bright;
Harde dyntes they smote both

As men, that had bene full wroth.
Eche on other so fast gan layne,
That through the shieldes they smote, certayne.
Both they were knightes doughty;
But the Duke had the worse party.
Forth with that came Syr Heraude,
And to the Duke he gave assawte;
Such a stroake to the Duke he lent,
That horse and man to the ground went.
Heraude no longer there abode,
But to another knight he rode.
So he smote Duke Wandomere,
That he fell downe of his destrere.
Heraude bare him as a knight hardy,
And so did Syr Yorolde and Syr Urry.
All the knightes, that were there, (E 2 v)
To juste at them they might lere.
There men might see launces brast
And every man downe other cast;
There men might see knights hardy:
Eche layde on other with great envy.
Their names all may I not tell;
For all-to long then should I dwell.
No man may in romaynes reade
Of hardyer knightes of their deede,
Then was Guy at that semblee.
That day he had alone the gree;
And on the morrow also, ywis,
The pryce and all the gree was his.
He had the pryce on both syde—
For man, that could best on horse ryde,
And for the hardyest knight,
That ever came in fielde to fight.
When it came to the last day,
That every knight should wend his way,

968 hardy.

The Duke Raynere came prickand,
A doughty knight and riche of lande.
He sayde: 'Lordinges, fayre and free,
Lysten all now unto mee!
This gerfawcon and this distrere
And these grehoundes, that be now here,
For whome these justes were begone—
He shall them have, that hath them wone:
That is Guy of Warwick here;
For in justing he hath no peere.'
The Duke sayd, so God me save, E 3 (r)
That Guy was worthy them to have.
Then crye they at that turnement,
That Guy should have that fayre present.
When the turnement was all done,
Guy rode to his inne well soone
And unarmed him hastely;
For of justing he was wery.
  Now lysten all, that be here,
How the Emperour Raynere
Sent to Guy that fayre present
For cheefe knight of that tournement!
  The Emperour a squyre sent
To Guyes inne wyth that present.
The squyre sayd: 'God save you, Guy,
Knight of this world most worthy!
Therefore the Emperour Raynere
Greeteth thee well with harte intere
And sendeth thee this present with great honour
From his daughter Blaunchflower—
This gerfawcon and this destrere
And these greyhoundes, that bene here,
And the love of the mayden gent
Ever to be at thy talent.'
Guy sayd: 'My friend, gramercy!

990 Gny.

This present I will take gladly
And the love of the mayden bright;
For ever she shall call me her knight.'
Guy dubbed that squyre a knight to bee,
For he came from that mayden free,
And gave him giftes, great wone,
And all, that came with him, everychone. (E 3 v)
That squyre thanked Syr Guy
And yede agayne to his lady.
From Guy he bare her glad tyding,
And she was never so glad of thing.

Guy called his men him to,
That gladly would his wyll do.
'Take here', he sayde, 'this fayre present
And make it into Englande be sent
And gyve it Erle Rohand the bold;
For my chiefe lord I hym holde.'
Unto England they came that stound;
At Warwyke the Erle there they founde.
They greete hym well from Guy gent
And delyver him that fayre present;
They sayd: 'Guy wan it with great honour
And Rayners daughter, the Emperour.'
And, as they kneeled the Earle beforne,
They tolde, how Guy had hym borne.
When the Erle wyst of that tydyng,
He was never so glad of thyng,
For that Guy such pryse had;
Hys father and mother was merry and glad,
And all their friendes glad were than,
For Guy was so noble a man.

Whan Guy had such honour
Wyth Raynere the Emperour,
At the Emperour and meynie
Leave he tooke, and forth went he

1019 great and wone. 1025 him *fehlt.*

To win him pryce as a knight hardy
In dyvers landes with his body.
In Almayne and in Lumberdy, E 4 (r)
In Fraunce and in Normandy
For no turment would he reste,
And over all he had the beste:
Greate honour he had, certayne.
Forth he wente into Lorayne,
And, when that he out of Lorayn came,
Into Normandy the way he name.
In Rone his inne tooke he,
The best citye of that countrye.
'Syr', then sayde Heraude to Guy,
'Into Englande fare we, rede I.
In everye lande the price have ye;
Therefore I rede, that home wende we.
To Erle Rohande we shall wende, certayne,
And, how ye have borne you, we shal him sayne;
Of all knightes of Englande
Ye shall be holde best of hande.'
'For soth, Heraude, I graunt!' quod Guy;
'To morow we will homewarde erly.'
On the morowe Guy and his meyny
Rose and rode out of that citte.
To shippe they went, I understande,
And passed fayre into Englande.
Anon Guy rode to the King,
For to have of him knowing,
Of erles and of barons also,
That gave him good giftes tho.
After that to Warwike he wente.
There he founde Erle Rohand the gente;
Unto the Erle welcome was he,
And giftes he gave him, great plentie. (E 4 v)

1055 f. *als eine Zeile* gr. hon. he w. into L. 1057 out of] into. 1059 Rome. 1065 erlde. 1069 qu.] good.

Glad was his father of his commyng,
So was his mother, without lesing,
And all his friendes of that countrye:
So noble a man waxen was hee.
  Now listen, lordings, how Syr Guy
Wente to Phelys, that fayre lady,
For to wete of her wyll,
And, what answere shee gave hym tyll!
  Guy unto Phelys then can gone F 1 (r)
And curteously greete her anone.
'Lemman', he sayde, 'God you save!
For certayne sothe, my lyfe I have.
Haddest thou ne bene, I had ben dede
Or fallen in some other quede.
To take armes thou madest mee
And then saydest, my lemman free,
That, when I were in lands sondry
Praysed for most noble and doughty,
Then thou wouldest me thy love gyve;
Without that may I not lyve.
Now I am come, my lemman dere,
Thy wyll to witte and to here.'
Phelys answered him hastely:
'Haste thee not yet', she sayd, 'Guy!
Yet art thou not so hardy told,
But that another is as bolde.
Thou arte,' she sayde, 'a noble knight,
Hardy, boulde and muche of myght;
But, Guy', she sayde, 'I shall thee sayne,
If I were at thy wyll, certayne,
So amorous thou shouldest become
And with my love so benome,
That thou shouldest armes leve,
And all thy price it shoulde thee reve,

Nach 1090 *ein Holzschnitt, derselbe wie auf Blatt* C c 3 v. 1091 *In dem von Zupitza abgeschriebenen Druck fehlt* n can gone, 1092 anone. 1105 (answerd).

That thou hast wonne in towne and feelde
Through dinte of armes with spere and sheeld.
And that were a vilayns brayde,
That thy price for me were layde.
Therfore, Syr Guy, with wordes few (F 1 v)
My wyll to thee now will I shew:
At thy wyll gettest thou not mee,
Tyll thou so doughty a knyght bee,
That thou have in this worlde no pere,
In no lande farre ne nere,
And that thou bere the maystry
And floure of all chevalry.
And, when thou art so noble tolde,
That in this worlde be none so bolde,
Thou shalt then have the love of mee:
At thy wyll so wyll I be.
Whyle that I my life may have,
No man but thou my love shall crave.'
When Guy herde her thus speake,
Him thought, his harte woulde all tobreake.
'Phelys', he sayde, 'thou scorneste mee:
Then get I never the love of thee;
For that shall never befall,
That I shoulde be the floure of all.
But my powre shall I doe
And into straunge landes shall I goe.
Of the death dreade I not mee;
For, if I dye, it were for thee.'
But, when Guy her wyll wyste,
With mery chere Phelys he kyste
And sayde: 'Lemman, have good daye!'
And weping he wente his way.
Home he wente to his hostele;
There thought he to dwell no dele.

1121 Therfore] There *Kustos*. 1129 art *fehlt*. 1133 f. I *fehlt*; *Reimworte vertauscht*.

Foorth to the Erle Rohande went he
To take leave to passe the sea. F 2 (r)
Syr Guy sayd: 'God save you!
Leave to take I am come now,
To passe the sea; I will fonde
To wynne my pryce in dyvers londe.
For, if I may once pryce win,
The more joy ye may be in;
And well the more is your honour,
That ye have men in great valour;
And the more men shall you doubt
In every lande rounde about.'
'Leave Syr Guy', sayd Earle Rohaute,
'Tell me, wherefore! Haste thou defaute
Of horse, of armour or of riche cloathing,
Of gold, of sylver or of other thing?
For Gods love, Guy, let be!
Why wilt thou now wende fro me?
Thou shalt have houndes and hawkes same
And at thy will all maner of game,
Of hunting and of revering
And, what thou wylt, at thy lyking.
Therefore, Guy, I pray now thee,
Dwell at home here with mee!'
'Certes, I ne will', quod Guy.
'Of all good deedes gramercy!'
Leave he tooke, and forth he went
To his father, or he would stent.
'Father', he sayd, 'I am come now,
For to take my leave at you.
Fare I will into Fraunce
To win me pryse with spere and launce.
Therefore, father, the sooth to say, (F 2 v)
I may not well have good day.
For, who so of pryce will be,

1161 you] ye. 1175 ne *fehlt.*

In his youth travayle must he
In dyvers landes to win pryse
With his travayle, if he be wyse;
In his age then may he have
The more honour, so God me save.
Whyle I have youth, so will I doe;
To win me pryse I will goe.'
'Let be', he sayd, 'my sonne deare!
Be at home with us heare,
With thy mother and with me!
We will not evill reede thee.'
'Sonne', then sayd his mother Sabyne,
'Doe thy fathers counsayle and myne!
For we have no chylde but thee
Of our landes heyre to be.
And if thou wende fro us, certayne,
And come home no more agayne,
For evermore our joy is gone.'
'Certes', sayd Guy then anone,
'Here make I no lenger letting.'
He kneeled downe and tooke their blessing.
He passed well and fayre the sea,
And into Normandy came he.
  Now listen, what Guy hent
In dyvers landes, there he went!
And, or he came agayne over the sea,
In many great anguishes had he be.
  Guy came into Normandy, F 3 (r)
And there he did many maystry;
Syth he went into Spayne
And after that into Almayne.
In his youth travayle must he
— — — — — — — — — —
To turnament and to justes right
To win him pryse as an hardy knight;

1186 (trauaylle). 1192 (To] Go). 1209 listen *fehlt*. 1214 (maystrey).

And, or he went to Spayne, truely,
He had the flower of chyvalrye.
To Lumbardy then went he.
There found he knyghtes, great plenty;
There was barrone ne knight none,
But that they loved Guy, everychone,
For he was both curteous and large,
Doughty and good under a targe.
Upon a day, without leasing,
Guy came fro justing;
In his syde he had a wound,
That sore greeved him that stound.
That wyste full well Duke Otton
Of Pany, that foule felon.
He thought to slea Guy, certayne;
For Guy him wounded in Brytayne,
There he was at turnement.
Therefore he gave intent
Unto Syr Guy that eche stound,
That he had a sore wound.
He called the Earle Lambert full tight,
That holden was a doughty knight,
And other of his knightes fyfteene,
In every neede harde and keene. (F 3 v)
'Lordinges', he sayde, 'listen unto me!
All my leegemen be ye.
I will, that ye at one assent
Doe my commaundement.
Make you redy for to fyght
Wyth a doughty, wounded knight,
That in my lande, certayne,
Is come to warre me agayne:
It is Guy, that hath that wounde.
Therefore ye shall sweare this stounde,
That ye shall ryde him agayne

1248 Doe] That ye doe.

Into the forrest, that hight Playne,
And him abyde for any case
Privily in that same place:
And hyde you under a tree!
There Guy shall come with knightes three.
Slea his men hastily
And bring me his owne body!
Into my pryson I shall him do;
For no raunsome ne shall he go.'
'Syr', they sayd, 'we shall all prest
Go do thy wyll in that forrest.'
They ridden forth, armed with pryde,
Good Syr Guy there to abyde.
And, as Guy came ryding forby,
Horse he hearde neying on hye;
He looked and saw helmes, many one.
'Lord!' he sayd, 'we have misgone!
But good God us helpe full of might,
Here we shall dye in this plight.' (F 4 r).
Of his mule he lyght adowne
And on his stede stert Guyon,
And his armoure he toke wel bone,
As a good knight ought to done.
'Felowes', he sayd, 'God us speede!
Defende us now, for we have neede!
Defend you well this eche day,
And so shall I, and if I may.
But God wyll, no Lumbarde
This daye shal fynde no cowarde.'
Heraude sayde: 'Ye have a wounde;
Therfore withdrawe you a stounde,
And here God you kepe and see!
For this path kepe wyll wee;
For lever we are to dye thee fro
Then thou to dye and we also.'

1256 (forest). 1266 (forest) 1275 f. mule *und* stede *vertauscht.*

'Nay, Heraude!' quod Guy anon;
'Fro you, certes, shall I not gone.'
Lysten, lordings, (Greate pitie!)
Of Guy and of his knightes three,
Howe they were kepte in that place
And fallen soone in hard case!
A Lumbarde came prycande out
(Himselfe hee helde full noble and stoute),
He rod to Guy, as him good thought:
'Yeeld thee!' hee sayd, 'thou passest nought!
To Duke Otten we be sworn
To bringe thy body him beforne,
Or with my hande I shall thee slea.'
'Thou lyest', quod Guy, 'so mote I thee!' (F 4 v)
And right with that Guy gave him a dinte,
That anone-right his lyfe was stinte.
Guy thought then no man to spare:
Another Lumbarde he smote thare
Through the body with his bronde,
That he fell dead under his honde.
Forth came Heraude, Guyes fellawe:
To the Lumbardes stoode he none awe.
With a stout Lumbarde he mette.
And with a stroke he hym grette,
That his head flewe of full ryght:
And so he learned him to fight!
Foorth then came Syr Yorold,
And there he made a good sould!
To a Lumbard, that he met,
Suche a stroke he hym set,
That through his body glode his bronde
And he fell dead upon the sonde.
Foorth then came Syr Urry,
On horse or foote a knight hardy.

1281 (Defende). 1299 him] he him. 1308 there. 1310 bonde. 1311 Heruade || fellowe. 1318 a g. s.] as good fould.

He met a Lumbarde in that battayle
And smote him so, without fayle,
That he bare him downe on the sonde
Through the body with his bronde.
There men myght see mayster-fighting
Of fewe men, without leasyng;
Suche dentes they gave with the hand,
That none armoure might them withstande.
  Now have ye harde, how Syr Guy
And his three knightes have hardy G 1 (r)
Borne them agaynst the Lumbardes there;
And, what the Lumbardes did, ye shall heare.
  Forth then came Erle Lamberde,
Stoute on steede, with a swerde;
Guyes knight he slue, Urry.
Therefore Heraude was sorry;
Heraude smote him with hasty rede,
For venge he woulde Urries dede:
Through the hart he bare him soone,
That he was dead: it was well done!
Forth then came Syr Hewson,
A knight besibbe Duke Otton,
The doughtyest of that lande,
On a steede well rennande.
Guyes knight he slue, Yorrolde,
Right before Syr Heraude.
When Heraude saw him fall to ground,
He was sorry ynough that stound.
To Hewson he can him draw:
To smyte him he stoode none awe;
Through the hert Heraude him smote;
There he dyed: well I wote.
Forth then came Syr Guntere,
A prowde knight, hardy and fere:
Syr Herawde he smote tho,

1325 (batayle). 1334 have] are. 1337 Lambarde. 1338 sworde.

That many a day he might not go;
He smote him through at the res,
That Heraude therewith his horse les.
When Guy saw Heraude, perfay,
Fallen downe of his palfray,
For woe, certes, he was nere woode: (G 1 v)
Gunter he smote with angry moode,
Right through the harte Guy him stonge
With his good sword, that was so longe.
Guyes knightes were felled, everichone,
And in that place was Guy alone;
Such care was come him to,
That nyghe his hart brast in two.
The knightes of Lumbardy also
To death, everychone, were doo
Outtake thre knyghtes doughty,
That layde on eche syde to Guy.
Guy in the body had a wounde,
And his enemies were whole and sounde.
Guy fought with them all three;
One of theyr heads smote of he.
Forth then came Syr Gincharde,
That was a stoute Lumbarde;
'Guy', he sayde, 'yeelde thee tight!
Thou mayst no lenger endure to fight.
In many peeces I see thy sheelde
All tobroken in the feelde;
Thyne hauberke, that is double mayle,
And thyne helme thee now fayle:
Thou arte wounded (that is not good).
Out of thy syde runneth bloud;
I see right well by thy chere,
Thou mayst no lenger fight here.
I shall thee leade to Duke Otton:
He shall thee done in his prison.'

1373 Lumdardy. 1378 were *fehlt.* 1391 (reght). 1392 (feght).

Guy answered him on hye
As egre lyon with hart hardy: G 2 (r)
'Though my shield be all tobroke,
Yet arte thou not on me wroke,
Whyle I may on foote stande,
And whyle I have my good brande.'
Gyncharde could well of fight
And smote Guy in the shield bright;
A quarter of Guyes shield he brake
To the shoulder, or he spake;
An hundered nayles he share asunder;
It hurt not Guy, and that was wonder.
For that stroke Guy was wroth;
But if he were wroken, he were loth.
Wyth yre Gynchard he smote,
That he felt, where it bote;
A dint he gave him with great strength
Through his body his sword-length.
Then turned Gincharde fast fleand,
And Guy after full fast suand.
His horse was good, he rode his way;
Guy turned agayne, for soth to say.
Gyncharde rode forth sorry
Towarde the Duke of Pany.
He saw the Duke to towne warde go;
The Duke beheld him also.
The Duke stoode and bode a throwe,
Till he could Gincharde know;
He was a sorry man to see!
The Duke Otton sayde: 'Come speake with me!
Gyncharde', he sayd, 'what may thee ayle?
Thou hast bene in stronge battayle, (G 2 v)
Wicked strokes caught hast thou.
Where is Guy of Warwike now?'
'Syr', he sayd, 'Guy we mette,

1403 (of *fehlt*). 1425 theee.

And, as ye bad, we him besette.
His knightes wee slewe, everychone,
And himselfe myght not gone.
He had done us shame inowe:
All my felowes but me he slowe'.
'Where is Hewson, my cosyn?'
He sayd: 'Dede, by Saynt Martyn!'
'Where is the Erle Lamberte the doughty?'
'Syr', he sayde, 'lieth dede hym by'.
When Duke Otten wist of this,
With care he wente home, iwis;
He ne wist, what to rede,
For his knightes were so dede.
  Now let we be of Duke Otton,
And ye shall here of good Syr Guyon,
Of great dole and great pytie,
That he made for his knightes three.
  Guy rode to his knyghtes agayne;
Him was woe ynoughe, certayne,
When he sawe his knightes dede,
That should him both wishe and rede.
'Alas'[1], he sayd, 'Heraude hardy!
Alas, good Yorolde and Urry!
Alas, that I should you thus see
Thus lye dede before mee!
Alas, Phelis, that I was borne!
For thee I have my knightes lorne;
Of chyvalry now dyed the floure. G 3 (r)
Alas, that I am in this stoure!
I ne am the fyrst ne the last,
That women have in woe caste;
But now I may other teche,
How womens love taketh wreche.
A, Heraude, my dere frende,
What thou were curtyse and hende!

1441 (west).

In turnamentes who shall helpe mee?
Greate honoure have I had for thee,
And evyll have I served thee agayne,
That art thus for my sake slayne:
This dede full sore I rewe;
For thee my care is ever newe.
Heraude, shall I thee now forgoe?
Alas, that Death ne wyll me sloe!
Where be now these Lumbardes?
For certes, they be cowardes,
That they ne had slayne me wyth you
And left me alyve now.
Rohande, had I doone after thy counsayle,
My knightes had bene all in hele;
Had I bene at home with thee,
This shame had not befal mee.
But he, that wyll not doe in skyll
His fathers and his mothers wyll,
Some shame shall hym betyde,
Whether so he go and ryde.'
For sorow of his knightes that stounde
And for payne of his owne wound
Downe to grounde he fel, certayne;
And, when he rose up agayne, (G 3 v)
One of his knightes he tugged and drew;
Himselfe for woe nigh he slew.
  To an hermite then rode he
And sayde: 'Hermite, come and go with me,
And bury two knightes of myne,
That in the forrest dead lyne,
And I shall gyve thee a palfray'.
The hermyte sayd: 'Gladly, perfay!'
To that forrest he went with Guy;
Guy, he tooke them, Yorrold and Urry,
And lepte himselfe upon a steade,

1473 (Lumbards). 1476 A.] and nought.

And forth with him Heraude he can leade.
And, as he rode by the way,
Besyde he saw a fayre abbay.
Thyther Guy rode, well I wote,
And there he found a noble abbote.
Guy sayd: 'Syr, for charitye
And in the name of the Trinitie
This dead body with thee thou have,
And with honour doe it in grave!
He was a noble knight, certayne;
This day he was with treason slayne.
I shall thee quyte thy meede', quod Guy.
'This day my three knightes and I
Were assayled, as I say you,
With robbers under the bowe;
My three knightes they slue to ground:
Or I there came, I had a wound.
Therefore, I wote, soone and rathe
My knightes caught the more scathe.' G 4 (r)
Now listen to mee without jangelyng,
And ye shall heare a wonder-thynge,
How Heraude came by Godes grace
To life againe in that place.
The abbote tooke the body fro Guy:
For him his harte was sory.
In a fayre chamber he let him layne
And let him unarme, certayne.
When he was unarmed, aplight,
He seemed a fayre-bodyed knight.
There was a monke, behelde him well,
That could of lechecraft some dell.
That monke sawe by his wounde rede,
That he was not wounded to dede:
'Full well', he sayde, 'he myght live,
Who so wyll him medecine give'.

1504 (founde). 1518 (cought).

And so the monke for Godes sake
Whole agayne Heraude can make.
But of Heraude let now bee,
And of Guy now speake we!
Guy tooke leave at the abbay
And rode forth in his way.
He weende to have seene Heraude no more:
Therefore he sorowed and syghed sore.
To an hermite then rode Guy,
That he knew before truely.
That hermite in a little stound
Looked to Guy and healed his wound.
When he was whole, of the hermite thare
His leave he tooke and forth gan fare.
Unto the King of Pole he went right, (G 4 v)
That welcommed him with all his mighte.
Then the King bad him silver and golde;
But take thereof he ne would.
So bare him Guy, without leasing,
In that countrey with turnement and justing,
That knightes loved him tho
For turneying and justing also,
That pryce of armes there had he
Farre and neare in that countrye.
He tooke his leave upon a day
And into Sesayne he tooke the way.
Then went Guy to the Duke Raynere,
Which welcomde him with lovely chere;
And so long in that lande was he
At justes and turnamentes, at eche semble,
That he wan over all moste honour
And of knightes he bare the floure.
Upon a day, I understande,
Guy thought to fare into Englande.
The way he tooke from Sesoyne

1539 abby. 1542 (sorrowed). 1569 (Seloyne).

Unto Duke Milon in Burgoyne.
The riche Duke, as I say to you,
Welcommed him with joy ynow
And prayed him gladly anone
With all his lande his will to done.
To every turnement and game
The Duke and Guy ridden same.
Of every man praysed was Guy
For most gentle and moste doughty
And for the beste in towne and feelde, H 1 (r)
That ever justed with spere and sheeld.
Poore knights Guy holpe and fand
And poore prysonners in every lande.
All, that were in mischiefe,
To help them Guy was leefe.
Poore knightes, that were doughty,
Horse and harneys he gave them gladly.
Well beloved then was hee
Of all the ladyes in that countrye:
Was there none of hye ne lowe;
Wherefore his name was ferre knowe.
But none of them he wedde woulde;
For Phelys hath his love in holde.
And for his greate largenesse
And for his giftes more and lesse
No man was beloved more then he
Farre ne nere in that countrie.
  Now listen me! Without lettyng
Of one the gladdest tidyng,
That ever came to Syr Guy,
Ye shal now heare, truly.
  Guy came fro huntyng upon a day
And mette a palmer in the way.
'I pray thee, wylte thou say me nowe,'
Quod Guy, 'fro whence comest thou?'

1581 found. 1586 harnyes. 1600 (Ye]He).

The palmer sayde, without lye:
'I come out of Lumbardye;
There I loste my lord, trulye,
Of the world the best body.
Betraied were we through Duke Otton: (H 1 v)
Yet hath he God his malison.
Thus shall I go, till I deye,
For my lordes soule to pray.'
'What hight the lorde,' sayd Guy tho,
'That Duke Otton betrayed so?'
'Guy of Warwyke,' he sayde as tyght,
'Of the worlde the best knyght.'
When Guy harde of thys tiding,
He tooke up a sore sighyng.
'What is thy name?' he sayde yerne.
'Heraude,' he sayde, 'of Arderne.'
And, when he wyste, it was Heraude,
Of his horse he made a saute;
He tooke Heraude in his armes than
(So glad was he never of man),
And hundreth sithes, iwis, and more
Guy him kyst, weping sore:
Such myrth he made for hys sake,
That no man might more make.
'Alas, Heraude, doughty baron,
Why knowest not thou thy Lorde Guyon,
That loved thee sometyme so well?
Why wepest thou not with me no dell?'
When he, Heraude, hard him name Guyon,
For joye in sownyng he fell downe.
Guy toke him up withouten lette:
There, men myght see, freendes mette.
They set them downe both right thare,
And eche tolde other of theyr fare,

1611 tell || dye. 1613 highe. 1615 he *fehlt*. 1621 it] is. 1622 a s.]: assaute. 1626 *Kolon auch im alten Druck*. 1633 he hard H.

And Guy told Heraude right, H 2 (r)
How he bare him fro the fyght
For to bury him in an abbay.
And Heraude told Guy, perfay,
How he to lyfe agayne was brought
And through many a lande he had him sought.
On Guyes steede both lept they
And rode togither to the cittie without delay.
Heraude, without long rest,
Was clothed and bathed with the best:
Whyte clothes of sylke and mantles fyne,
Furred with gryce and god armyne.
  When Heraude was clad and dight,
To Duke Mylon they went right
And told him of their chaunce,
All togither their governaunce,
And toke leave at the Duke hende
Into their owne countrey to wende.
The Duke would give him no leave
Neyther by morrow, neyther by eave;
For certayne, he was of them so glad,
That he would them have had.
But with the Duke, truely to tell,
Would they no lenger dwell.
Leave they tooke for to gone;
Towardes Flaunders they rode anone.
To Saynt Omres they rode that night;
The sea to passe they thought tight.
  Whan Guy had his inne nome
And was in his chamber come,
Out of a wyndow he saw there (H 2 v)
In the streete come a palmere;
Miseased and feeble seemed he.
'Palmer!' quod Guy, 'God save thee!

1644 through *fehlt* || (had *fehlt*). 1653 him] them. 1655 (tooke). 1658 (Nayther—nayther).

I rede thee dwell all night; ywis,
Palmer', quod, Guy, 'neare nighte it is:
Suppe with me thou shalt', quod Guy.
The palmer sayd: 'Syr, gramercy!'
And came into Guyes hostell;
He was welcommed fayre and well.
'Palmer', quod Guy, 'where haste thou bene,
And what adventures hast thou seene?
Hast thou hearde ought, as thou haste went,
Of any justinges or turnament?'
The palmer sayd: 'I shall you tell,
Of aventure that I can spell'.
'Tell me, I pray thee!' quod Guy.
'Syr', he sayd, 'I shall gladly'.
  Now listen, lordinges both yong and old!
Such a tale the palmer told;
And after I shall you sayne,
What Syr Guy did, certayne.
  That palmer sayd, as ye may heare:
'The riche Emperour Raynere
Hath besieged the Duke Lavayne
And brent his landes and his men slayne,
For he his cosyn slue, certayne;
And, had he nought tourned agayne,
The Duke he should have slayne and shente,
As they were at a turnamente.
In what maner it befell, H 3 (r)
All togither I shall you tell.
There was a Duke Segwin the bold,
That all Lavayne had in holde,
And Duke Loyre of Lorayne
And Duke Raynere of Sesayne
And knightes of many landes mo,
To winne the pryce, thyther came tho.
At the ending of that turnament

1687 (Lordings).

Duke Segwyne should home have went:
He felled there a knight downe,
That was holden a bold barrowne.
Then came a knight, that hight Sadock,
A doughty man in every flock.
To Duke Segwyne he had envy,
For he was bolde and worthy.
The Emperours cosyn was he,
His systers sonne, a lady free.
Of justing he was weary
And cast of his armour hastily,
His hawberke also, that was good,
And in playne harneys forth he stoode.
Sadock sayde to the Duke Lavayne:
'To juste with me turne agayne!'
Duke Segwyne sayd: 'Sadock, let be!
I have no will to juste with thee:
Thou art my Lord the Emperours cosyn,
And I love thee', sayd Duke Segwyn;
'And another, I shall sayne,
Me thinke, thee unarmed, certayne.
Full evill then loved I thee (H 3 v)
To just, whyle I thee naked see.'
Sadock sayd: 'A coward art thou,
That darest not just with me now!
For a cowarde shall I thee ever holde,
Also my soule Crist have would;
And ever I shall thyne enemy be,
But thou tourne and just with me'.
Sadock rode wyth great greevaunce
To smyte Duke Segwyn with a launce.
When Duke Segwyne saw Sadock come so,
To Sadock he tourned him tho.
But Sadock smote fyrst in the field
Right in the middest of Segwyns shield;

1719 that *fehlt.* 1721 Lauayne. 1734 (*Christ*).

Through all the armour it sanke, or he spake,
That his speare all tobrake.
When Segwyn saw him smyte so sore,
He thought to spare him no more:
He gave him through the heart a wound,
That he fell dead to the ground.
Then fled the Duke out of that flock
And made great care for Sadock.
Sadock was taken and borne away
And buryed in a fayre abbay.
Duke Segwyn homewardes gan flee
To Resoyne, that fayre cittie;
And workemen he let take,
And strong ynough he let it make
With walles and turrets round about;
For of the Emperour he had great doubt,
For he Sadocke, his cosyn, slough, H 4 (r)
That him woulde doe woe ynoughe.
Segwyne withhelde many a knight hardy:
For doubte of warre hee was sorye.
Tydinges came to the Emperoure,
That Sadocke was slayne with erroure.
Then let he gather with great boste
Through his landes all his host:
Burgeyses and princes ynough anon-rightes,
Dukes, erles, barons and knights—
All they wente with great power
To helpe the Emperour Raynere
Agayne Duke Segwyne, certayne,
And all, that be in Levayne.
The Emperoure is wonder wroth
And hath sworne and made his oth,
That he shall never out of Lavayne,
Tyll he Duke Segwyne have slayne
Or his head have in hande

1760 him] he. 1767 (Burgeyles). 1768 (Knightes).

And brente and destroyed all his lande.
And so forth dyd hee;
He hath lefte him but one bare citie:
That is Resoyne citye, certayne,
The strongest in Lavayne.'
Thus tolde the pylgrime every dell,
And Guy understoode him full well.
He called Heraud and told hym sone
And axed him, what was beste to done.
'Wyl we go helpe the Duke?' quod Guy,
'Or spede us homwarde hastely?
For, as thou sayest, I wil done.' (H 4 v).
'Syr,' sayde Heraud to hym anone,
'I am hold to be unto you trewe;
The beste counsell I shall you shewe.
I rede, we arme us well and fyne
And wende to helpe Duke Segwyne;
And take with you fyfty knyghtes
Well armed at all rightes,
The hardyest men in feelde and towne;
For fynde them well ye mowne.
For better is, I have harde sayde,
If that a man should doe a brayde,
To helpe and be with the ryght at neede
Then helpe the wronge for any meede.
And if ye do the Duke succour,
Ye may you winne great honour.'
'Gramarcy, Heraude!' quod Guy;
'Thy counsell full good holde I.
Now wote I well, so mote I thee,
Thou lovest myne honour and mee.'
Guy tooke with him sheelde and launce
And fyfty of the best knightes of Fraunce.
They riden forth with joy and glee,
Till they came to the Dukes citye.

1800 That if.

In that city harbowred was Guy
That nyght and all his company,
On the morow rose and herde messe
And all his knightes both more and lesse.
And, as Guy wente in the streete right,
He sawe men runne, as they would fight.
Guy axed a man at the last, I 1 (r)
Why that men ran so fast.
That man answered Guy agayne
And sayde: 'Syr, I shall you sayne:
Here is a stewarde with the Emperoure,
A noble man of great valoure;
Of Almayne he is the proudest;
Knightes he hath hardy and prest.
And if any man of this citye
Without the wales taken bee,
Anon-ryght he doth him slone
Or to his prison for to gone.'
Now lysten, lordinges, everychone,
Howe Guy toke his knights anone
And saw the prowde stewarde hastely!
Yet wyst the Duke nothing of Guy.
Guy axed his best wede,
Shelde and spere and noble stede.
'Arme you, felowes, anon!' quod Guy,
'And lepe upon your horse on hy!'
Forth he rode anone-rightes
Out of the towne with his knights.
Guy rode a noble pase,
There the proude stewarde was.
The highe steward of Almayne,
To mete with him Guy was fayne;
And also fayne was he, truly,
For to just with Syr Guy;
And Syr Guy rode with good wyll

1815 masse. 1824 valure. 1832 (knightes).

And bad his knyghtes abyde there styll.
'Yonder', he sayd, 'commeth a knight, (I 1 v)
That seemeth hardy and bold in fyght;
He sitteth upon a steede of pryce:
It shall be myne, by Saynt Denis!
Be I never whole ne sounde,
But I it win within a stounde!'
The stewarde pricked to Syr Guy
Out of his company.
Their horse they smote under the syde,
And fast they gan togyther ryde
And smyten on their shieldes bright
Great dintes with all their might.
The fyrst stroake smote Syr Guyon,
And soone he found the steward downe.
When he was downe in the field,
Guy share a quarter of his shield:
That betokened with reason there,
That he was his prysoner.
When the Almaynes saw the steward layde,
That doughty was in every brayde,
They came to succour him tho.
Guy thought to doe them some woe:
Guy tourned him full hastily;
So did all his knightes hardy.
The Almaynes he thought to let,
And hard strokes on them they set.
The knights of the cittye, echone,
Were glad, that Guy slue their fone;
They roden anone out of the towne,
Well armed, unto Syr Guyon.
There men myght see in that flocke I 2 (r)
Many a stroke and many a knock,
That there was geven on helmes bright;
And there dyed many a doughty knight,

1849 Yonder] *Kustos* There. 1853 (founde).

Some with sworde and some with spere:
Eche man other thorough gan bere.
Wounded knightes there were many,
That made for woe an hidous cry.
Guy did his might them for to sloe,
And so dyd good Sir Heraude tho.
So sped that daye good Sir Guyon
Through the helpe of the towne,
That all the Almayns he overcame:
Some he slew, and some he name.
Unto the towne then rode Syr Guy,
And so did al his company.
With them they led prisoners good—
Noble barons and erles, that were proude.
When they came into the towne,
To his inne wente Sir Guyon.
  When the Duke wist of that tiding,
He was never so glad of thing.
As soone he wyst, that Guy was come
And had the proude steward nome,
On a stede stert Duke Segwine
And rode anon to Guyes inne.
Of Guyes comyng was he full fayne,
And so were all the folke of Lavayne.
'Guy,' he sayde, 'blessed thou be!
Welcome thou art now to me.
Now shall I through thee alone (I 2 v)
Be doubted of all my fone.'
'Gramercy, syr!' sayd Guy;
'For to helpe thee I am redy.'
The steward to the Duke Guy yolde
And bad, he should him done in holde:
'Through him thou gettest honour
Of that fickle Emperour.'
Then axed the Duke Guy full soone,

1891 he] so. 1898 (went).

Of their fone what were best to done.
Guy sayd, he should send
His messenger fayre and hende
Into every land, without lye,
After great chyvalrye.
To Gye they came from dyvers lande,
Afore that he send his sande.
Then Guy began to warre, certayne,
And wan the Duke his landes agayne;
All the townes, that the Duke tint,
Guy wan agayne, or that he stint.
  Whan all that wist the Emperour,
That the Duke had such succour
And that Guy slue his men so downe—
His steward taken and in pryson—
He was then a sorry man.
He called his barrons, eche one, than
And sayd: 'Lordinges, what shall I doe?
Certaynly, my joy is goe,
Till I be venged on the Duke and Guy,
That have done me this vilany.' 13 (r).
Then bespake him Duke Otton
Of Pany, that fowle felon:
'Syr', he sayd, 'care ye nought
For nothing, that is miswrought!
Or seven dayes be passed every deale,
Thou shalt be venged full well.
Take Saxons of gret prowaunce,
That be doughty with speare and launce,
Of Sesoyne the Duke Raynere
And the Constable Wandomere.
I shall go with them in this neede
And good knights with me leede;
And sende us to the Dukes cittie!
And if the Duke and Guy there be,

1938 (villany). 1945 prouaunce. 1947 Besoyne.

But we tho traytours bring thee to,
In pryson thou shalt us all do.'
The Emperour sayd: 'Thou, Duke Otton,
Thou sayest to me good reason.
Thou shalt,' he sayd, 'thou, Duke Raynere,
And thou, Constable Wandomere,
And thou, Duke Otten of Pany,
With all thy good chyvalrye
Unto Resoyne the cittie fare;
And, if ye fynde tho traytours thare,
Bring them anone unto me,
And great honour have shall ye!'
'Syr,' they sayd, everychone,
'To morow we shall thyther gone.'
Their leave they tooke, and—God to borrow—
They rose and armed them on the morrow,
And to the citie went they tho (I 3 v)
With thirty thousand men and mo.
When they of the citie saw them come,
Theyr counsayle was sone nome:
To kepe the walles of the towne,
It thought them best in their reasowne.
The Duke called Heraude the bolde, I 4 (r)
And his witte he him tolde,
And he sayd: 'Take three hundered knightes
Well armed at all rightes
And goe into the field, echone,
And give them battayle anone!
And take thee, Guy, a whole thousand,
The best knightes in all my lande!
And, if thou see Heraude in neede,
Swyth that thou to him speede!
And I shall take all my meinie:
If thou have neede, I come to thee.

1961 fayre. 1969 And] *Kustos* The. 1973-1988 *nach* 2020. 1974 (best *fehlt*). 1981 a wh. th.] the whole pusand. 1984 Syth. 1985 (menne).

God graunt us strength and might,
That we of them may win the right!'
Heraude rode into the fieldes,
And soone he brake many shieldes.
He saw Duke Otton come with boste
Pricking to him before his hoste.
Heraude sayd: 'Thou, Duke of Pany,
Defende thee of that vilany,
That thou diddest me and Guy
In the forrest of Lumbardy.
Nowe we be mette at unsette steven: zu I 3 v
Therefore we shall make us even.'
They smote together with full great envy,
Tyl they fel downe both, sykerly.
Then they drew out theyr swords kene
For to fight with great tene.
The Duke withstood to the last,
And Heraude him assayled fast
With his swerde in the feelde;
The Duke oft stode and behelde.
Then came the Dukes men on a route
And besette Heraud al aboute.
To Heraude they smote: without stryfe,
Saven they would theyr lords lyfe.
Heraude defended him with his brond;
His men came yearne to his honde
And halpe him wel in that neede,
While he lept on his steed.
Then smitten they together eft,
And many a man his life there left.
That time foorth Syr Heraude
To Duke Otton gave suche a saut,
That he alone an hundred slow
Of his men, as I saye you.

1997-2020 *nach* 1972. 2008 The] Then || to] at. 2007 Then] The || D.] Kinges.

He was well woe, Duke Otton, zu I 4r
For Heraude slue his men so downe.
To his men then sayd Otton:
'Why slea ye not these theeves downe?
Se ye not a man alone,
That doth great shame to us, eche one?
He sleath our men with his bronde,
All, that commeth under his honde.
But I on him avenged be, (I 4 v)
Ye never get the love of me.'
Then ran they all Heraude about
And layde on him, a full greate route;
They sued him to slea, certayne.
But he fought full sone agayne,
And many of his men were nome:
For werines of fyght they were overcome.

But, when Heraude had great neede,
Guy wyth his knightes to him gan speede.
Guy sawe, how Heraude sprong
Out of the battayle, that was strong:
His helme was hewen all asonder
And his sheelde eke, that men had wonder,
And his horse wounded wyde.
He was good, that durst abyde!
Guy rescued him in that stounde
And all his men whole and sounde.
Al, that were taken in that stoure,
Guy wan agayne with great honour.
When Guy sawe Duke Otton:
'A!' he sayd, 'thou foule felon,
Defend thee of that felony,
That thou diddest mee in Lumbardy,
When thy men come me agayne
Into the forest men cleepe of Playne!
For this time I thee defye

2028 hande. 2049 Ottton.

As my dedely enemye.
I shall never glad be,
Tyll I be venged on thee.'
With that they smitten togither, certayne, K 1 (r)
Also fast, as they might on layne;
Both they fought so fast,
That none armoure myght them laste.
The Duke smote Guy, or that he spake,
That his sheelde all tobrake.
Guy gave him a strok againe,
That through his bodye it sanke, certayne.
Then they drew theyr swordes both
And foughten fast; for they were wroth.
Guy shoulde have slaine him in that stoure,
Ne had not come to him succoure.
But there came anone-rightes
Many a hundred of hardy knyghts,
And all ryght for the nonce
To Syr Guy they smytten at once.
Guy fought agayne as egre lion:
Al, that he smote, they fel dead downe.
Guy smote Duke Otton so,
That he ne myght on foote go.
But, as his men in the case
Bare him out of that place,
Guy bad his knightes fight fast,
While their good swords myght last.
Harde they holpen Guy tho,
And Syr Guy hente his also,
So that the Lumbardes that tyde
Were upon the worst syde.
For Guy and his men with their entent
Of them slewe so great a bente,
That all the wylde fieldes K 2 (r)

2060 they] them || on *fehlt*. 2066 That] Than. 2070 (suctoure). 2072 (knyghtes). 2078 m. on f.] foote myght. 2084 his *fehlt*. 2089-2118 (K 2 r) *nach* 2148 (K 1 v).

Lay full of dead men and shieldes.
The Lumbardes fled from that place:
Guy and his men after gane chase.
  Then came forth the Duke Raynere
And the Constable Wandomere
Downe from an hill with folke great wane
And destroyed many a man.
Then sayd Syr Guy to his meynie:
'Lordings, listen now to me!
Ye see comming in a dale
Many a thousande Lumbarde by tale.
There is Duke Raynere of Cesoyne
And the Duke Wandomere of Coloyne
With many a prowde knight in their route.
And they will beset us round aboute;
Fayne they would doe us woe.
I reade, that we to them go.
For better it is, that we here dye,
Then to be slayne with vilanye.
I rede, that we manly assay,
Homeward agayne them afray.
Great honour winne we may,
If we bere us well to-day.'
Then sayd Guyes knightes, echone:
'Save God and Saint John,
If we fayle in this stryfe,
Whyle us lasteth any lyfe!'
Forth they rode as knightes of pryce
And layde fast on their enemyes
And they on them, withouten fayle: (K 1 v)
Certes, there was stronge battayle,
That no man wist, what shoulde befall
But, as they shoulde have dyed all.
To smyte Duke Raynere Guy wente,

2095 wone. 2102 Colayne. 2103 (proude) || (roote). 2110 (asray). 2117 (knights).

And such a stroke Guy him lente,
That man and horse fell downe tho.
Another Lumbarde Guy smote so,
That he yede nevermore on grounde.
Then came Heraude in that stounde,
And with Duke Wandomere he met,
And such a dinte he on him set,
That man and horse to grounde wente.
Another Lumbarde a stroke he lente
With his good byting bronde,
That he fel dead unto the grounde.
  Then came forth Sir Guylyn,
That was Duke Segwins cosyn.
The Erle Bartufe he smote so wel,
That man and horse to grounde fell;
Guy did his might to do him fal;
So did his good knights all.
That sawe the proude Duke Raynere
And the Constable Wandomere,
That their men so to death gone;
They cryed 'horsyng!' anone,
And as swift with greate boste
They gathered together their oste,
Then thought to wreke them on Guy.
But Guy thought fyrst, truly,
To knocke them on the helmes cleare. (K 2 v)
Then came forth the Duke Raynere
And through the body smote Duke Guylin,
That was Duke Segwyns cosyn.
He was loth his lyfe to tyne
And fled anon to Duke Segwyne.
The Duke was full sorry,
When he his cosyn saw bloody.
'Syr Duke', then sayd the knight of pryse,

2127 gr.] honde. 2134 (fell) || u.] vnder. 2143 That *fehlt.* 2147 (Then] They).

'Why wylt thou not slea thyne enemyes?
Thou doest thyselfe great dishonour,
For thou doest thy men no succour.
They bene in poynt to spill, ywis.'
And, when the Duke wist this,
With his spurres he smote his steede
As a doughty man in every neede.
With him he tooke knightes hardy:
'Hye we us', he sayd, 'unto Guy!
For, but he hath our helpe rathe,
He and his men get great scathe;
And, if Syr Guy be taken or slayne,
I tell you for sooth certayne,
For ever is your pryce go
And all our lande lost also.
Ryde we', he sayd, 'with great randon,
Wyth all our might to helpe Guyon!'
To Guy they came anone-right.
Then was the Duke egre and light;
He smote, as he were woode,
On the helmes with egre moode.
A doughty knight, he smote so, K 3 (r)
That many yeelded the ghost tho.
Guy helpe well ynough that day,
That many loste their lyfe for ay.
The Duke Segwyne and Guy anone
Tooke their men togither, eche one,
That none of them from other went,
But foughten all at one assent.
Many men with woundes wyde
Lay there dead on every syde,
And many a knight hardy and good
Lay there sprawling in their blood.
In that place they lay lorne,
All tohewen and all totorne,

2173 w. g. r.] g. roundon. 2174 your || m.] wight. 2185 none *fehlt*.

Some the foote and some the arme;
There caught the Almaynes much harme.
The noble knightes with speare and shielde
Lay all tohewen in the fielde,
That great lordes sonnes were,
That came thyther pryce to conquere;
And, when their friendes wist them deade,
It was for them a full colde reade.
  Forth then came the Duke Raynere
And slough a knight, that hight Granere,
That was the best knight of Fraunce
In field and towne, with shield and launce.
Guy saw, his knight was deade:
He smote agayne with hasty reade,
And so he smote the Duke Raynere,
That he fell of his distrere,
And as a man of great honour K 4 (r)
The Duke he conquered in that stoure.
Forth then came Duke Segwine, pricking
On a stede well fast rennyng.
Syr Wandomer he smote snel,
That of his horse to grounde he fel.
The Duke overcame him in that stoure,
But eyther hurt other with great rigoure.
So fought they the Lumbards againe,
That they tooke theyr chieftayne.
The other rode away fleying:
The Duke and Guy rode after chasyng.
  Forth then came Syr Terry,
Of Gormoyse the Erles sonne Aubry,
And thirty knightes with him doughty,
Which rode to seke the Duke and Guy.
Terry came foorth fast prickyng
To his felowes, that were fleyng.
'Lordinges', he sayd, 'and knyghts of price,

2205 knightes. 2209-2238 (K 4 r) *nach* 2268 (K 3 v).

Turne agayne to your enemyes,
That have you overcome in battayle!
And boldely we shal them assayle,
Or, by God, that made mee,
I shall tel the Emperour, that ye flee
For a fewe men, that ye sene,
And that ye faynt cowards bene.'
Terry turned then againe
With the Duke to warrayne.
To Syr Guy then rode Terry,
And to him he smote with hart hardy
And gave the fyrst stroke in the field. (K 3 v)
Terry clave Guyes shield.
Their good swordes they drue, certayne,
That were forged in Lorayne.
Eyther on other so sore smote,
That through their armour it bote.
With such envy fought they
And such dintes gave, perfay,
That the ryche stones all
Out of their bright helmes did fall.
Hardy and bold were tho barrons
And fierce to fyght as any lyons.
Then came forth Duke Segwyne,
An hardy knight and a fyne.
A knight of Almayne he smote so,
That he clave his body in two.
That saw good Syr Terry,
And his hart was sorry.
He wende to smyte Duke Segwyne:
Wythhold him might not men nyne.
Great dintes were them betweene
With their swerdes grynded keene.
Forth then came Heraude:
Among his fone he made assaute;

2239 gave *fehlt* || 2239-2268 (K 3 v) *vor* 2209 (K 4 r). 2256 w.] wys.

He dubbed knightes so in that fight,
That he smote them downe right!
Syr Terry of Gyrmoyse him behelde,
How he slue his men in the fielde.
Syr Heraude Terry smote so,
That Heraude from his horse fell tho.
Then called Terry his knightes same (K 4 v)
And let crye 'Hersyn!' by name
And sayd a worde of great stryfe:
'Fyght, lordynges, and save your lyfe!'
Unto Duke Segwine Terry him drewe,
And many of his men he slewe
And with strength drove them agayn
And al tohewed them, certayne.
And all that sawe Duke Segwine.
He waxe right wroth, by Saint Martine,
For Terry his men so downe layde.
'How thinke ye, Sir Guy?' he sayd;
'It is great scorne, a man alone
That he thus sleeth our men, eche one.'
'Turne we agayne', sayd Sir Guy,
'And fight we with them boldly!
For better it is slayne to be
Then cowardly away to flee.'
Then fought they as men hardy,
Both the Duke and Sir Guy,
That the Almaynes, everychone,
They conquered save Terry alone.
But Terry abode, fast fightand
With sword in hand.
But sone after in that stryfe
Terry fledde to save his lyfe.
The Duke and Guy with theyr meyne
Rode home to theyr citye;
With them many prisoners they ladde,

2269 Then] *Kustos* Than. 2278 wr.] worth. 2289 the *fehlt.*

Noble erles and barons sadde.
The Duke went unto his toure L 1 (r)
And did them kepe with grete honoure.
Guy he made with hym to go
And all his good knights also.
The Duke Raynere of Sesoyne,
The Erle Wandomere of Coloyne
And Syr Gonthere, the good stewarde,
With many Almaynes and many a Lumbard,
That they tooke in that battayle,
Ful fayre were kept, withouten fayle.
  Now Duke Segwine called his syster free,
A mayden gent and bright of blee.
'These prisoners', he sayd, 'I thee betake,
And fayre semblant, loke, that thou them make
And over all the Duke Raynere!
For I him love with harte entere.'
'Syr', sayde that mayden bright,
'To kepe them, I shal do my myght.'
  But yet wist the Emperoure nought,
How his men to deth were brought.
But, as he sat with the Duke of Hungry
And played with him at the chesse, truly,
Terry came fast prekande
With his sword drawen in his hande.
Alone he came, as he was borne:
All to-wounded and all totorne.
On his body men might se,
That he in strong fight had be.
His good hauberke was al torente,
His heade hewen and all to-shente;
The blood out of his body ran. (L 1 v)
He made good cheare as an hardy man.
In his shield he had a stroke:
Halfe a foote deepe, for sooth, it bote.

2300 th.] then. 2309 syster] Justis.

'Syr Emperour', then sayd he,
'Sory tydinges I bring to thee:
Taken is the Duke Raynere
And the Constable Wandomere
And many mo barrons, certayne,
That thou winnest never agayne,
Some slayne and some take;
And some fled away with wrake.
And Duke Otton of Pany
Hath a wound through his body,
That he dreadeth him to dye, ywis.'
And, when the Emperour wist of this,
Such sorrowe he had for that fit,
That he for woe nere lost his wit.
He sware by God, that hath him bought,
He should never be glad in thought,
Till he the Duke had in hande
And brent and destroyed all his lande.
A note he let his beames blow;
Thereby his men did him know,
That he would wend to fyght.
And they were armed and dight,
And forth they rode on the playnes,
That were under the mountaynes.
When they came the cittie neare,
With him rode Syr Gayere
Wyth fyve thousande knightes bolde. L 2 (r)
They of the cittie can them beholde
And saw all the wyde field
Overspread with speare and shield.
  Duke Segwyne start on his steede,
Well armed in yron-weede,
And sayd: 'Syr, what will we do?
Wyll we wend these folkes to
Or on the towne-walles bicker?

2358 Gayre. 2365 we] ye.

For there we may be most sicker.'
'I shall you say, Syr,' sayd Guy:
'Take a thousande knightes hardy
And wende to him with hardy cheare!
For under the cittie I see Gayere,
Hoving on a steede light
And with many a prowde knight.
Before the hoste come is he
To seeke warre at this cittie.
But if we may holde them fyght,
To towne we will agayne right.'
  Out of the cittie then rode Guy
Wyth a thousande knightes hardy;
To just with the Almaynes Guy thought,
And much woe was of him wrought.
Many a knight in that stound
He and his men smitten to ground.
Guy smote a stroke to Syr Gayere
And felled him downe of his distrere;
He overcame him in that stoure
As a man of might with great honour.
And all the knightes, that he brought tho, (L 2 v)
Guy discomfyted them also.
Some ryden away fast fleying
And Guy after, fast chasing.
Some he tooke alyve that stound,
And some he smote dead to the ground;
Many were, withouten fayle,
Wounded and slayne in that battayle.
  When the hoste their men saw
Some taken and some slaw
And, that he in that stoure was nome,
Gayre, the Emperours sonne,
Then rode they in with hartes hardy
To fight with the Duke and with Guy.

2372, 2385 Gayre. 2382 of *fehlt.*

Then began Segwyne great stryfe:
Many a knight there lost his lyfe.
On both sydes men dyed tho,
But Duke Segwyne lost well mo;
For he had but few with him,
Therefore he caught scath grim.
Neverthelesse all his men, truely,
Bare them right well and manly;
The Duke and Guy foughten yerne,
So did Syr Heraude of Arderne.
Forth then came Syr Terry,
A doughty knight and an hardy.
Duke Segwyn he smote that stounde,
That from his horse he fell to grounde.
The Duke start up with egre moode
As a man, that were nere woode.
He drew his sword of good steele: L 3 (r)
As a doughty knight he fought well;
Whome so he smote with his bronde,
Ever after he felt his honde:
All, that he hit in that stounde,
He felled them downe to the grounde.
The Almaynes, all in a route,
Beset the Duke round about.
There had he his lyfe nere lorne:
So he was hewen and totorne;
In his body a wound he had,
That for sore he was neare mad;
For he would not blinne that day,
But as a doughty knight fought aye.
When Guy saw the Duke at grounde,
For him he was woe that stound,
And for his love Guy smote a knight,
That in the place he dyed right.
Another Guy smote for his sake,

2422 hande. 2431 w. n. bl.] bl. n. 2433 D.] Knight.

That had the Duke in handes take;
And at the fyrst stroke, truely,
The head flew from the body.
Then Guy him halpe up on the steede
As a doughty man, that was in neede;
And ofte he smote to their enemies
As a doughty knight and of great pryce.
There was begone a new stryfe,
And many a man there lost their lyfe.
But Segwyne and Guy that day
Many Almaynes slue, it was no nay.
The Emperour saw his men so shent: (L 3 v)
Two thousande fresh knightes he sent
To fight agayne the Duke and Guy,
That of fighting were weary.
Guy saw them come: a great sight!
To Duke Segwyne he sayd then right:
'I rede, we fare to the cittie,
For here come knightes, great plenty;
And, ever the longer we be here,
The stronger waxeth their power.
And we the whyles abyde them all,
Great fooles they may us call.
Therefore goe we to towne, I rede,
And so is better then to be dede.'
The Duke and Guy and their meinie
Sped them fast to the cittie.
When the Emperour heard sayne,
That his sonne was taken certayne,
He sighed and made an hydyous crye:
'Assayle the cittie hastily!'
His men so did, without fayle.
The cittie they fast assayle:
Stones they thrue at the towne,
For to fell the walles downe:

2443 he] they. 2467 sighed] sayd.

They shoten with noble alblasters
And great plenty of good archers;
They clymed up on the walles of stone,
For to take the towne anone.
But they within had no doubt:
With strength ynough they put them out,
And all the Almaynes, that they might take, L4(r)
They slue them with teene and wrake.
So sped the Almaynes that day!
They had bene better have bene away;
That day wan they right nought,
But woe ynough to them was wroght.
Every day they bene assayled,
And every day of them they fayled;
For Segwyne and Guy and Heraude
Gave them many an harde saute.
They within ne had no doubt,
But slue ynow of them without.
The Emperour saw, he might not speede;
Then had he sorrow and dreede.
So it befell upon a sommers day,
The Emperour would gone him to play.
After his knightes he gan sende;
On hunting, he sayd, he would wende
On the morrow right early,
That the Duke ne wist nor Guy;
Into the forrest, he sayd, would he
To hunt with his privie meinie.
These wordes heard a spye, truely;
He yede and told it to Syr Guy,
How that the Emperour Raynere
On hunting would in this manere.
'Therefore', the spye sayd, 'Syr, I reede,
Take your knightes hardy at neede,
A jorney to them that ye make!

2473 albasters. 2475 the *fehlt.*

For all them there may you take.
If I of this thyng do lye, (L 4 v)
I geve you leave to hang me hye.'
When the Duke these tidings wist,
An hundred times the spye he kist:
'If this be soth, that thou tellest me,
A man for ever thou shalt be!'
His barons then gan he call:
Guy and Heraude first of all,
Syr Belyne and Sir Gunthere
And Poche-Lond Eldemere
And Jonas, that was of Spayne,
The wysest man of Almayne;
Of counsayle Jonas was wyse.
Then sayde the Duke to his barons of pryce:
'Counsel me upon the best!
To-morrow erly to the forest
Cometh the Emperour so free
To hunt with his privy meyne.
If ye will, we may well
Be venged on him every dell
And on his barons also,
Or they fro the forest go.'
'Syr', sayd Guy, 'I shal say you
The best counsaile, that I can nowe:
Take a thousande knyghts of price,
Hardy in battayle, bolde and wise!
And I myselfe wyl thyther fare,
And, if I finde the Emperour thare,
In peace I shall to him wende
And grete him with wordes hende
And shall pray him, withouten nay, M 1 (r)
Me to lysten, what I shall say:
And that he will herborow here
And all his men with glad chere,

2512 An] and. 2522 to his] and. 2536 there.

At Resoyne, the good cittie,
Richely welcommed shall he be
And his barrons, all bedeene.
Here at home shall ye beene:
For you shall not seeke your lorde
For to make with him discorde.
Your pallayce doe dighte shall ye
With meate and drinke, great plenty,
Agayne the Emperours comming,
That defaute be in nothing.
And, if he will not come with love,
By Jesu Christ, that sitteth above,
With strength we shall on them fall
And doe him come and his men all.'
'Guy', quoth the Duke, 'thou sayest well:
All myne honour is in thee eche dell.
Hye thee forth, I pray thee, Guy,
With a thousande knightes hardy
And bring the Emperour to me!
For nothing that ye fle!'
Guy rode forth anone-rightes
With a thousande hardy knights.
On the morrow the Emperour was prest
And rode to hunt in the forrest.
A great hart he found alone
And chased after him anone.
And, as the Emperour rode that tyde, (M 1 v)
He saw a glemering large and wyde
Of helmes and basenets bright,
And horse he hearde neigh on hight;
Then saw he all the wylde fieldes
Full of knightes with speare and shieldes.
Of that sight he was afrayde;
'Alas!' he sayd, 'We be betrayde!

2544 and richely || he] ye. 2515 his] your. 2549 Y.] Tur. 2557 w.]e *fehlt.*

Terry of Gurmoyse', he sayd, 'come see,
With armed men beset are we!
With Duke Segwyne they be, echone.
From us, ywis, they will not gone,
Till they have us done some wrake
Or else dead or quick us take.
Guy commeth before with speare and shield,
That was never overcome in field.'
'Syr Emperour', then sayd Terry,
'For Christes love flee hastily!
And here this place keepe shall I;
And, if I meete wyth Syr Guy,
I shall doe him sorrow and woe
And all, that I may meete mo.
Or I slayne or taken be,
Passe ye may all this country!'
The Emperour sayd: 'Nay, Terry,
This day for no man flee shall I.
Arme we us, with them to fight!'
With that came Guy forth anone-right
On a noble steede full fast prickand,
A braunche of olyve in his hand,
That betokeneth peace to be. M 2(r)
The Emperour well fayre greete he;
Guy sayd: 'God, that is full of might,
Save thee, Syr gentle knight,
And give thy men happe and grace
Well to rede thee in this place!
Duke Segwyne sendeth me to thee,
That in good maner will love thee.
With glad cheare he prayeth you
To herborow with him now;
He shall you welcome and your barrons
With swannes, craynes and herons
And make you right well at ease.

2592 countrey.

These wordes', quod Guy, 'be no lese.
Duke Segwyne will yeelde thee
His castle and his good cittie
And all landes lowde and still
And himselfe at your owne will.
Therefore, Syr, I warne you,
To him ye must with me now.
For, what more can he to thee do
Then thus meekely send thee to?'
When the Emperour heard Guyon,
What love he shewde in his reason,
Anone he called the King of Hungary,
The Duke Otton and Syr Terry
And of Clene Syr Herkenbalt
And Zantnot and Slerenbalt.
'Lordinges', he sayd, 'what will we doe
Of these tydinges, that commeth us to?
Say me, whither ye will or none (M 2 v)
To Duke Segwyne with Syr Guyon?'
Then answered Syr Wantinote the Emperour:
'He hath thee done great honour;
When he hath him yeelded lowde and still
And all his lande at thy will,
To be his friende well owe ye;
Therefore I rede, to him go we.'
The Emperour sayd to him agayne:
'Then will I doe, as ye me sayne.'
The Emperour anone let call Syr Guy;
'Syr', he sayd, 'I will gladly.
The Duke Segwyne take with thee,
So that I him with eye not see,
Till that I have heard of other reasons
And taken counsayle of my barrons;
For, be it warre or peace, truely,
After them doe shall I.'
To the cittie forth ryde they
And speake of peace by the way.

When the Emperour came to the cittie,
Full richely welcommed was he;
So were his barrons, everychone.
Meate and drinke there was great wone,
The best, that could anywhere be found.
Syr Guy did his might that stound
To make the Emperour glad chere
And served him in all manere.
The Duke eate not with him that day,
Fro the Emperour he was away;
That day he yede with the barrons, M 3 (r)
Which that were in his presons.
On the morrow rose the Emperour
And his barrons with great honour;
At Saynt Laurence-Church, I gesse,
He rode to heare messe.
Duke Segwyne rose on the morrow tho,
And to his chamber he can go;
Full fayre he greete the barons,
The which were in his prysons.
To them he sayd with wordes meeke:
'Lordinges, hartely I you beseeke,
Helpe me now for charitie,
That the Emperour my friend may be,
And that ye pray for me here
To the Emperour, Syr Raynere!
For that is the thing, I most desyre,
That he forgive me his great yre.'
Thus sayd the Duke with wordes hende
And prayed them all wyth him to wende
To the Emperour, their owne lorde,
That day to make them accorde.
The barrons sayd: 'Gladly!' echone.
The Duke yede to the chamber anone;
Of he did, withouten othes,

2662 barrous. 2664 Masse.

His weede save his lynnen clothes;
Both barefoote and naked yede hee,
In hande a braunche of olyve-tree.
And, when he came to the Emperour,
He fell on his knees with great dolour
And sayd: 'Syr, mercy! certayne, (M 3 v)
I will no more warre thee agayne.
For that I have greeved thee yll,
I and all myne is at thy will.
I am knowen', sayd Segwyn,
'That I myselfe slough thy cosyn,
But he on me made it eche deale:
That saw the Duke Raynere well
And many other knightes, certayne,
If any man will it gaynsayne.
But if I may defende me,
I give you leave to head me.'
Then stoode forth gentle Gayere,
The Emperours sonne Raynere.
'Father,' he sayd, 'by Saynt Martyn,
A noble man is Duke Segwyn
And a doughty man of deede:
He may you helpe at your neede.
Forgive him, I pray you now,
That he hath trespassed agaynst you!
Or, certes, Syr,' sayd he,
'Love get ye none of me.'
'Syr,' then sayd the Duke Rayner,
'For Duke Segwyne I pray thee here,
That ye be friend with Duke Segwyne;
For skill it is and counsayle myne,
That he doth him in your mercy
And will amend all his folly
And evermore be at your wyll

2696 That] then || D.] Emperour. 2701 Gayre. 2711 Layner. 2717 be *fehlt*.

And his lande lowde and still;
For I dare say, so God me glade, M 4 (r)
That your cosyn himselfe it made,
That Duke Segwyne your cosyn slow.
Who sayeth 'nay', I dare right now
For Duke Segwyne take the fight;
For I wote well, he hath the right.
But thou have mercy on Duke Segwyne,
Thou shalt have hate of all myne.'
Then sayd Wandomere the Constable:
'Syr Emperour, I say withouten fable,
The Duke hath ever bene good and hende
And ever right well your friende,
And sworne bretheren we have be long.
And if ye doe him any wrong,
I, for sooth, and all myne
Shall be agayne thee and thyne'.
The Emperours stewarde sayd than:
'Syr, the Duke is a right good man.
Great honour he doth to you now.
When he humbleth himselfe to you
And all his lande, towne and cittie
At your owne will to be,
You owe to forgive him your melancholent:
Thereto I pray you with good intent.'
'Syr Emperour,' then sayd Syr Guy,
'For Duke Segwyne now pray I,
That ye forgive Duke Segwyne now,
That he hath trespassed agaynst you.
And evermore I will to meede
Serve you in all your neede.'
Then sayd Terry of Gyrmoyse: (M 4 v)
'Syr Emperour', with mylde voyce,
'Have mercy on Duke Segwyn,
The which slew thy cosyn.

2720 your] his.

In his steede he may serve thee:
A doughty knight of deede is he.'
When they had prayed thus, echone,
The Emperour aunswered anone:
'Lordinges, I shall say you,
Syth ye pray for him now,
That I forgive Duke Segwyne
The death of Sadock, my cosyn;
For I see him stande in awe
And putteth forth no prowde sawe,
And also for he loveth me well,
I forgyve him my wrath eche dell.'
All the lordinges with great honour
Thanked fayre the Emperour;
And, when they saw, they were at one,
They fell on knees, everychone,
And kissed the Emperours feete,
And for joy every man did greete.
And, when it was thus befall,
They went home from church all.
  Then sayd the Duke Otton:
'Syr Emperour, as a false felon
Haste thou forgiven the Duke Segwyne,
That slue thy noble cosyn;
Thou didst the greatest dishonour,
When thou kissedst that traytour.
Who shall dreade thee from hence forwarde? N 1(r)
For ever thou shalt be holde a cowarde.
Syth thou forgivest him that misdeede,
Thou shouldest have shame ynough to meede.
Thou shouldest have done him hang and draw:
Then should men have done thee aw.
For Duke Segwyne and Guy both
Ever have bene with thee wroth;
Agaynst thee ever have they bee:

2767 he saw. 2770 weepe.

Now be they best beloved with thee.'
When Guy heard Duke Otton,
Up he start as eger lyon;
'Thou lyest, false traytour,' sayd Guy,
'That thou sayest of the Duke and me.
But, that thou art a false traytour,
Here before the Emperour
Prove I will also blyve.
Therefore evill mote thou thryve
For the fowle treason, thou diddest mee,
When thou slewest my knightes three,
That I sent thee agayne
In Lumbardy in the forrest of Playne;
And, that thou diddest me that vylany,
I shall preve on thee,' quod Guy.
And right with that Syr Guy there
Would have smitten him under the eare.
But knightes yede betweene them rath,
That Guy did him no maner scath.
The Emperour let crye, withouten leace,
That every man should have peace.
Then wedded Duke Raynere with glee (N 1 v)
Segwins syster, a mayden free,
And led her, as I understand,
To Burnesweke, his owne lande.
Then sayd the riche Emperour
To Duke Segwyne with great honour:
'Now nevermore to be at stryfe,
Therefore I will give thee a wyfe,
A fayre mayden, that is niece myne'.
'Gramercy, syr!' sayd Duke Segwyne.
Of them was made a fayre wedding,
Richer was never of duke ne king.
When this wedding was all done,
Guy sayd to Duke Segwyne anone:

2799 I s. th.] thou sentest me. 2809 *Kustos* Than.

'I wyll wende now from thee,
But ever thy knight will I bee.'
Then sayd Segwyne: 'Syr, gramercy!
But yet I have not given thee, why.
But, gentle knight, Syr Guy', sayd he,
'Abyde here still and dwell with me:
I shall you give into your hande
Citties and townes and half my lande.'
Güy would neyther gold ne fee,
But leave he tooke, and forth went hee.
The Emperour tooke leave also
And lead Guy home with him tho.
He bad Guy landes and fees also,
But of them Guy would none tho.
Into Almayne went he
To Espye, that rich cittie.
There was he with the Emperour N 2 (r)
A little stound with great honour.
They ryverde with their facouns
And tooke craynes and herouns;
And, when Guy would in forrest chase,
His will he had in every place.
So it befell upon a day,
As Syr Guy came fro his play,
From hunting as he came ryding,
He saw a dormound come sayling.
To that dormound anone drue he:
'Lordinges', he sayd, 'God you see!
I pray you: Of what countrey be ye?
Me thincketh, that marchaunts ye be.'
'Syr', sayd a marryner ful tight,
'From Constantinople we come right.
For warre durst we no longer therę be,
Another countrey therefore seeke we.
There is a soudan come with woe

2841 with *fehlt*. 2848 came.

And hath us dryven our landes fro
With thyrty thousande of Potelynes
And so many of Sarasyns.
And that Soudan so great of pryse
Hath besieged the Emperour Ernis;
Destroyed he hath all his meinie
And all his lande save one cittie.
Unneathes we came from him, certayne,
That he ne had us all slayne.
We have plenty of marchaundyse:
Riche pellour, ermyne and gryse,
Clothes of sylke and alysander (N 2 v)
And matres, also salamaunder.
Who so will buy such marchaundrye,
He shall have of us ready.'
When Guy had heard the maryner,
He thanked him with lovely chere
And tooke his leave without letting
And tolde Heraude of that tyding.
'Therefore', he sayd, 'Heraude, my friend,
Take we our leave for to wend
To Constantinople to helpe Ernis,
That with the Soudan besieged is!
For, syth the Soudan thither came,
He hath destroyed many a man.'
Syr Heraude sayde his advyse
As a man, that was of counsayle wyse:
'Syr, if ye doe to him succour,
Ye shall you win great honour.'
To the Emperour Raynere went they
And asked leave to gone their way.
The Emperour prayed them to dwell;
But they ne would not, truely to tell.
Certes, then was the Emperour wo,
For cause they would fro him go.

2884 of *fehlt.*

He bad both landes and fee to Guy,
But he would none thereof, truely.
  A thousand knightes then tooke Guy,
The best of Almayne, truely;
He went to helpe the Emperour Ernis.
And, when he saw Guyes comming, ywis,
He sent two earles from his hall N 3 (r)
To welcome Guy and his men all;
They brought him to the Emperour
With much joy and great honour.
'Welcome be thou', sayd Ernis,
'Knight of this world moste of pryce!
Welcome be ye to me now,
For great neede I have of you.
Sarasyns my lande hath berefte me
And left me but this bare cittie;
Fower thousand men I leese on a day,
What slayne and what led away.
But now through helpe of thee, ywis,
I hope to overcome myne enemyes.
My fayre daughter I will thee give
And halfe my landes, whyle I lyve.'
'Gramercy, syr!' sayd Guy,
'And I behote you agayne, truely,
Duely for to serve thee,
As long as I shall with you be.'
Guy tooke leave of the Emperour
And thought to doe him some succour.
To his inne went Syr Guyon
And heard great noyse in the towne.
Then asked he full hastely,
Why men made such a crye,
And why men armed them so tyght
And ran so fast, as they would fight.
A burgeyse, he sayd, as I understande,
That was borne in England:
'Here is an amerall, that hight Coldran, (N 3 v)

That is cosyn unto the riche Soudan;
He is so doughty and so feare,
That he hath in this world no peare.
The weapons, that he beareth with him,
Bene full of quicke venim:
Whome so he giveth any dinte,
Anone-right his lyfe is stynte.
One day he did us woe ynough,
When he the Emperours sonne slough;
No man was in this cittie,
Durst fight with Coldran but he.
The king of Turky is with Coldran
And with him many a noble man;
With him be Turkes twenty thousand,
The best knightes of that lande.'
Guy sayd to his knightes anone:
'Arme you, lordinges, everychone!
For to the Sarasyns shall we ryde
For any thing, that may betyde.'
They armed them in noble weede
And, every man up on a steede,
All whole Guyes meinie,
As bachelers of that cittie,
To the Sarasyns they rode with Guy
And many a stroke gave them hastily.
Guy rode to Coldran, the amerall,
And such a dint gave him withall,
That helme and shield with it tobrast,
And downe to the ground he him cast;
Thorow the body Guy him smote, N 4 (r)
His good bronde his head of bote.
To the Emperour Guy it sent,
And he was glad of that present.
Heraude smote the king of Turky,
The strongest man of all Surry;
He gave him a stroke full snell,
That downe to the ground he did him fell.

Then came forth Syr Tybaute,
The fayrest of Fraunce at assaute:
Elmadant he gave a knock,
A strong Sarasyn among the flock,
That dead fell that Sarasyne
With sorrow, care and much pyne.
Forth then came Syr Gunther,
That was Guyes owne bacheler;
He rode to smyte Rodian,
A Sarasyn, next the strongest man;
With his sword his heart he cleve,
And there he dyed with sorrow greve.
Forth then came Syr Morgadoure,
That steward was to the Emperour.
Bold he was and hardy,
False he was and full of felony.
So he smote a knight sarasyne,
That dead he fell as any swyne.
Guyes knightes, that were doughty,
Foughten all full boldly.
So did himselfe Guyon:
Many a Sarasyn he felled dead downe.
And good Syr Heraude also, (N 4 v)
Many a Sarasyn he slue downe tho.
Forth then came Syr Adelarde,
A bold knight and no cowarde:
That Sarasyn slue Gayner,
Guyes owne bacheler;
When Heraude saw, it was so,
To smyte that Sarasyne he rode tho;
And that Sarasyn Adalart
He bare through with a dart.
Eskeldarde came pricking as fyre
To smyte Heraude with great desyre;
Heraude and he fought that stound,

2999 Estelarde.

That eche of them felled other to ground;
They foughten, as they had be wood,
And both they were doughty and good.
But Syr Heraude should him have slayne,
Had not come helpe, certayne:
An hundered Sarasyns round about
On Heraude made an hydious shoute.
Heraude agayne them fought manly;
But there he had be slayne full nye,
Had not Guy come in stoure
And manlye done to him succoure.
Guy rode and halpe Heraude blyve:
A Sarasyns head he can of dryve;
Another he smote of also,
That dead to ground he fell tho.
Guy made that tyde many a Sarasyn
With his bronde their lyves to tyne.
The Sarasyns fled, and Guy them chase; O 1 (r)
And, or they might the mountaynes passe,
There was many a Sarasyne slayne
With great wo and much payne.
After all this then fell it so,
That Eskeldart turned them to
And swore, he should never be glad,
Till the head of Guy he had;
'A mayde', he sayd, 'I had it hight,
The Soudans daughter, a mayden bright.'
Eyther on other smote hastily;
But Eskeldart smote fyrst Syr Guy
Through his shield and his hawbarke,
That was made of full noble warke;
Ne had good helpe there beene,
That stroke had slayne Guy, I weene;
Guy smote agayne, truely;
That sat Eskeldart full nye:

3002 fell. 3018 luyes. 3031 that through. 3033 th.] haue.

Thorow his double hawberke it wane,
And through his body the speare rane.
Eskeldard fled home tho:
Guy him followed and did much wo;
But Syr Guy overtooke him nought,
And that sore his heart forethought.
Then rode Guy his folke agayne,
And they of his comming was full faine.
  Then rode they home to that cittie,
For of fyghting they waxte weary.
All the folke of the towne
Thanked fayre Syr Guyon,
For cause he had slayne their fone; (O 1 v)
And the Emperour Ernis anone
Sent after good Syr Guy
And thanked him, as was worthy,
And sayd: 'Syr knight, of knights flower,
I shall thee make an Emperour,
I shall thee give my daughter free,
Over all my landes lord shalt thou bee.'
Then the Steward Morgadour,
Chiefe steward with the Emperour,
In his heart for wo was mad,
That such a pryce Syr Guy had.
The traytour thought with great envy,
How he might destroy Syr Guy.
  But a stound let we now be,
And of Eskeldart speake we!
  That Sarasyn, that fled fro Guy
With halfe a speare through his body,
To his hynder arson was hee
Breeched with Guyes speare of tree;
His helme was all tohewen downe,
And many a knock was on his crowne;
He might not beare up his shield,

3041 h.] them. 3049 he] they. 3062 s. g. d.

He weende to have dyed in the field.
The Soudan sawe him come hastily
And sayd to him with his heart sorry:
'Eskeldart, fro whence comest thou?
In strong battayle thou haste be now.
Wast thou alone in that cittie?
Tell me, who hath so wounded thee?'
'Syr', sayd Eskeldart withall, O 2 (r)
'Coldran is slayne, your amerall;
The King of Turky is slayne also
And with him fower thousand and mo.'
Then sayd the prowde Soudon:
'Be these wordes soothe, eche one,
Wonder I have, certes', he sayd,
'That my men thus downe be layd.
Hath that prowde Emperour
To helpe him any succour?'
'Syr', he sayd anone-right,
'In that battayle I fought with a knight,
In this world there ne is none such one,
Most strong, eger as any lyon:
Of Warwick he highte Guyon;
So doughty in this world is none.
Therefore may no man suffer his dint,
But anone of his lyfe he is stint.
With him he hath a thousand knightes,
That can warre at all rightes.
Through the body he me smote:
It is my death, well I wote.'
Then swore the prowde Soudon
By his gods, everychone,
He should never be glad no stound,
Till that cittie were brought to ground.
'I shall', he sayd, 'give him battayle

3072 w. to h.] went and. 3075 Askeldart. 3077 Was. 3083, 3101 Soudan.

Within fower dayes', he sayd, 'sauns fayle.'
These wordes heard a spye, truely,
That was dwelling with Syr Guy;
These tydinges to tell Guy rode he, (O 2 v)
How the Soudan would to that cittie.
The Emperour wist not, it was so;
For, if he had, he had bene wo.
Glad was the Emperour Ernis,
For Guy had slayne his enemyes.
So upon a day, without lesing,
The Emperour went on revering.
In the meane whyle the Steward anone
Toward Guy fast can he gone.
A false traytour he was aye
To Syr Guy both night and daye;
He would have seene Guy todraw,
And yet he shewed in his saw
Also fayre love unto Syr Guy
As any man in his body.
'Guy', he sayd, 'I love thee
Over all thinges, that may bee.
Landes and fees, great wone, have I,
And', he sayd, 'certes, Syr Guy,
At thy wyll they shall be:
So is my love layde on thee.
Go we', he sayde, 'to chamber same
At the chesse to play a game
Before Loret, that mayden free.
The love of her is geve to thee,
And well I wote, that mayden gente
Is thyne owne at thy talente.'
But all the wrake, truely,
That the Steward had to Guy,
Was for the maydens sake, O 3 (r)
For Guy should her to wyfe take;

3109 These] The *Kustos*. 3127 h. I] I h.

The Steward himselfe, as I you say,
Wooed sore that fayre may
And would have had her to wyfe:
Therefore was al the stryfe;
But Guy wist it not, perfay.
Forth they yede to that may;
Hand in hande yede he
To Lorets chamber, that mayden free.
Guy greete that mayde full curteously;
The mayde sayd: 'Welcome, Syr Guy!'
Guy tooke that mayden in armes two,
With lovely cheare he kist her tho.
Guy and that stewarde Morgadoure,
Playde in that maydens boure
At the chesse, and Syr Guy wan
Three games all, or that he blan.
Then was the Steward woe ynow,
And up he rose, as I say you,
And sayd to Syr Guyon:
'I have to doe in the towne;
Be ye here!' he sayd to Guy,
'I shall come agayne hastily.'
He thought to doe Guy some shame;
Guy left with Loret with game.
And forth rode Syr Morgadour
And rode, till he came to the Emperour.
The Emperour sayd: 'Why commest thou?
Hath any Sarasyns misdone us now?'
The Steward sayd: 'I have bene ever (O 3 v)
True to you and shall fayle never.
Thou haste', he sayd, 'a souldyour,
That is to thee a false traytour.
To thy daughters chamber he is went,
And with force he hath her shent;
Her maydenhead he hath her reft,

3165 f.] for 3171 souldyer.

And there he is with her lefte.
If ye leeve me not of this,
Ye may go see the sooth, ywis;
For with thy daughter thou mayest him take
In her chamber his myrth to make.
Therefore I come hastily
Thee to warne of his folly.
I reede thee, take that theefe Guyon
And cast him deepe in thy pryson
And doe him hang upon a tree,
And then shall all traytours dread thee.
Be nought adread to take him,
Though he be both stoute and grim;
For, if thou doe him hang, certayne,
I shall wend into Almayne
To riche Raynere, the Emperour,
And bring thee such succour
To winne agayne thy landes, echone,
And destroy all thy fone.'
Then sayd Ernis, the Emperour:
'Let be thy tales, Morgadour!
That gentle knight would not doe this
For all the empyre, ywis.
I him hight my daughter free: O 4 (r)
To doe thus, what neede hath hee?'
When Morgadour saw, it was so,
That the Emperour would not after him do,
Unto the cittie right hastily
He rode agayne to Syr Guy.
To speake wyth Guy rode hee
Into that chamber so fayre and free.
'Syr Guy', he sayd, 'as true as steele
In my heart I love thee well.
I will not forhele thy dishonour:
Tolde it is the Emperour,
That thou hast lyne his doughter by
Agayne her will, by maystry;

Therefore he will done hang thee,
If thou, he sayd, here found be.
Therefore', he sayd, 'I reede thee, Guy,
That thou remeve hence hastily.'
'Certes', then sayd Syr Guyon,
'That were greatly agaynst reason,
If I should in any wyse
For that mayden have jewyse!
For, certes, it was never in my thoughte
Such a deede to have wrought.
At the morrow', he sayd, 'I understood,
That the Emperour would nothing to me but good;
For then', hee sayd, 'without lesing,
He hight me love over all thing.
Lord, mercy!' quod Guy than,
'Who may beleeve any man,
When he sayd, he loved me so, (O 4 v)
And for a false leasing would me undo?
Her love', he sayd, 'were to me deare
For her to dye in this manere!'
Out of that chamber then went Guy
Fro that mayden with heart sorry
To his inne hastely anone.
'Arme you', he sayd, 'my knightes, eche one!
For we ne shall', sayd Guyoun,
'No longer dwell in this towne:
To the Emperour we bene impayred so,
That he will us to death doe.
But, so God mought me glade,
That night and day both made,
Or we be other slayne or take,
Him and his men we shall doe wrake.
That shall he weete or ought long,
That we be impayred with wrong!'
Guy and his knightes, eche one,

3232 here. 3263 Soudan.

Out of the cittie they ryden anone
Toward the Soudan a great pace
All wroth — and no wonder was—
To helpe the Soudan, I you plight,
Agaynst the Emperour for to fight.
And, as Guy rode, without leasing,
The Emperour came fro revering,
Ryding towardes the cittie,
And saw Guy armed and his meinie.
He asked a man, that rode before,
What armed knightes they wore.
'Syr', sayd that man, 'it is Syr Guy P 1 (r)
And his knightes hardy.
Fro your cittie they be went,
Wrath and full of melancholent;
They shall go helpe the Soudon
Agayne thee to fyght, eche one.'
When the Emperour wist, it was so,
Certes him was never so wo.
He smote his steede on the syde,
And to Syr Guy then can he ryde
And sayd: 'Gentle knight, Syr Guy,
To make amendes I am redy.
For, certes, Guy, without boste,
Thou art the man, that I love moste.
I trow, the Soudan hath sent for thee:
Therefore wilt thou wend fro me.
And, certes, if it be so,
For evermore my joy is do.'
Then sayd Guy to the Emperour:
'Certes, I was no traytour.
In the cittie it is tolde me now,
That ye had made your avow
To wicked death to have me brought
For thing, that was never in my thought.
And that, for sooth', sayd Guyon,

'Is alltogither my incheson
To serve another in his neede,
That will me quyte better meede.'
In armes the Emperour tooke Guy
And sayd: 'Gentle knight hardy,
Certes, it was never thought, for me, (P 1 v)
Such a thing to have wrought thee.
But, syr', he sayd, 'I pray you,
Tourne agayne with me now!'
And to Guyes knightes he sayd tho:
'I pray you, that ye will pray him also.'
'Guy', he sayd, 'take at thy will
All my landes lowde and still;
For I holde him not true to mee,
That other then good sayth by thee.'
Guy heard the Emperour aske him so
And with good will kissed him tho
And thought by that false lesing,
That the Steward loved him nothing.
Guy let it passe as still as stone
And to the Steward word spake none;
But Guy and his knightes with honour
Ryde agayne with the Emperour.
'Syr Emperour', then sayd Guy,
'I have understande, truely,
That the Soudan, withouten fayle,
Will to-morrow give us battayle.
The Soudan his oth hath sworne:
Come he once the towne beforne,
He shall never thence gone,
Till thy men be slayne, everychone.
With him commeth many Sarasyns:
But thou be ware, thy towne thou tynes.'
Then aunswered the Emperour on hye:
'All my succour is in thee, Guy!

3284 inchosen. 3301 lising.

What thing that thou wilt do, P 2 (r)
I am ready', he sayd 'thereto.'
Guy would no longer tarry,
But called forth the Duke of Marry
And sayd: 'To-morrow must we be ready
To fyght with our enemy,
Agaynst the proude Soudan to fyght.
And, for thou art my Lorde plight
For to be true, here my counsayle
To thee I shew for this battayle:
Go we to-morrow them agayns,
Or that they enter on the mountaynes,
And us defend with our meinie
Agaynst the Soudans great semblye!
And syr', Guy sayd, 'without fable,
I rede, these wordes be holden stable.
Doe crye in your riche cittie,
That all your men ready be
To-morrow early with shield and speare
And all, that may weapon beare!'
Twenty thousand there were ready,
And forth they went on the morrow early
To fight agaynst the Soudon.
Then sayd Guy: 'Lordings, eche one,
Lordinges', he sayd, 'we shall this day
Bene assayled, permafay.
Therefore I rede, in this fight
That ye defend boldly your right
And venge your friendes, eche one,
That be slayne through your fone;
Many a castle and many a good towne (P 2 v)
They have brent and cast downe.
Therefore fyght this day, echone,
And venge you upon your fone!
But keepe you well in this heelde,

3341 Soudan.

Or they take the playne feelde!
They may us slea with great wrake,
If they the playne field may take.
Therefore I rede you in this place:
Pray to God, he give you grace
Agaynst the Sarasyns to keepe your lande
And for to have the higher hande!'
  Forth they rode with this tale
And looked downe into the dale:
They saw all the wylde fieldes
Full of knightes with speare and shieldes.
Then the Soudan saw Guy
And all the christen company;
He called forth Elman of Tyre,
A strong man and a stoute syre;
Mighty he was and of great doubt
And passing strong in every route.
The Soudan sayd: 'Elman, I will,
Thou go agaynst them to yon hill;
Take with thee two thousand knightes,
Well armed at all rightes,
And looke, thou bring me them, echone!
For much wo they have me done.'
Elman with his knightes hardy
Rode to the christen company.
They weende, with strength to have wone the fielde; P 8 (r)
But soone they lost many a shielde.
When they were entered into the place,
Guy with his folke agayne them was.
'Fight', quod Guy, 'fellowes, with harte,
Whyle that ye be whole and quart!
For, if the Sarasyns win the playne,
We be but dead men, certayne;
But, if we be upon yon hill,
Or the Sarasyns come us till,

3385 the pl.] tho pl.

We shall them cast downe at ones
With sharpe speares and hard stones.'
Then slue they many a Sarasyne:
Guy taught them such a medecyne!
Guy and his men kept that place,
That no Sarasyne might in pace;
Downe they slue them with their handes
By hundreds and by thousandes.
When Elman, the King of Tyre,
With strong hand and stoute yre
Saw Guy and his men in that stounde
Fell his men so to the grounde,
With a sharpe sword and a strong
The christen knightes he yede among
And slue anone a christen knight.
Then rode Guy to him right;
In his hand Guy bare a dart,
And thereof he gave him part!
Guy lift his hand with great yre,
And so he smote the King of Tyre,
That there he dyed with wyde wound: (P 3 v)
Thus he slow that galled as an hounde.
That saw the Soudan, withouten lye:
Anone he called the King of Newbye:
'Syr King', he sayd, 'mayest thou not see,
How our men thus slayne bee?
So helpe me Mahown of might
And Termagaunt, my god so bright,
I shall never love thee,
But thou on them awreaked bee.
Go ye', he sayd, 'to them agayne
And with strength take the mountayne!
We bene an hundered agaynst them one,
And, every man, we shall them slone.'

3391 many. 3398 st. y.] a st. syre. 3409 wonud. 3411 souden. 3418 awraked.

The mountaynes they beset round about:
The christen men had great doubt.
Here began a battayle strong;
For many men there dyen among.
There might men see Guy smyte,
Whyle that his good sword would byte.
In that place Guy abode,
And many a Sarasyne by him rode,
And all, that ever he with mette,
He smote dead downe withouten lette.
In that place Guy was loken
And his shield all tobroken.
So many Sarasyns Guy slue that day,
That eyther on other overthwart lay;
Of dead men there was an hill,
That came Guyes brest untill.
Syr Heraude faught there full fast, (P 4 r)
And many a Sarasyne downe he cast
With a devenish axe in his hande;
No man might his dint withstand.
Out of his mouth the whyte fome ran:
So fast he slue the Sarasyns than.
His good hauberke brast with dintes unryde:
Then men might see his naked syde.
Who so he hit in that flocke,
He dyed at the fyrst knocke;
And right so did good Guyon:
Whome so he hit, he smote dead downe.
Carte-wheeles Guy let take
And good engines he let make;
The enginnes were so sore castande,
That to the Sarasyns they came nerehande;
Therewith he smote them insunder,
So sore they threw, that it was no wonder;
Many an hill they thrue downe,

4329 abote. 3431 he] that he. 3445 brast *fehlt* || vntyde.

That congeled were with stones browne.
Many a Sarasyne his death there name.
The day past, the night came.
The men sayd of that country,
That men dyed there so great plenty,
That fyfteene acres brede and mo
Might no man but on dead men go.
A Sarasyne there was, that hight Marable,
New made knight, without fable.
Guy him smote thorow the body,
And to the Soudan he rode hastily.
'Syr', he sayd, 'I reade you flee, (P 4 v)
Or else, certes, dead ye bee.
All the gods, that we honour aye,
Full little or nought they helpe us to-daye.
That we home fare, I rede ye now;
And lead your wounded knightes with you!
For, when they be whole and sounde,
They may you helpe another stounde.'
With sorrow and with care, eche one,
The Sarasyns hyed them home anone.
Then sayd the Soudan so grim
To bring his gods before him.
'Gods', he sayd, 'evill mote ye thee;
For evill', he sayd, 'have ye quit me.
With honour', he sayd, 'I have served you,
And evill I have my meede now.
Therefore I shall on you be wreke:
All your neckes I shall doe breake.'
He began to lay on fast,
Whyle a staffe in his hande might last;
He all tohew them and gan sayne:
'Ye shall be brent, for sooth certayne;
For ye be worse then houndes.
That ever I saw ye, wo be the stounds!'

3461 Countrey. 3463 f.] xv. 3491 h.] boundes.

Some he brent on a low,
And some into the sea gan throw.
Then sent he many a messenger
After Sarasyns farre and nere.
There was no king in hethenesse,
Prince ne duke, more ne lesse,
Fro thence unto the Red See, Q 1 (r)
But they came at his will to bee.
'Syrs', Guy sayd to his meinie,
'Almighty Jesu blessed he be!
For thorow the helpe of God alone
This day we have overcome our fone.'
Then they tooke their wounded knightes
And rode home agayne rightes.
Then was Guy leefe and dere
With all that lande, as ye may heare.
That good Emperour Ernis,
Through Guyes helpe to winne hym pryce,
Syr Guy he gave a royall bone
With all his lande his will to done.
When that wist Syr Morgadour,
The false stewarde, that traytour,
He did nigh for envy of Guy;
He thought him to doe some vilany:
He thought to counsayle the Emperour
And all his barrons of great honour,
On message to the Soudan to sende Guy;
For he well wist, certaynly,
That, who so went to the Soudon,
That in haste he should him slone.
Into the towre yede Morgadour,
And sone he founde the Emperour.
He sayd: 'Syr, the Sowdan, as I gesse,
Hath sent his sonde through hethenesse
After knightes, lesse and more,

3502 he] thou. 3520 for c. 3521 Soudan.

All that bene in lande thore,
For to fyght thee agayne. (Q 1 v)
His men waxe strong ever, certayne,
And your be nygh slayne all downe:
Overcome you lightly he mowne.
But ye have now a knight, Syr, heare:
In this world is none his peare:
That is Guy and Syr Heraute,
The best in this world at assaute.
To the Soudan ye may them sende;
For well I wote, that they will wende.
Syth the Soudan will have your lande
With wrong into his hande,
Sende him word to take a knight,
That for him will take the fight!
And another knight ye shall take
To doe battayle for your sake.
And doe the Soudan to understande,
That ye will so defende your lande:
If case be, that his knight there
Through dint of sword your knight conquere,
Truage ye shall him give
Evermore, whyle ye lyve;
And, if so be, that your knight
Overcome his in the fight,
Out of the lande, say him, he wende
And nevermore to come there hende.'
Then sayd the Emperour Ernis:
'Me thincketh, thou sayest a good avyce!
Doe come my knightes togither, ech one,
And, who so will wend to the Soudon
My message to doe now, Q 2 (r)
I may say, he is hardy ynow;
For, who so goeth to him, certayne,

3536 th.] t *unterer Teil abgesprungen.* 3558 the] e *abgesprungen* || soudan.

He commeth no more agayne.'
The Emperours barrons, echone,
Before the Emperour they came anone.
'Lordinges,' he sayd, 'give me intent,
For after you I have sent.
I thinke to send to the Soudayne,
That with wrong will us all slayne;
I will no longer with him warray.
Therefore I shall sende him to say,
That, if he will have lande myne,
That he chuse him a Sarasyne,
That may defend his lande
With battayle of his hande;
And I shall fynde another knight
With him to fight for my right.
And, if he, the Soudans Sarasyne,
Overcome the knight, that is myne,
I will him graunt gladly
Over all my lande the seignoury;
And, if the knight, that is myne,
Overcome the Soudans Sarasyne,
Fro my lande, I will, he wende
And nevermore come there hende.
Who so wyll this message do,
Agayne if he come me to,
I sweare by God, that is above,
For evermore I shall him love.'
But in that hall was none tho, (Q 2 v)
That durste profer him to go.
Elester sterte up with the whyte beard:
To speake he was nothing afeard;
A long beard to his gyrdle had he.
'Syr Emperour,' he sayd, 'listen unto me!
Hee, that this counsayle gave thee,
Loveth thee but little, by my lewte;

3578 the — is] knight.

A traytour he is to thee and thyne.
For, who so goeth, thou shalt him tyne;
As well thou mightest thyselfe him slo
As make him to the Soudan go.
Thinkest thou not on thy cosyn Gryffon,
That was thyne owne bolde baron,
That thou sentest thither, certayne?
The Soudan thee sent his head agayne!
And never syth did none
From thee wend to the Soudon.
But understande it well, Syr Ernis,
That I say it for no cowardyse!
For, were I now as much of might,
As I was, whyle I was a yong knight,
I would wende thyther full fayne,
Though I wist to be slayne.
But now I am grayheared and elde
And little of might and lesse of welde;
An hundred yeare it is right,
Syth that I was dubbed knight,
And now I am so olde of age,
That I ne may doe thy message.'
Heraude behelde Guy, the bolde: Q 3 (r)
Unneathes might he him holde,
That he ne profered anone
To have gone to the Soudon.
But by encheson of his lord Guy,
He would not profer fyrst, truely;
For well he hoped, without leasing,
That Guy would undertake that thing.
But Guy helde him alway still,
Till he wist all their will,
If any knight would undertake
The Emperours message for to make.
When he saw, no man would go,

3604 soudau. 3606, 3622 soudan. 3616 w.] way. 3620 beholde.

With eger moode he stert up tho.
'Syr Emperour,' Guy sayd anone,
'Syth no man this message will done,
I shall doe it for thy sake,
Though I should my death take,
That the Soudan in his hall
Shall it heare and his men all.'
The Emperour thanked fayre Guy
And sayd: 'Gentle knight, gramercy!
For certes,' he sayd, 'I will not now
To the Soudan sende you
For halfe my lande by this day.
For I sayd it but for to assay
To weete, for me who would moste do
And whome I might best trust to.
And now I wote well, Guy, by thee,
That would it do for love mee.'
'Certes,' then sayd Guy anone, (Q 8 v)
'I shall wende to the Soudon
For ought, that any man can sayne,
Though I shall there be slayne.'
Out of the pallaice then went Guyon
To his inne into the towne.
The Emperour with good devocion
And many a noble baron
And all the Emperours men, certayne,
Prayed God bring him agayne.
Guy asked his armes anone:
Hosen of yron Guy did upon;
In his hawberke Guy him clad,
He dread no stroke, whyle he it had;
Upon his head his helme he cast
And hasted him to ryde full fast;
A syrcle of gold thereon stoode,
The Emperour had none so good;

3650 Soudan. 3662 drcad. 3666 Empetour.

Aboute the cyrcle for the nones
Were set many precyous stones;
Above he had a coate-armour wyde;
His sworde hee tooke by his syde
And lept upon his steede anone;
Styrope with foote touched he none.
Then sayd his knightes by one and one:
'We will go with thee, eche one.'
Heraude sayd: 'With you will I;
If ye dye, I shall, truely!'
'Nay' quod Guy, 'here shalt thou be!'
And forth he rode of that cittie.
All the men of that towne Q 4 (r)
Prayed fast for good Guyon;
For well they weende, for certayne,
That they should never have him agayne.
  Guy rode forth without boste
Alone to the Soudans hoste.
Guy saw all that countrie
Full of tentes and pavylyons be.
On the pavilyon of the Soudon
Stoode a carbuncle-stone.
Guy wist thereby, it was the Soudons,
And drue him thyther for the nones.
At the meate he founde the Soudon
And his barrons, everychone,
And tenne kinges about him:
All they were stoute and grym.
Guy rode forth and spake no worde,
Till he came to the Soudans borde.
He ne rought, with whome he mette;
But on this wyse the Soudan he grette:
'The Lorde, that shaped both hote and colde
And all this world hath in holde

3667 A.] b *umgedreht* || thnones. 3687, 3691 soudan. 3689 Soudans. 3698 greete. 3699 The *fehlt* || shape.

And suffred on crosse passyons fell
To buy mans soule out of hell,
Give the Soudan his malison
And all, that leeven on Mahowne!
Gods curse have thou and thyne
And tho, that leeve on Apolyne!
The good Emperour Ernis
Hath me sent with good advice
To thee now, Syr Soudon, (Q 4 v)
And to thy knightes, everychone,
And sayeth, if thou have right on hande
To have chalenge of his lande,
He biddeth thee take a knighte
Agayne one of his for to fighte;
And, which of them, withouten fayle,
Overcome other in battayle,
Late so your right be quyte
Without any lenger respyte:
If thy knight be overcome of his,
Thou shalt amende the scath, ywis,
That thou haste the Emperour done,
And go from his landes anone;
And, if so be, that our knight
Be overcome in the fight,
Then shall my lorde, the Emperour,
And all his lande doe thee honour
And evermore doe that truage.
Thus bad he me do his message.
And if thou wilt not graunt this,
But with wrong alway have his,
Fight I will for his sake,
Who so will the battayle take
Before thee here this day.'
Thus sayd Guy, as I you say.
Then sayd the Soudan: 'What art thou,

3709 soudan. 3711 on] of.

That thus prowdly speakest now?
Yet found I never man, certayne,
That such wordes durst me sayne.'
Guy sayd: 'So God me save fro hell, R 1 (r)
My right name I shall thee tell:
Guy of Warwick my name is!'
Then sayd the Soudan, ywis:
'Arte thou the bolde knight Guyon,
That arte here in my pavilyon?
What wonderfull heart hast thou,
That maketh thee to come hyther now!
Thou sluest my cosyn Coldran,
Of all Sarasyns the boldest man;
Many a bold knight thou hast slayne me:
Therefore thou shalt now headed be.
For sooth, Guy, thou were wood,
And little loved the Emperour thy blood,
When he thee sent me unto
This message now for to do.
My men he hath done incombraunce:
Therefore shalt thou have thy penaunce.'
The Soudan sayd, he should be dead;
He bad men take him by the head,
'And doe hym in pryson till after meate;
Then shall not his death be forget.'
The Soudans men on a route
Arose and ran Guy aboute.
Then sayd Guy that tyde:
'It is not good long here to abyde.'
His sworde he drue as an hardy knight
And rode to the Soudan anone full right;
He sayd: 'Soudan, thou foule Sarasyne,
Here I behight, thyne head is myne!'
Guy smote of his head with that worde, (R 1 v)
That it fell downe right on the borde;

3768 be.] betake.

Guy tooke it up in his left hande
And rode away, full fast prickand;
For, who so warned him the gate,
He smote him sore upon the pate,
That many a Sarasyns head in that teene
Guy smote of quyte and cleene.
Through the Soudans hoste went he,
And Sarasyns sued, great plenty;
They sued him so sore upon the ground,
That he was taken nye in that stounde.
  Let we now a stound of Guy be,
And of Heraude speake shall we.
  After the tyme, that Guy was go,
Certes, Heraude was so wo,
That he wist not, what was best;
For night ne day he had no rest,
That he weende never, for certayne,
To have had his lorde agayne.
And, as he slept, by a vysyon,
Him thought, he saw his lorde, Guyon,
And with swerde he defended him,
For beset he was with lyons grim;
From them he warred him, certayne,
And Syr Guy fought them fast agayne.
Out of his sleepe Heraude abrayde,
And to his fellowes anone he sayde:
'Arme you fast, everychone,
And goe we helpe our lorde anone!
For, certes,' he sayde, 'he is in neede.' R 2 (r)
And, every man up on a steede,
They ryden forth full hastily,
Till they came to my Lorde Guy.
They saw Guy beset so
With twenty thousand Sarasyns and mo,
And all they layde at him, certayne,

3781 we] me. 3801 They *fehlt*.

And he at them manly agayne:
Some by the armes hente good Guy
And some by the middle, truely,
And some his armes all torent,
And some by the brydle him hente.
But there was none, that came nere Guy,
But that he had a knock, truely;
And some their armes he of smote
And some their heades, well I wote.
When Heraude and his company
Came to helpe their lord, Syr Guy,
To bid them fight it was no neede:
Many a Sarasyne they made to bleede,
And many one they did downe fall.
Then Syr Guy and his men all
Bare them so that same day,
That Guy bare the Soudans head away.
When Guy was out of his payne,
For joy he kist his knightes, certayne:
The Sarasyns turned with wo, echone,
And buryed the body of the Soudon.
And Syr Guy rode to that cittie,
And the head before him bare he,
And with great myrth and great honour (R 2 v)
He offered it up to the Emperour,
And all the belles of the cittie
Rong with great solemnitie;
Agayn Syr Guy the people came tho,
And every man blessed him also
And sayd: 'Christ give him good fare,
That thus hath brought us out of care!'
When the Emperour saw bold Syr Guy,
For joy he wept hastily,
And that tyde, as many men wist,
An hundered tymes the Emperour him kist.

3826 soudan.

They of the cittie were glad ynow,
For Guy had done them such a prowe.
In the middest of a brode market
There was a piller of marble set;
Thereon Guy set an head of brasse,
And the Soudans head therein was;
To give great sight, Guy gilt it aboute,
That the Sarasyns should have great doubt
To bring warre the cittie to.
And, when the warre was ended so,
The Emperour sayd, that he would wende
With Guy to see his landes so hende,
For to amend every towne,
That the Sarasyns had beaten downe.
And so upon a sommers day,
As they ryden, by the way
They saw a lyon come a softe pace,
And a dragon gan him fast chase.
The lyon durst him not abyde; R 3 (r)
He was so hydyous and so unryde:
His head was black, great and long
And therewith wonder divelish strong;
His eyen blacke as any cole,
His body rugged as any fole,
His teeth long, his throate wyde,
That a man therein might glyde.
To his knightes then sayd Guyon:
'I will go fight agayne yonder dragon,
That would slea yonder gentle beast.
Abyde me here, both moste and least!'
Guy stert up on his good steede
As a doughty knight in every neede.
He toke a gleyve in his hande,
To the dragon he rode prickand.
Whan the dragon saw Guyon,

3860 u.] wyde. 3864 sole. 3872 n.] deede.

To him he ran and lefte the lyon;
He ran to Guy and gaped wyde.
Guy let to him a speare glyde
In at his mouth, as a knight hardy;
With his glayve through his body
That stroke came so full and sore,
That the dragon fell downe thore.
Then drough Guy out his sworde browne
And smote of the head of the dragon.
Guy tourned his horse and rode agayne;
The lyon him followed and was full fayne;
Before his horse the lyon ran
As comely as any man
And for fayne playd before Guyon, (R 3 v)
For Guy had slayne that foule dragon.
Guyes horse necke the lyon ran to:
Guy weende, he would have him misdo,
And downe he sterte full right
With the lyon there for to fight.
And, when he was start adowne,
As still as a lambe lay the lyon.
And there licked he Guyes feete;
And then Guy saw, he was so meeke.
Guy would him no harme do,
But let him ren by hym tho,
And, everywhere Guy can ryde,
The lyon ran alway by his syde.
To the Emperour agayne rode he
With myrth, joy and much glee.
The Emperour asked Guy, what he had done,
And Syr Guy tolde him anone.
Then were they glad of that deede
And to their hostell gan speede.
At night, when Guy yede his chamber to,
The lyon him followed fast tho;
On nightes, when Guy slept fast, perfay,
The lyon before his bed lay.

All this jorney now leave we,
And of an other heare shall ye.
When the Emperour had understande
And ridden and with Guy seen all his lande,
To Constantinople then rode he
To dwell there at his chiefe cittie.
There helde Guy all his sojoure (R 4 r)
Many a day with the Emperoure.
Upon a day full curteously
The Emperour called forth Syr Guy
And sayd: 'Syr Guy, make thee yare
To-morrow to church early to fare,
My daughter, fayre Loret, to wedde;
Thou shalte her have, I thee her bedde.'
'Gramercy, Syr!' sayd Guy agayne.
On the morrow he went to church, certayne;
He and his knightes, eche one,
Ay by two and two they gone.
Eche of them had a mantle fyne
Of good sylke, furred with armyne.
Men had wonder of that sight,
So richely his knightes were dight.
When that he came to the church, Syr Guy,
Princes and dukes there were redy,
Earles, barrons of great honours,
Archebishops, abbots and pryours,
That riche mariage for to make.
The Emperour by the hande Guy gan take;
He sayd: 'Syr Guy, here give I thee
Loret, my daughter fayre and free,
And half my lande, whyle I lyve maye,
And al togither after my daye
Here before my barrons free;
All, that ever holdeth of mee,
Shall holde of thee, Syr Guy,

3916 w. G. s.] withset.

And honour thee as myne owne body.'
'Syr' quod Guy, 'God yeeld it you (B 4 v)
Of this great gifte, ye give me now!'
The wedding ring was forth brought.
Guy then on fayre Phelis thought;
He had her nigh forgotten fulle cleane.
'Alas' he sayd, 'Phelis, the shene!'
And thought in his hart anone:
'Agayne thee now I have misdone.'
Guy sayd: 'Penaunce I crave;
None other mayde my love shall have!
I had leaver thy body, Phelis,
Then the fayrest mayde of pryce
Of all this world, so Crist me save,
With all the gold, that she might have.'
He thought him on a wyle that stounde:
In sowning he fell downe to ground,
And, when he rose, to the Emperour
He sayde: 'Syr, for your honour
Of this wedding give me respyte,
Till I of this evill be quyte!'
The Emperour sayd: 'Gladly, Syr Guy!'
Never the lesse he was full sorry.
The mayden Loret, as I say you,
For that tarying was woe ynow;
For care in sowning she fell downe,
For she weende never to have Guyon.
Syr Guyon a mule fayre bestryde
And to his inne forth gan ryde,
And unto his bed he gan him dight,
And there he lay a fortenight,
That he ne passed dore ne gate. S 1 (r)
The lyon saw him in such state
And such sorrow made for his lord free,
That eate ne drinke nothing would he.
  Then called Guy Heraude and sayd:
'All my counsayle in thee is layde.

Whether readest thou, I wed this may
Or let her bene, that me say!
For I shall thee say the sooth at hande:
Phelis, my lordes daughter Rohande,
All my love in hold hath shee.
Wherefore, Heraude, what redest thou mee?'
Heraude sayd: 'Syr, if ye take
The Emperours daughter to your make,
To you it shall be great honour;
For then ye shall be an emperour,
And ye shall have in your hande
An hundered citties and more lande
And mo lordships in your hand
Then the Erle Syr Rohand.
Therefore Loret now take ye!'
'Doe away!' quod Guy; 'that shall not be!
Heraude,' he sayd, 'thou lovest not me,
Thou counsaylest me from Phelis, the free.'
Heraude sayd: 'I wist no dele,
That ye had loved Phelis so well.
But ware shall I bee, whyle ye lyve,
Or I you counsayle more shall give.
But now, I have heard your advyse,
I rede, over all ye love Phelys.'
At the fyfteene dayes ende (S 1 v)
Guy to the Emperour gan wende;
With him ran his fayre lyon,
That syth was slayne through treason.
When the Emperour saw Guy in hall,
Glad he was and his men all.
To the meate went Syr Guy,
And his lyon lay him by.
But on a day in this manere
(The weather was both hote and cleare)
The lyon in an herber did sleepe.

4006 I *fehlt.*

The Steward Morgadour tooke good keepe,
And for envy of Guy and Loret
The false Steward withouten lette
To Syr Guyes lyon he start
And with a sweard smote him to the hart.
A mayde it saw, as I say you,
How that he the lyon slue.
'Thou wicked man,' she sayd tho,
'Why haste thou slayne the lyon so?
When Guy it wote, he will be wo:
He will it wit, so mote I go.'
When the lyon was hurt so,
To Guyes inne he ran tho;
In chamber Syr Guy he fonde.
He ran to him and licked his honde,
And, as he licked, he fell downe deade.
'Wellaway!' sayd Guy; 'what is best reade?
I would not,' he swore, 'by Gods honour,
For a thousand pound of treasour
Have seene him thus to death gone.' S 2 (r)
Guy gyrt him with his sword anone
And yede to the Emperours hall.
'Lordinges,' he sayd, 'God save you all!
Doe tell me,' he sayd, 'certayne,
Which of you have my lyon slayne;
And I shall give him, that doth me tell,
Syxe hawberkes and syxe steedes snell.
All, that were in the hall, certayne,
They wist not, who the lyon had slayne;
But searching in the court Guy went
And met with a mayden gent.
She sayd: 'Good day, Syr Guyon!
Where is now your fayre lyon?'
Guy sayd: 'He is dead, certayne.'
'I saw,' she sayd, 'how he was slayne.'

4024 heart. 4030 might. 4038 treasure. 4040 adone. 4046 hawberes

'Fayre lemman,' then sayd Guy,
'Who hath me done that vilany?'
'Syr,' she sayd, 'Morgadour.'
And, when Guy wist, it was that traytour,
All about Guy him sought;
To venge his lyon he thought.
In chamber then found Guyon
Morgadour, that fowle felon.
'Thou, Morgadour,' then sayd Guyon,
'Why sluest thou my fayre lyon?'
Guy out his good sworde brayde.
'Thou haste, traytour, thryse me betrayde:
Thou shalt never betray man more!'
His head in two Guy clave right thore;
The traytour fell dead downe hastily. (S 2 v)
His cosyn drew a knyfe there ready,
But his right arme Guy smote of, truely,
And syth to the Emperour he went on hy.
He sayd: 'I have be long with you,
And evill I have my meede now:
The Stewarde hath slayne my lyon.
But I have quyte him that treason:
All to peeces I clave his head;
For he shall never doe man more quede.
And here my leave I take of thee;
For wende I will into my countrye,
For I saw not many a yeare
My father ne my mother deare.
But, when ye have ought to do,
Homely, Syr, send me to:
Be it warre, or be it peace,
I shall come, withouten lease!'
The Emperour sayd: 'Mercy, Syr Guy!
Why wilt thou from me hye?
If any man hath done thee yll,
Take vengeaunce at thyne owne wyll.
Thou shalt have, that I thee bed:

To-morrow thou shalt my daughter wed;
All my men in a route
As their lorde they shall thee loute!
'Syr Emperour,' then sayd Guy,
'To wedde yet I am not ready.
For, if I tooke thy daughter, certayne,
All thy men would have disdayne,
That thou wouldest make an Emperour 83 (r)
Of a pore vavassour.
Therefore, Syr, so God me save,
Whyle I love of thy men have,
To my countrey wende would I.'
The Emperour therefore was sorry;
All his men, without leasing,
Were sorry of Guyes parting.
When the Emperour saw, truely to tell,
That Guy would no longer dwell,
Two cofers of golde he let fill
And gave them to Guy with good will.
He would them not, as I you say:
He wan of Sarasyns ynough, perfay.
When the Emperour saw, that Guy would none,
To Guyes knights he gave great wone:
He gave them great plenty of riches,
For they should say of his goodnesse.
Then Guy tooke leave and rode anone;
The lordes brought him forth, eche one,
And ever after that loved, truely,
All Englishmen for love of Guy.
To the sea Guy drue, certayne,
The wynde drove him into Almayne;
And, when he was landed there,
He went to the Emperour Raynere.
Welcome he was to the Emperour;
But there he made but little sojour.

4093 my] thy. 4094 thee *fehlt*. 4116 his] him.

Fro thence he went into Lorayne,
And of his comming the Duke was fayne;
And, when he had a stound there be, (S 3 v)
Fro thence he went to the sea.
So it fell on a sommers day,
Guy passed forth his way.
As he rode through a forrest free,
To take the ayre good thought hee;
His men he bad to towne fare,
To take his inne and make it yare;
'For,' he sayd, 'dwell will I
To heare the fowles sing merrilye.'
The men did their lordes will:
To towne they ryden and Guy let still;
So through the merry fowles song
Guy smote into a thought strong.
  Guy heard a voyce, that him bement:
Guy tourned him, and thither he went,
And there he found under a thorne
A knight alone, as he was borne.
A fayre man he was to see,
A better made man there might none bee;
So much blood from him ran,
That all his face waxed wan;
Long face he had and eyen gray,
Fayre heyre he had also, perfay;
Guy saw his spurres overgilt, truely,
And a wound through his body;
Of riche samite was his cloathing,
And for his sake Guy made mourning.
Guy sayd: 'Syr knight, tell me thy name,
And what men have done thee this shame!
To helpe thee have I thought, (S 4 r)
If ought may thereto be wrought.'
'Syr, I am in so much sorrow,

4146 were.

That no man may my lyfe borrow.
Therefore, if I my state thee tolde,
The more it should thyne heart colde.
Therefore I will not tell thee,
But if thou wilt insure me
To holde the forward, that I shall sayne.'
'Yes, certes!' quod Guy agayne.
'Syr, I was with the Duke of Lorayne,
To serve him well, I did my payne:
His daughter I loved above all thing
And she me without lesing.
Her love made me armes to take,
And then I travayled for her sake
In Fraunce and in Burgoyne,
In Almayne and in Sesoyne:
Where so was any turnament
Or justes or warre, thyther I went
For love of that mayden free
Of justes to win me pryce and gree.
A messenger then heard I sayne,
That Sarasyns were come into Romayne
And had nere all that lande
Wone into their owne hand.
To that countrey I went right
To helpe the Emperour for to fight;
Sarasyns I slue there many one.
And, when the warre was all done,
To me came tydinges, the sooth to say, (S 4 v)
From my lemman, that fayre maye,
That she should by maystrye
Be wedded to Duke Otton of Pany.
A letter to me sent shee
And, as I loved her, prayed me,
That I should come her to fette
Out of that lande withouten lette,

4178 or w.] of w.

And she should for any thing
Keepe her a mayde to my comming;
But I came, she sayd, hastily,
For evermore leese her should I.
Then rode I anone-rightes
And ledde with me seven hardy knightes;
And, when I came into Lorayne,
That mayden I sent to sayne,
That fro the castle she should come downe
To myne inne into the towne.
Of my sonde she was full glad;
She did, as my letter bad:
By night-tyme she came to me.
But all-to long there were we;
For, certes, it was light day,
Out of the towne or we went away.
The wayte us saw and knew Osill:
Then were we, certes, in great perrill.
The wayte cryed anone, perfay;
'Terry leadeth Osill away!'
To chase me came many a knight;
They sayd, they would slea me right.
All my knightes I lefte dead there, T 1 (r)
And that was, for they not armed were.
After that my knightes were slayne,
With good will I fought agayne:
Many a Lorayne I slow thare,
And many a Lumbarde I did care.
I trow, there was never no knight,
Bare him so in such a fight
Agayne so many, as I did, truely,
But if he were of Warwick Syr Guy.
And, when that I might no more fighte,
With my lemman I rode forth right,
Till it was night, a good pace,

4219 All] Thou *Kustos.* 4223 there. 4227 as] a.

And fast after they gan me chase,
Till I came to a water brode.
I wote not, how long I there abode;
An arme it was of the sea.
But Gods grace so helpe me,
That my steede swifte and good
Bare us both over the flood.
There turned they agayne, echone,
For to sue me they durst not one.
To this forrest fled wee,
For here we weende seker to have bee.
So for honger and long fasting
I fell downe here in sowning.
My lemman sate before me,
My horse was reyned to a tree.
Fyfteene knightes came in a stound
And thus a-sleepe me can wounde.
Therefore, I wote, I must needes dye: (T 1 v)
So feeble I am, withouten lye.
Robbers all fyfteene they bee;
My lemman they robbed away fro me.
Of myselfe ne charge I nought,
But on my lemman is all my thought:
Through them, Syr, she might be shent.
Now haste thou heard all my talent;
My name,' he sayd with mylde voyce,
'Is Syr Terry of Gurmoyse
(Sometyme I was holden doughty),
My father Knight Erle Anbry.'
Than sayd Terry: 'For that leawte,
That thou hightest ere to me,
When I am deade, doe me bury
In some place good and merry.
But yonder upon yon greene
Bene the robbers all fyfteene;

4261 Th.] That. 4262 ere] euer.

With them is my lemman, fayre Osyle,
In much dread and great perrill.
Thou seemest a man of much might:
Speede thee to the robbers right,
That bene yonder upon yon mountayne!
For thou mightest her win, certayne;
Or else thou shalt, without leasing,
Winne thee pryce and other thing,
That thou wouldest not give, ywis,
For all this world good or blis.
Thou mayst them slea with dint of swearde
And win the fayrest mayde of middle-erde
And my well renning steede. T 2 (r)
In this worlde is no better at neede;
I wan in Paynym horse and pryse
Of the Soudan Salabrys;
I might for him have landes and fees,
Fifteene castles and fyfteene citties
And fifteene sommers, charged with golde,
But for an hundered give him I nolde.
My swearde with thee thou beare!
Better is none to mans weare.
Thou seemest large and doughty;
To helpe my lemman thou goest hastylye.
Well, I hope, thou shalt speede:
For thou seemest hardy at neede.'
When Guy wist, it was Terry,
For sorrow he wepte then, truely;
To venge him Guy was glad.
Guy tooke the sworde, that Terry had,
And the shielde good and brode,
And forth to the robbers he rode.
He yede into a lodge anone;
Therein he found the robbers, eche one:
'Yeelde you, theeves!' he sayd tight;

4281 P.] Pany my. 4285 XV.

'Why have you slayne yon gentle knighte,
That lyeth yonder under a thorne?
Ye shall rew, that ye was borne!'
One rose and weende well to have doone:
But Guy smote of his head full soone,
And efte another and then the thryd,
The fourth and the fyft much sorrow betyde.
So taught Guy them to stryve, (T 2 v)
That he left but one on lyve;
He fled and was sore adrad,
A wound through his body he had.
Then sayd Guy to that mayden free:
'Damsell, dreade thou not of mee!
For vilany shalt thou none have;
For from all diseases I shall thee save
And leade thee, full truely,
To thy lord and lemman, Terry.'
Of that word she was full blythe,
That she fell in sowning swythe.
Guy tooke up that fayre may
And set her on his owne palfray
And lept himselfe on Terries steede;
Better in this world was none at neede.
That mayden rode forth with Syr Guy
Toward her lemman, Syr Terry,
And, when they came to that thorne,
Then was Syr Terry away borne.
Then fell that may for sorrow downe;
But well comforted her Guyon;
He sayd: 'Osyle, so God me save,
Terry, thy lefe, thou shalt have:
Of their horse feete I see the trace,
That hath him borne from this place.
Damsell,' quod Guy, 'I sweare, certayne,
I shall bring him hyther agayne!'

4304 ye w.] he w. 4307 thyrd.

At that thorne Guy left that may,
There Syr Terry, her lemman, lay.
Upon his steede then stert Guy T 3 (r)
And rode to fetche agayne Terry.
Guy put him in an harde stoure,
For to doe Syr Terry succoure.
Then saw Guy Terry right,
How a steede led him, aplight;
Foure knightes rode before the wounded body.
Guy sayd to them full curteously:
'God, that is in trinitie,
Save you knightes, that there be!
I pray you,' quod Guy, 'a stounde to dwell;
A little I have to you to tell:
I promysed him, that ye there have,
When he were dead, to do him in grave.'
One of the knightes looked agayne,
The Dukes stewarde of Lorayne:
'What myster man arte thou,
That thus prowdly speakest now?
Thou arte a nyce fellow,' sayd he;
'One of his fellowes, I trowe, thou be:
Ye did a wicked deede that day,
That ye led Osile away;
Thou shalt dye!' he sayd to Guy.
Guy sayd: 'That were no curtesy!'
And gave him a dint with great prowaunce,
That in his body brake the launce;
There dyed he, it was no wonder.
Anothers heart Guy smote asonder;
The thyrd also and the ferth
Guy smote downe into the earth.
Guy tooke Terry with him, certayne, (T 3 v)
And led him to that thorne agayne.
When they came thyther, perfay,

4355 mayster. 4363 prouaunce. 4367 fourth.

Then was the mayde ledde away:
How and in what manere,
Lysten, lordinges, and ye shall heare.
Therefore a stounde let we of Guy
And speake we of his knightes hardy,
That rode to towne, his inne to take;
And great sorrow they can make,
When they saw, their lorde, Guyon,
Came not to them in that towne.
For him, certes, they had great doubt,
Hye and low, and all about
In that forrest they sought, eche one,
There they had lefte Guy alone.
And, as they rode, they heard on hye
The voyce of a womans crye;
Shee made care and great weeping.
Than saw Heraude, without leasing,
Where shee stoode under a shaw.
To her then can he draw;
And, when they came to her, eche one,
A fayrer mayde saw they never none.
She stoode weeping under a thorne;
Heraude sayd: 'Where were thou borne?'
That mayde woulde not sayne;
But forth he led her, certayne.
Of Guy heard they right nothing,
But home they wente, without leasing.
When Heraude to his ostle came, T 4 (r)
That fayre mayde downe he name;
In a fayre chamber he did that free,
But eate nor drinke would shee
For sorrow and care of Syr Terry.
Now let we her and speake of Guy!
Syr Guy, as I you sayd beforne,

4379 s.] s. not. 4388 that. 4395 woule. 4396 her *fehlt*. 4404 here. 4405 as] was as.

Came soone agayne to the thorne,
There he had lefte that goodly maye,
And then was she led awaye.
Over all about Guy her sought,
But of her heard right nought.
The day was gone, it drue to night,
To his inne Guy went full tight,
And with him he led Syr Terry,
And he found his men ready.
Glad they were of Guyes comming
And Guy of them, without lesing.
Guy sayd to his men tight:
'Take downe this wounded knight
And looke, fayre ye him touche,
And lay him on a softe couche;
For he on him hath many a wound.'
Guy sent after a leche that stound:
'I pray you,' he sayd, 'for your meede,
To heale this knight you speede;
And ye shall have, I you plight,
An hundered besauntes of golde right
And, what ye will also,' quod Guy.
With that he heard a womans crye;
Guy asked, what she was, certayne. (T 4 v)
His chamberlayne sayd to him agayne:
'The fayrest mayde, that is now borne;
Heraude found her under a thorne;
Sorrow and care she maketh now.'
'Fetche her!' quod Guy; 'I commaund you.'
Shee was brought before Guy,
And, when she saw her lord, Terry,
She fell on him and sayd: 'Alas!
What ye be pale in the face,
That sometyme was both whyte and red!
Alas,' she sayd, 'that I am not dead!'
She kist his mouth and his face,
And ofte she sowned in that place.

Guy tooke her up full swyth
And sayd: 'Lemman, be glad and blythe!
The leches have undertake
Whole and sound him to make.'
Full soone Terry was whole, certayne;
Then was that mayden thereof fayne.
  When he was whole, Guy and he same
Went to make joy and game.
So on a day then sayd Syr Guy:
'Will we make a truce, Terry,
Thou me to love and I love thee
And wedded bretheren for to bee?'
Terry sayd: 'Syr, gramercy!
Here my troth to thee, Syr Guy,
That I shall never be thee agayne,
Though I wist to be slayne.
Thou haste me brought out of wo U 1 (r)
And my deare lemman also:
A wicked man then were I,
But I thee loved as my lord, Guy!'
Then thought Guy, as I understande,
For to fare into England.
He prayed Terry and that mayden hende
Into Englande with him to wende;
For Guy of him was glad ynow:
So was eyther of other, as I say you.
  So it befell upon a daye,
As Syr Guy at a wyndow laye
And Syr Terry lay him by,
In the streete they saw a knight weary.
'Syr knighte,' quod Guy, 'I pray thee,
What seekest thou in this countrye?'
'Syr, I seeke Terry of Gurmoyse,'
Sayd the knight with mylde voyce.
'Whereto? I pray thee,' quod Guy.

4474 countrey.

'I shall you say,' he sayd, 'truely.
When Terry was a yong batcheler,
He was with the Duke Loyer.
To deedes of armes the Duke him fande;
For a doughtyer man was none in lande,
Then was that noble knight Terry.
The Duke had a daughter seemely,
That Duke Otton of Pany
Should have wedded her, truely;
But Terry had her him bereaved.
And therefore he smote of many an heaved.
Therefore his lorde, the Duke of Lorayne, (U 1 v)
And Duke Otton also, for certayne,
Bene toward Terries father Anbry
With three great hostes, syr, truely,
To bren and slay him and his.
Therefore I seeke Terry, ywis,
His father to defende, certayne;
For he is aged and may not warre agayne.'
To that knight then sayd Syr Guy:
'That is Terry, that standeth me by.
Come forth, and thou shalt with me dwell,
And more of this thou shalt us tell!'
And, when Syr Terry wist of this,
Great wo he made and wept, ywis;
But yet he was of gladder cheare,
For he met so that knight there.
To wende with him, he prayed Syr Guy,
For to helpe his father Anbry:
'For, if my father be slayne,' he sayd,
'Then all myne honour is downe layd;
And, if thou wilt, Guy, wende with me,
Then may I ever trust to thee;
And, if we togither gone,
The better we shall overcome our fone.'

4480 Loyre. 4481 fonde. 4483 Terry *fehlt*. 4488 heaved] hed.

Guy aunswered and sayd tho:
'All the helpe, that I may do,
Ever shall be ready to thee;
When I thee fayle, God fayle mee!'
Guy into Almayne sent anone
After good knightes; great wone
(Fyve hundered) came in that neede, U 2 (r)
Well armed in yron-weede:
Doughty knightes, eche one.
Guy and Terry dight them anone,
And to Gurmoyse they rode hastily,
For to helpe the good Erle Anbry.
  Upon a night withouten noyse,
Full still they came into Gurmoyse.
When the Erle saw Terry and Guy
And all their fayre company,
Certes, he was glad ynow.
Terry sayd: 'Father, I pray you,
That ye welcome fayre Syr Guy
And also his fayre meinie;
For ye should never have seene me,
Had not the helpe of Guy ne be.'
The Earle thanked Guy as right
And honoured him with all his might.
'Terry, sonne,' then sayd Anbry,
'No more for age warre may I;
Therefore have here all myne honour
And londe, to doe my men succour!'
  Guy came from church on the morrow earlye,
And in the towne he heard a crye;
He asked a burgeyse, what it might bee.
'Here is a constable, Syr', sayd hee,
'That is with the Duke of Lorayne,
And commeth to warre us agayne.'
Then sayd Guy: 'Fellowes, eche one,
Go and arme you ready anone!
Terry,' he sayd, 'my true make, (U 2 v)

An hundered knightes thou shalt take
And go anone them to assayle,
And I shall helpe thee, sans fayle!'
Terry rode forth into the fièld,
And soone he brake many a shield:
At the fyrst he smote a knight,
That he fell downe dead to the ground right;
Another knight he smote also,
That nevermore he might go;
The thyrd also Terry slow,
And many mo he did sorrow ynow.
Terry to the Constable ranne, certayne,
And with force should him have slayne,
Had an hundered knightes ne bene,
That fell on Terry, all bedeene;
But Terry would not flee, certayne,
For many of them he slue agayne.
Heraude sayd: 'See ye not, Guy,
How Terry fighteth with harte hardy?'
Him to helpe Guy rode a good pace,
For Terry in great perrill was.
Syr Guy smote the Duke Granere,
That cosyn was to Duke Loyere,
That he caught a great greevaunce;
For downe he bare him with his launce.
Many a knight he smote tho,
That nevermore they might go.
Heraude his good sweard out drew,
And two or three he soone there slew;
He dubbed knightes so with his swerde, U 8 (r)
That he clave the crownes unto the bearde.
Guy and Heraude, the Marches,
Wreake Terry of his enemyes.
On both parties there was great fight
And borne downe many a knight.

4581 the] of the.

Who so had seene Terry
With his fellowes and Syr Guy
And good Syr Heraude of Arderne,
How they fought all three full yerne
And ever layde on without rest,
That no man wist, who was best—
He should never forget, truely,
The deedes of tho barrons doughty:
The lordinges downe to ground they bet;
But few of them on lyve they let.
Guy rode and smote the Constable,
That he fell downe, without fable;
Guy tooke him with cleane battayle,
The other fled, without fayle.
But of all the barrons, truely,
Escaped not full forty,
That they ne were taken and slayne,
And Guy and Heraude with Terry, certayne,
Prysoners they tooke, great wone,
And to the cittie, they rode, eche one.
Fro that battayle there fled a knight
And rode to Duke Loyer full right;
He sayd: 'Syr Duke,' anone-rightes,
'This day thou diddest send an hundered knights
The riche cittie to assayle; (U 3 v)
And all be taken and slayne, sauns fayle.'
Then sayd the Duke: 'Is this certayne,
That all my men be thus slayne?'
Then sayd the Duke of Pany:
'Syr Duke Loyer, be not sorry;
I shall to-morrow to that cittie
And al my knightes with me.
These traytours, that be there, without leasing,
Dead or quick I shall them bring
Home to thee within a stounde,

4595 the] a. 4610 a.] an. 4618 th.] him.

If they may anywhere be founde!'
The Duke Otton on the morrow early
To the cittie rode full hastily
With a thousand knightes all prest,
Of all Lumbardy the best;
And all they threaten Guy and Terry,
If they might fynde them, truely.
Syr Guy from churche came,
And on a hye towre he name,
That was forn-agayne the Dukes hoste,
And saw him come with al his boste;
He sayd: 'Terry, withouten lye,
Here commeth the whole hoste of Lumbardy,
Here commeth the Duke Otton of Pany;
I know him by his armes,' quod Guy;
'I love him not,' quod Guy tho.
'God will, that I agayne him go.'
Terry sayd: 'Arme we us, Guy,
And take we a thousande knightes hardy!'
They armed them anone arow, (U 4 r)
And thorow the cittie their beames gan blowe.
When they were armed, togither they come,
And out of the cittie they nome;
Guy and Terry rode prickande
And knightes with them, a whole thousande.
With Duke Otton and his hoste they met
And hard strokes on them they set;
With their swordes many they slow
And new swordes forth they drow
And beat them downe of their steedes.
There men might see doughty deedes,
There were slayne great wone on every syde;
The Lumbardes lost the more that tyde.
Guy rode and smote the Earle Indane,

4620 sounde. 4628 a t. on hye. 4629 for agayne || D.] Kinges. 4646 And. 4652 that *fehlt*.

That was the Lorde of Millane,
Into the body throughout the shield;
There he fell downe dead in the field.
Syr Terry smote Syr Amory,
Duke Ottons cosyn of Pany,
That from his horse he made a saute.
Then came forth Syr Heraute;
He felled a knight, that hight Gincharde,
That was Duke Ottons stewarde.
With that the Lumbardes fled away:
Guy and Heraude and Terry, perfay,
Chased after them; good wone
They slue and tooke many one;
The Lumbardes made sorry crye,
For they were on the worse party.
Of this tooke Duke Otton good heede (U 4 v)
And fled to an hill with good speede,
That none sued of them, eche one,
But Syr Heraude of Arderne alone.
Heraude him sued as an eger lyon,
And ever he cryed on Duke Otton;
Heraude had of him no doubt,
Nor he saw no man farre about
But onely themselfe two.
'Tourne, thou Duke!' quod Heraude tho,
'And defend thee of thy felony,
That thou diddest me in Lumbardy!'
The Duke turned agayne than
With hasty moode as an hardy man;
They smiten togyther, as they were wood,
And thyrled through their hawberkes good,
Both, till they bledde fast;
But Heraude smote the Duke at last,
That a quarter of his shielde
It fley away into the field;

4654 Millayne. 4659 a s.] assaute.

And in the shoulder he smote him sore
(An whole foote deepe and more),
That he left his good steede.
And Heraude should have had his hede,
But thyrty of his knightes anone
Came renning Heraude to slone;
And yet for all the woundes, he had,
Of them all he was not adrad.
Neverthelesse he was in great doubt,
For they beset him all about:
They gave Heraude many a knock, X 1 (r)
But Heraude stoode to his flock;
If they had him there wist,
They would have met him with the fyst.
There was a Lumbarde, came full neare;
Heraude smote him with hardy cheare,
That his head fley of full right.
Heraude faught fast, aplight,
That his swerde brake and his shield;
But to no man he would him yeelde:
'Lorde!' quod Heraude, 'what shall I doe now?
Me to defende I wote not how.'
A Lumbarde tooke him by the brest:
'Yeelde thee!' he sayd; 'thou seest thee prest!'
Heraude smote him with his honde,
That he fell dead downe to the grounde:
'Lye there!' he sayd; 'evill mote thou thee!
For my priest shalt thou never be!'
A knight came forth with hardy cheare,
That was of Fraunce of Montedeare;
With Duke Otton he was leefe
And of his counsayle the cheefe.
'Heraüde,' he sayde, 'yeelde thee to mee!
No scathe then shall I doe thee.'
Heraude sayde: 'I will gladly,

4707 a.] in. 4718 hande.

If thou wilt assure me truely,
That thou shalt not yeelde me to Otton;
Rather head me with thy fauchon!'
Heraude yeelded him in that neede,
And that knight set him upon a steede;
He led him forth with great boste (X 1 v)
Towardes the Duke Ottons hoste.
When the battayle was all done
And the Lumbardes fled and gone,
To the cittie rode Guy and Terry,
And after Heraude Guy asked hastily,
Whetherward he was gone.
Then came a knight forth anone
And sayd: 'I saw him ryde out-right
From the battayle, chasing a knight:
Duke Otton that was, I weene;
Heraude him sued and did him teene.'
Then asked Syr Guy, sore amayed:
'Lord God!' he sayd, 'I am betrayed!'
'Allas!' he sayd, 'and wellaway,
That I shall leese Heraude this day!
Nay, certes, through Gods mercy,
Lordinges', then sayd good Syr Guy,
'Ryde ye home to the cittie now
And leade forth your prysoners with you!
For I', he sayd, 'by God of myght
Shall never let day ne night
Nor never abyde for no rede,
Till I have him quicke or deade.
Fellow Terry, come with mee!
To venge Heraud, thou shape thee!'
Tho two barrons, doughty in deede,
With spurres token their good steede
And ryden with great might agayne
To the Dukes hoste of Lorayne.

4728 s. h.] sat. 4741 am.] amased.

At the entry of the hoste forth saw Guy, X 2 (r)
And there he knew the Duke of Pany
And Heraude of Arderne, that was take;
Great care then can he make.
'Alas!' he sayd, 'that barron of pryce,
Heraude, is taken with his enemyes!'
Terry sayd: 'Let we for no dread!
Go we to wreken him in this neede!'
Then hyed Syr Guy and Terry yearne
To rescue Heraude of Arderne.
Guy smote a Lumbarde so that tyde,
That he fell downe dead by his syde.
Syr Terry smote another so snell,
That downe of his horse dead he fell.
Then can they their swordes draw,
That many a man they had with slaw.
They hew and slew many one tho,
And such plenty there dyed with wo,
That they rescued Heraude tight,
And tooke him in hande a swerde of might
To looke, if he could it shake
On him, that had him take.
Then gave they their fone such assaute,
That they were discomfyted in their saute.
Duke Otton fled, and Guy tooke heede
And sued him upon a steede.
Guy at the last overtooke Otton
And smote to him with a sweard browne;
Guy weende to have smitten him on the head,
But on his arson the stroake glede;
Sadell and horse and all, it share, (X 2 v)
Asonder with his stroke he tare:
To the ground then fell Duke Otton.
Then came all the hoste about Guyon
And layde to him on ech syde;

4766 wr. h.] recken. 4767 h.] sayd. 4782 s.] *erster Buchstabe unklar, vielleicht f.* 4790 t.] share.

But Guy defended him so that tyde,
That he came to Heraude and Terry agayne;
And wonder they had, he was not slayne.
When they togither were all three,
A foote farther would they not flee;
But boldely in the hoste them drow,
And great nomber of them they slow.
And, when they had done so, certayne,
Unto the cittie they rode agayne:
Guy and Terry were whole and sound,
But Heraude had many a wound.
All the men of that cittie
Thanked God in Trinitie,
That he on lyve was commen agayne.
Then was he praysed and dread, certayne.
Heraude soone after leeches sent,
Which healed him at his talent.
They in the cittie great joye had,
That God their hartes so can glad,
That through his knightes of pryce
Discomfyted were all their enemyes;
Of their enemyes they had no dread.
Now of Duke Otton I shall you read.
Duke Otton to his pavilyon rode;
He unarmed him and abode
And sent after leches anone X 3 (r)
To heale him of his woundes, eche one.
Then yede he to the Duke Loyer
And sayd to him on this maner:
'Syr Duke, but thou do after me,
From thee shall Lorayne taken be
Through these devils, Heraude and Guy,
That be come to helpe Terry.
Our men, our friendes they have done wrake
And yet will, till they be take.
It will be long, or thou them win;
But if thou orden some other gin,

Wherethrough they may be take, perfay,
Doe thee muche woe they will else, I say.
Therefore ye should some quentyse
Ordayne, to take your enemyes.
Thou shalt,' sayde Otton of Pany,
'Sende unto the Earle Anbry
And pray him for love to come to thee
To Crest, to that riche cittie,
And bring with him his sonne Terry
And the traytours Heraude and Guy;
And say, that thou wilt leave thy stryfe
And give thy daughter his sonne to wyfe.
And, when they be a dayes jornye
Out of their cittie,
We shall have hardy knightes, great wone,
And privily agayne them gone
And with strength on them fall
And take the traytours all:
Some of them thou shalt sloe (X 3 v)
And some in thy pryson doe.
And let me have Heraude and Guy,
For oft they have made me sorry:
Into my pryson I shall them done,
And there they shall be deade anone.
Doe Terry and his father to deade!
Thus', sayd Otton, 'I you reade.'
Duke Loyer sayd: 'Otton, let be!
I will not doe so, as ye say me.
For all this world, towre ne towne,
Wold I not doe such a treasoune
Unto Terry, without leasing;
I nourished him, whyle he was ying.
Ne Guy of Warwick ne Heraude
Shall me not fynde in such a fault
For all the golde of christentie.

4842 g.] *fehlt*. 4843 iorney. 4844 th.] your. 4860 n.] *fehlt*. 4862 yong.

If Terry have misdone me
Or his father, amende it they may;
So may the other knightes, perfay.'
Duke Otton aunswered eche dele:
'Syr', he sayd, 'thou ne haste sayd well.
Syth ye love the traytours so,
That ye will them to death not do,
In your pryson you may them cast
And keepe them therein so fast,
Till ye fynde through your barrons soone,
That they shall you no more harme done.
And I shall keepe Heraude and Guyon
And doe them in my free pryson,
Till that they well chastised be X 4 (r)
And their mautalent forgive me.
With them I hope to accorde so
And get the love of them two.'
But in his heart he thought the whyle,
If he might have them with this gyle
In his owne cittie of Pany,
He would not let for all Lumbardy,
But he all tohewed the knightes free
And let them be brent or cast in the sea.
So long he tempted the Duke Loyer
And prayed him so hartily on this maner,
That the Duke Loyer for his sake
Graunted him a messenger for to take.
  An archebishop called they
And sayd him all this case, perfay,
And sent him forth with one voyce
Unto the cittie of Gurmoyse,
And there he found the Erle Anbry
And Guy of Warwick and Syr Terry.
'Lordinges', he sayd, 'Christ save you!

4870 ne *fehlt*. 4875 ye—your] they fynde you. 4886 let] but. 4892 a m.] *fehlt*.

Duke Loyer greeteth you all well now,
He sendeth to you with glad cheare,
He will accorde with fayre manere,
If ye your trespase will redresse;
He is payed with more and lesse.
His daughter give Terry will hee
And leade them home to his cittie
And hold there the maryage
Before his owne baronage
And make peace and love for aye, (X 4 v)
Anone from hence the fyfteene daye
On both sydes togither to bee
At Espleynes, that riche cittie.
And so ye shall accorde thore
And be friendes for evermore.'
They aunswered all at once, truelye,
And thanked God almighty,
That the curteous Duke Loyer
Would accord in this maner.
'Syr archebishop', sayd Erle Anbry,
'Lysten unto me now, witterly!
Thanke muche the Duke Loyer,
That will honour my sonne deare,
That he his daughter will him take
And receyve him and such joy make!
Before the Duke come shall we
The same day, that thou settest me,
And all, that we have done him yll,
We shall amend at his owne will.'
When they had sayde all their talent,
The bishop tooke leave and went.
'Syr Earle', quod Guy, 'to bolde be nought
Of any worde, that yet is brought!
For Duke Otton will give a reade
To bring a thousande men to deade'.

4920 wittily.

But, as the bishop forth was brought,
He swore, that this was never thought.
Then made the Earle joy and play.
So upon a certayne day,
That the bishop had set, Y 1 (r)
They dighted them withouten let—
The Erle Anbry, Guy and Terry
And Syr Heraude, the hardy,
With fyve hundered noble knightes,
Richely clad at all rightes—
And led with them that mayden Osyle;
But they wist not of that gyle.
Forth came the knightes bolde,
There the love-day should be holde:
There found they the Duke Loyer
With his barronage hardy and stere
And Duke Otton of Pany
And foure erles of Romany.
'Lordinges', then sayd Duke Otton,
'Listen a little unto my reason!
All ye wote well, that Terry,
Of Gurmoyse the Erles sonne Anbry,
Hath done here to his lorde
Great vilany and made discorde;
And he loved him over all thing
And brought him forth, while he was ying,
And gave him armes richely;
And he had served him shrewdly;
And his daughter gave him counsayle bad,
Out of her chamber when he her lad.
Over that he hath brought on our lord
Straunge men to make discorde,
That bene his deadly enimies,
And hath destroyed his knightes of pryce
And his lande all about; (Y 1 v)

4950 Barronake 4953 Otten. 4960 yong.

And other thinges, without doubt,
He hath doe misse, as I say you,
That is not to rehearse now.
But I and other frindes mo
Have prayed my Lord Duke Loyer so,
That he his wrath shall all forgive
And love Terry, whyle he may live,
And give him his daughter to wyfe;
And, for to fell all this stryfe,
He will leade them, certayne,
Forth with him to Lorayne
And make there the maryage
Before his owne barronage;
And to that feast will I
For the love of Syr Terry;
For evermore will we friendes be.
Then wyll I home to my countrye.
These wordes in fayth and good maner
Bad me say the Duke Loyer.'
Duke Loyer then sayd on hye:
'That he hath sayd, graunt will I:
My mautalent I him forgive,
And I shall love him, whyle I live.'
Then sayd the false Duke Otton:
'I pray thee now, Syr Guyon,
That thou wilt my friend be.
If I have ought misdone thee,
I will amende it at thy will, truelye,
If thou wilt kisse me, Syr Guy.'
'Let be thy fare, Syr Duke!' quod Guy; Y 2 (r)
'To kisse thee, no desyre have I;
In thy lande there thou betrayedst me
And also slue my knightes three.
Neverthelesse I shall let it passe,
Till ye come in another place.

4971 as] a. 4986 countrey. 4999 Dyke. 5004 ye] he.

Go and kisse the Erle Anbry
And accorde with Syr Terry!'
Then kist they togither same
With friendship, joy and game;
And Guy withdrue him by the-one syde
And kist no Lumbardes that tyde,
And Loraynes he kist in fayre maner
And fyrst of all the Duke Loyer;
For him he weende true to have found
And all the Loraynes in that stounde.
'Syr Duke Loyer', sayd Syr Anbry,
'I thee betake my sonne Terry,
For I will go home to my cittie;
And Jesu Christ I betake thee
And thee, Syr Guy, and Heraude also:
Jesu keepe you from wo!
I am olde and travayle ne may:
Therefore home I will take the way.'
The Earle tooke his leave home to gone
And Duke Loyer into Lorayne anone.
There went in his company so grim
Guy and Heraude and Terry with him.
Heraude led that mayden ying,
That was full glad of that tyding.
The way they tooke to Lorayne; (Y 2 v)
Guy and Terry made joy, certayne:
They rode singing from towne to towne
And supposed of no treason.
But long, or that day was gone,
With sorrow departed they, eche one.
When they were passed a great jornye
From Gurmoyse, that riche cittie,
They came upon a great playne.
The Dukes lighted them down, certayne,
And so did their folke hastily;

5010 no] other. 5024 anone *fehlt.* 5027 yong. 5035 iorney.

For, they sayd, they were weary.
And, when they were downe on ground,
An earthquake there fell that stound.
Then sayd Duke Otton of Pany:
'Lysten to me, this company,
Both Lumbardes and Loraynes,
That bene here on these playnes!
On Duke Loyers halfe now,
Without letting, I commaund you,
That ye take these traytours, eche one,
And bynde their handes fast anone,
And haste you with them to Lorayne!
There shall they dye to-morrow with payne'.
All the Lumbardes and all the Loraynes,
They stert up at once upon the playnes
To Syr Terry and Syr Heraude
And tooke them both at assaute:
Defence might they make none thare,
For of that treason they were not ware;
The Loraynes were wo for their sake. (Y 8 r)
But Guy himselfe was not take.
'Syr Duke Loyer', then sayd Guy,
'Why haste thou betrayed us thus falselye?
For a true knight ever I helde thee.
Why haste thou thus betrayed mee?
Why did we kisse or made at one
Before thyne owne barrons, eche one?'
And, when the Duke Loyer
Heard Guy call him traytour there,
Shame caused his heart nye breake,
And for wo he might not speake.
On the other syde away drue he;
He had of them full great pittie.
At that tyme came forth a knight
Of Lumbardy with all his might.

5056 tooke *fehlt*. 5057 there. 5058 they] the.

By the mantle he tooke Guy
With great hate and great envy,
That the laces all to-flawen;
Knightes ynow beheld and sawen.
As soone as Guy him there wist,
He layde him on with his fist,
That he fell downe dead right thore:
Knight he should not lese no more.
Then ran Lumbardes on eche syde
And hent Guy by the mantle that tyde,
And his mantle they drue so,
That eche of them had a peece tho.
Guy lept from them with hart trist
And many a stroke gave with his fist.
Guy saw there stande his steede; (Y 3 v)
He lepte on him in that neede,
And he toke him with the spurres gresse
And rapt him fast out of that presse.
When that saw Duke Otton,
That Guy rode such a randone,
To his knightes he cryed on hye:
'Leape to your horse hastilye!
Till Guy be caught, turne not ye,
If ye will have the love of me!
If he escape and be not hent,
Certes, I am betrayed and shent.
Woulde not God, that it were so,
That he should thus from us go!
Jesu give you wo and care,
If ye agayne so let him fare!
And he, that bringeth him quick or deade,
A thousand besauntes of golde so red
He shall have to his meede!'
Then hent every man a steede;
By hundreds and by thousandes
They chased Guy with speare in handes.

5075 he] they. 5092 aud. 5106 thosaund.

Syr Guy was but himselfe alone,
And armoure on him had he none;
By that one coste he rode flying.
Had not God bene him helping,
He had bene slayne in that route;
For they beset him all aboute.
The Lumbardes and the Lorayns,
All at ones, faught him agaynes.
A knight to Guy there came prickand (Y 4 r)
With a good sweard in his hande
And would have borne Guy through tho,
But God would not, that it were so;
That stroke fell downe on Guy that tyde
Betweene his arme and his syde;
Throughout his cloathes it share.
And, when that Guy of him was ware,
Guy smote him with his fist agayne
And felled him of his horse, certayne.
Guy passed forth and would not let.
But yet another with Syr Guy met,
That in his hand a sharpe sworde bare;
He smote a stroke to Guyes head thare,
That fell on Guyes horse croupe sore
Halfe a foote deepe and more.
Guy passed forth and naughte delayed:
No wonder, though he were afrayed!
Then of a knave Guy was ware,
That in his hande a staffe bare,
And unto him rode Syr Guy
And sayd: 'My friende!' full curteously.
'Give me thy staffe, I have neede,
And, if I live, thou gettest thy meede'.
The knave sayd with wordes still:
'Ye shall have it at your will'.
Guy tooke that staffe in hande
And tourned agayne to them prickand.

5146 th.] him.

With a knight there he met,
And such a stroke on him he set,
That he fell dead downe to the ground; (Y 4 v)
His horse he tooke by the brydle that stounde
And rode agayne to the knave:
'Friend', he sayd, 'this horse thou have
For the staffe, that was thyne,
And Godes beneson and myne!'
The knave thanked fayre Guy;
That horse he tooke and rode jolly.
After that Guy turned agayne:
There was never naked man, certayne,
That fought, as Guy did that day,
Agayne so many, the south to say;
And, when he might no lenger indure,
Forth fled that doughty creature,
Till he came to a water brode.
But he no longer there abode:
In he rode for any perayle.
He passed over: they had mervayle;
But sue him there durst none,
For they them dread to drenche, eche one,
So that they turned home agayne
And tolde Duke Otton all, certayne,
How Guy escaped them fro,
And how he was over the water go.
Then made Duke Otton sorry cheare,
For Guy escaped in that maner,
And blamed foule his men, eche one,
For they let him so fowle gon.
'Syr Duke Loyer', then sayd Otton,
'He is escaped, this fowle felon.
To Pany now will I fare Z 1 (r)
And wed Osyle, thy daughter, thare:
A riche wedding there shall be.

5165 perrill. 5170 tolde *fehlt*. 5179 To] *Kustos* They.

Terry and Heraude shall with me,
In my pryson doe them shall I;
No harme they shall have, truely;
Of them your will doe shall yee
Quicke or dead, whether it be.
The other prysoners holde with you
And do with them your lyking now!'
'Syr Otton', then sayd the Duke Loyer,
'I will not suffer, on this maner
That thou shalt slea the Erle Terry, perfay;
But, if thou wilt keepe him alway,
Upon my love I charge thee,
That he at honour kept be;
And cherish him both lowde and still,
Till I doe with him my will.
Heraude with me keepe shall I
In my pryson, utterly:
To let thee have him, is not my thought,
For well I wote, thou lovest him nought.'
Then kist them the Dukes two,
And eyther of them went other fro:
To Lorayne went the Duke Loyer
And at honour kept Heraude there:
Duke Otton to Pany went
And led with him that mayden gent
And that doughty Erle Terry.
But God him helpe, he is shent, truely:
In strong chaynes they let him bynde (Z 1 v)
And bound his handes fast him behynde,
And on a rouncy sate he
And forth he rode to that countrye.
When his lemman saw him led so,
For sorrow of him she wept tho;
In sowning from her horse she fell,
Her heart nigh brast, truely to tell.

5195 A.] and. 5200 n.] not. 5212 countrey.

And, when the Duke saw her so fall,
With wrath he sayd and gan to call:
'Deare lemman, thou doest amis
To fape so for a knave, ywis.
But myne avow to God I make:
If thou sowne more for his sake
Or make any heavy cheare,
I shall dismember him right here
And hang him hye upon a tree.
Therefore thyne wo, lemman, let be:
For we shall now to Pany go
And be wedded there both two.
And Terry shall into my pryson
There to be kept, for that is reason.'
And, as they rode toward Pany,
The mayde prayed the Duke, truely,
To give her forty dayes of respyte,
Till she of her sorrow were quyte:
'And then I shall be wedded to you;
This is for your worship and for your prow.'
'I graunt', quod Duke Otton, 'truely'.
And soone after they came to Pany.
But yet that mayden in her heart thought Z 2 (r)
Otherwyse, then she with mouth forth brought;
Rather, then she his wyfe would be,
Herself with a knyfe slea would shee.
And yet she had in heart comfort, truely;
For all her trust was in Syr Guy
(For he was escaped that duresse),
That he should thorow his goodnesse
By queintese ordeine and shape
To helpe Terry, his fellow, to escape.
And, as soone as they came to Pany,
Terry was put in pryson, truely,
Where he had sorrow and little meate;

5235 aud. 5240 wich.

And that his lemman might not forget,
That she for him both even and morrow
Blan never her mourning for sorrow.
Now let we her and Terry passe,
And speake we of Guy, that fled was!
When he was passed that fayre ryver
And God him helpe out of daunger,
Guy looked about and made his mone,
When he saw, that he was there alone;
With him no fellowes had he.
Then he thought on his fellowes three;
He saw, they were not him by;
Out of his witte he went full nye:
'Alas, caytyfe! What shalt thou do?
Now is thy joy for ever go.
Alas, that I ne had be slayne!
Cowardes they were all, certayne,
To take my fellowes and let me go. (Z 2 v)
Alas, that Death ne will me slo!
I shall thee nevermore see, Terry:
My lyfe for thee now spende shall I.
The Duke shall never keepe thee so well,
That I ne shall with swearde of steele
Go thither and him all tohew,
Vengeaunce, fellowes, for you to schew.
I shall you never fayle, certayne,
Though I wist to be slayne.'
Guy rode forth that day eche deale,
Till he saw a fayre castel,
That stoode over a ryver right.
Guy drue him thyther, for it was night.
When he came to the castle-gate,
He founde a knight standing thereat.
The knight was large, curteous and free,
And fellowes stoode by him three;

5269 fellow. 5270 slow. 5280 Castle.

By his semblaunt well saw Guy,
That he was mayster of his company.
'Syr', quod Guy, 'lysten unto me!
Herborow I aske for charitie'.
That knight aunswered full sweetely:
'Herborow thou shalt have gladly.'
Then let he lead Guyes steede straight,
Before his owne he let him eate.
By the hande he tooke Guyon
And yede to hall and set him downe.
A mantle of sylke was brought fast,
And over Guyes shoulders he let it cast.
Wonderly the knightes in hall Z 3 (r)
Looked on Guy and beheld him all.
'Syr', sayd that Lorde gentil,
'For love I aske you with good will,
That thou say me thy right name
And hyde it for no maner shame.'
'Syr', quod Guy, 'I will say you,
Syth ye will weete my name now:
Guy of Warwick I hight, ywis.
Great incombraunce befall me is.'
When he wist in that place,
That he Guy of Warwick was,
'Syr', he sayd, 'welcome ye be!
In your owne herborow be ye.
To me ye be right welcome now;
Full well, ywis, now I know you.
Over all thing I shall you love,
For ye me brought to myne above.
When I you served, well loved you me:
Armes and honour ye me gave, truely,
And me led in dyvers lande,
There justes and turnaments were in hande,
Till that I wan great pryce and gree.

5301 gentle. 5305 wall.

Then came I home to my countrie:
Amis of the Mountaine called am I;
Ye should me know by skill, Syr Guy!'
And, as soone as Guy that wist,
He knew him well and soone him kist.
'Syr', quod Amis, 'fro whence come ye,
That ye thus now alone be?
Ye seeme a man in great afray, (Z 3 v)
That from perrill were fled away.
Where is Heraud, the Marches,
And your knightes so good of pryce?'
'Syr', quod Guy, 'I shall you sayne;
No wonder, though I be wo, certayne.'
Then tolde he, I understonde,
How that Terry he wounded fonde,
And how he let heale Terry,
And how they helpe his father Anbry,
And how they were through Duke Otton
Betrayed with false treason,
And how he fled away alone
With great payne from them, eche one,
And how Terry was taken tho
And Heraude of Arderne also
And with them fyve hundered knights,
All bolde men and much of mightes.
'I wote not, whither they be deade or quick;
But taken I saw Heraud and his fellowes eke.'
Great care made Guy for his knightes,
And then sayd Amis anone-rightes:
'I shall thee lend', he sayd, 'Syr Guy,
Fyve hundred knightes bolde and hardy
And as many squyers also
And as many servauntes them to,
That with thee shall be ready to go,
Duke Otton both to brenne and to slo;

5323 Mountaene. 5325 Gny. 5331 the] of the. 5335 vnderstoude.

And they shall not out of that lande,
Till ye have wone him with your hande.'
Guy thanked him of that profering (Z 4 r)
And sayd: 'It were over-long tarying,
To long to indure it were,
But he rather venged were.'
Eyght dayes sojorned there Guyon;
Then tooke he his leave to wend to Duke Otton.
Amis sayd: 'Have good day!'
Alone he went forth his way.
  Guy went, as ye may heare,
In the maner of a squyer;
With an oyntment he chaunged his hew,
That there was none, that his face knewe.
To Duke Otton then came Guyon
And sayd: 'Christ save you, Otton!
From farre countrey I am come, truely,
Thee for to present here ready
With this goode distrere.
In all this world is not his pere:
This steede nourished a Sarasyne
And gave him after to my cosyn;
Swifter is no beaste, I you plight,
Then is this horse to ren right;
There is no arme of the sea
— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
And if thou thereof beleeve not me,
I will him proove a throw,
That the soth thou shalt know.
But syr', quod Guy, 'this distrere
Hath a wonderfull manere:
What man that him toucheth, he will slone,
But if it be myselfe alone.'
Duke Otton sayd: 'Syr, gramercy! (Z 4 v)

5368 squyre.

This is a noble gift, truely.
With the horse I will thee well holde
And make the riche of sylver and golde.
Of such an horse neede have I now:
He shall me helpe in neede, as I say you.
Enemyes I had, but venged am I:
Some in my pryson bene, truely.
But one of them escaped me:
That would God in Trinitie,
That I him in pryson had!
Then should he be ill bestad,
Dead to morne should he be—
For that desyre have I to see.'
'Syr, what man is that', quod Guy,
'That ye hate so deadly?'
'Guy of Warwick', he sayd, 'it is,
That I loved never, by Gis.
Well I know, he is living;
Therefore I may not be lyking.'
'Syr', he sayd, 'I know Syr Guy;
That he were here, would our Lady!
One of my kinsmen he did kill;
Therefore my heart hath wo his fill.
Also', quod Guy, 'I kene Terry:
Forsooth, he is my deadly enemye;
My father he slue with his hande
And fleyed out of my lande.
God let me never dye', quod Guy,
'Till I be venged on Terry!'
'Forsooth', then sayd Duke Otton, As 1 (r)
'Terry is in my pryson.
I would, thou were his gayler.'
'Yea, would God,' quod Guy, 'I were!'
Duke Otton sayd: 'For his sake
Here I thee his gayler make.'

5392 gife. 5413 of *fehlt.*

'Syr', quod Guy, 'God yeelde it you!
And one thing I behight you now:
In other plight I shall him bring,
Or it be long, without leasing.'
The Duke let take the keyes to Guy
And made him keeper over Syr Terry.
'What is thy name?' sayd Otton.
'Syr', quod Guy, 'I hight John.'
Now is he made gayler Syr Guy
And in court had great maystrye.
  Guy found Terry in a pit;
Forty fadome deepe was it.
In that pit was he alone,
And there he made full great mone.
'What art thou', then sayd Syr Guy,
'That makest here this rufull crye?'
Terry sayd to Syr Guyon:
'Sometyme I was a riche barron,
And now I am a pore caytyfe;
In this pryson I leade my lyfe.'
Also he sayd with rufull voyce:
'My name is Terry of Gurmoyse.
An horse-lode on me I have
Of yron, Syr, so God me save;
And all is, certes, for Guy, (Aa 1 v)
That his fellow sometyme was I.
Three dayes it is now gone,
That meate ne drinke had I none.'
In merry wordes then sayd Guy:
'Let be thy mourning, fellow Terry!
I shall amend thee of thy fare
And loose thee of thy bondes thare.
For I am here, myselfe, Guyon;
I shall thee helpe out of pryson!'
'Mercy, Syr Guy!' then sayd Terry;

5432 Cerry. 5451 Aud; *Kustos* And. 5454 had] eate.

'Rape thee to go hence hastily!
For wist the Duke, that thou were here,
Thou shouldest dye in sorry manere.
And lever me were to dye, certayne,
Then thou for me here were slayne.'
All their speeche and all their forwarde
There heard a false Lumbarde.
He began to make a crye,
When that Lumbarde wist of Syr Guy,
And sayd: 'Guy and Terry also,
Ye shall be hanged both two!'
'Friend', quod Guy to that Lumbarde,
'Certes, that were a fowle forwarde!
Thou shalt have treasure ynough to meede,
So thou bewray us not, so God me speede.'
'Certes', he sayd, 'I were a felon,
'To layne from my Lord this treason.'
And so to hall he yede running,
And Guy fast after following.
Guy overtooke him with a stave, Aa 2 (r)
And such a dint he him gave
Before the Duke on the crowne,
The stroke bote, and he fell downe.
'Fellow', sayd Duke Otton anone,
'Thou shalt be hanged! What haste thou done?
How durst thou so hardy be
To slea a man before me?'
'Certes, Syr,' then sayd Syr Guyon,
'This traytour went to your pryson;
Meate and drinke he gave Terry,
And that forethought me, truely.
To helpe Terry, he was leefe:
For I him blamed, he called me theefe.
And, for he did you this treason,
I smote him thus', sayd Syr Guyon.

5470 And when. 5478 lay.

'And this is the maner of my countrie,
That, whosoever a gayler be,
And any man breke their lords commandment,
He shall him slay and not be shent;
And I him smote for none other misdeede,
But for he did Syr Terry feede.'
Duke Otten swore and sayd anone:
'Haddest thou it for ought else done,
Thou shouldest have dyed, so God me speede!
But I forgive thee this misdeede.'
Guy sayd: 'Syr, God yeelde it you!'
And forth he yede jolly ynow.
Guy went then into the cittie,
Meate and drinke he bought, plenty.
He gave it all to Syr Terry (Aa 2 v)
And bad him eate fast and do gladly.
Terry eate fast (he hungred sore),
And Guy did of his bondes thore.
  Guy yede to Osyles chamber than,
That was Terries deare lemman.
'God save thee', he sayd, 'deare sweeting!
Haste thou of me no knowledging?
I am Guy, that thou seest here.
Come I am in this manere
To dwell with thee and Duke Otton,
Till Terry be out of pryson.'
When that mayde understoode,
That it was Guy bolde and good,
In sowning she fell, certayne,
And Guy tooke her up agayne.
'Let be', he sayd, 'and make good cheare!
I would, no man wist me heare;
Thou shalt be merry hastily.'
Osyle sayd: 'Good Guy, gramercy!

5499 commandmēt. 5500 flay. 5504 d.] haue d. 5510 *Kustos* Hee. 5513 he] and.

Within these dayes three
Duke Otton shall wed mee.
But rather I shall leese my lyfe
And slea myselfe with a knyfe.'
'Nay', quod Guy, 'thinke not yll,
But fayre and well doe his wyll!
And, or he wed thee at the church,
Much sorrow I shall him wurch:
I shall head him with my hande
And leade thee out of this lande.
Doe me have armour', quod Guy, Aa 3 (r)
'To succour thee with and Terry!'
That mayde hent him anone-right
All armour, that fell to a knight.
  When Guy had done on this manere,
He tooke leave of that mayden dere
And with his armour yede forth-right.
And, when that it came to night,
Out of the pit he helpe Terry
And over the towne-wall helpe him hastily.
He bad him go to Amis of Mountayne,
That wonned in the forrest of Champayne.
'Greete him well', quod Guy, 'from me!
And fayre he will welcome thee.'
Terry for joy, certes, gret:
So well of Guyes helpe he let.
He sped, as Guy bad, certayne,
Till he came to Amis of the Mountayne.
When Terry to the castle came,
Good heede thereof hee toke than
And entred into the palaice
And found Amis at the chesse.
'Syr, God you save!' then sayd Terry,
'In counsayle with you speake would I.'
To speake with him Amis sped,

5552 wouned.

And to a wyndow Terry he led.
'Amis', quod Terry, 'Guy greeteth you well.
To keepe me he prayeth you some dell,
Till he come to speake with thee:
As to his friend thus prayeth hee.'
Amis sayd: 'Welcome, certayne, (Aa 3 v)
Till that Guy come agayne!
Syr, I pray you, what hight ye?'
'Terry of Gurmoyse, Syr', sayd he.
When Amis wist, that it was Terry,
He welcommed him gladly:
Anone he did him wash and bathe
And richely clad him full rathe;
Amis gave him palfray and steede
And all, that he had of neede.
Speake we now of Duke Otton
And afterwarde of Syr Guyon!
Duke Otton of Pany
Sent after his knightes of Lumbardy
For to be at his wedding.
They came to him, without leasing.
To mayde Osyle then sayd he:
'Besily, lemman, doe dight thee!
For I shall wed thee to-day.'
'Gladly, Syr!' she sayd, perfay.
In cloathes of sylke she her dight,
And on a fayre palfray she light.
Toward churche Otton him sped
That fayre mayde Osyle to wed.
Guy armed him in yron-weede
And stert up on a noble steede;
After the Duke he can ryde.
He spake and bad the Duke: 'Abyde!
Knowest thou', he sayd, 'Otton,
How oft thou haste betrayed Guyon?
And, for thou haste to him envy, (Aa 4 r)
In strong pryson thou diddest Terry.

I am Guy now by thy syde:
Thou shalte abye for all thy pryde!'
Guy rode to him in that borow,
And with his sworde he bare him thorow.
His body he rave asunder
Before his barrons: than men had wonder.
And then tooke Guy Osyle, that may,
From all the men and rode away.
With great manace they sued Guy,
But they might not come him by
Save a noble batcheler,
That sued him wonder-neare.
Guy anone turned agayne
And discomfyted him neare, certayne.
Guy rode forth with that may,
That made care ynough alway;
She sighed sore and sayd to Guy:
'Shall I never see my Lord Terry?'
'Yes!' quod Guy, 'in a little stounde
Thou shalt see him whole and sounde.
Therefore be merry, my deare lemman!'
To Amis of the Mountayne soone he came.
There he found the Erle Terry,
Which was full glad thereof, truely,
When he saw Guy bring that mayden free.
'Christ', he sayd, 'blessed thou bee,
That haste me sent Osyle and Guy!'
Then he was never so glad, truely.
And, when that mayden saw Terry, (Aa 4 v)
In her heart she was jolly.
The Lord Amis, without leasing,
Was glad ynough of that meeting.
Eche kist other with joy and blis,
And there was joy ynough, ywis.
There they were with Amis of the Mountayne,

5604 abyde. 5609 then] the.

As long as them well lyked, certayne;
And served they were, without gabbing,
Rychely ynough of every thing.
So on a day Syr Guy him bethought,
Longer to dwell that he would nought.
Guy sayd to Terry and Amis:
'Dight we us as knightes of pryce,
And go we to the Erle Anbry,
That for us is full sorry;
And great care for us he hath had.
For, certes, I shall never be glad,
Till I be venged on the Duke of Lorayne.'
Then sayd Amis of the Mountayne:
'I shall wende with you, Guy,
And leade fyve hundred knightes hardy
And sergeantes an whole thousand,
The doughtyest, that bene in all this land.'
'Gramercy, friend!' sayd Syr Guy;
'In thee I trust me, Syr, truely'.
Then Guy, Terry and Amis
Dighted them as knightes of pryce;
To Earle Anbry they sped them rathe,
And in Lorayne they did great scath:
Townes they brent and men they slough Bb 1 (r)
And good castels downe they drough.
Now be they come to Gurmoyse towne,
Terry, Amis and good Syr Guyon
With many an hundered knightes hardy.
Great joy then had the Erle Anbry:
He welcommed them with joy and glee;
So did all tho of that cittie.
Then told Syr Terry his father agayne,
How Guy had holpen him, certayne,
And how he slue Duke Otton,
And how he gate him out of pryson,

5649 of *fehlt; vgl. aber Anm. zu* 1693.

And also of his lemman dere.
  Now speake we of Duke Loyer!
When Duke Loyer had undernome,
How Guy and Terry and Amis come,
Heraude he called anone-rightes,
All Guy and Terries knightes,
That were taken into pryson
Through treason of Duke Otton.
'Heraude', sayd the Duke Loyer,
'I will thee make my messenger:
To Erle Anbry I pray thee go,
To Terry, his sonne, and Guy also
And say, I pray them of forgivenesse;
That I have misdone, I will redresse.
My daughter I shall give Terry
And make hym myne heyre, truely;
And therefore, Heraude, I pray thee,
That thou wilt my borrow be'.
Heraude went him forth anone (Bb 1 v)
And his fellowes, everychone,
Toward Gurmoyse, richely dight,
And agayne them came Syr Guy right.
Guy, Amis and Syr Terry
Loked and saw bright helmes on hye;
Then sayd Amis of the Mountayne:
'Hitherwardes they come, certayne.
Now will I weete without leace,
Whether they come for warre or peace'.
Amis bestrode a steede anone
And to the knightes rode full soone.
Heraude saw and knew Amis the hende
And asked him whither to wende.
'Saw ye anywhere my Lord?' quod he.
Amis sayd: 'Come, go with me!'
He led Heraude and all his knightes

5699 weete *fehlt.*

To Guy and Terry anone-rightes.
Guy turned and looked on them anone,
He knew Heraude and them, eche one.
Guy sayd to Terry: 'Yonder I see
Heraude and all my menie!'
With joy and myrth they met tho:
Guy kist Heraude and Terry also;
Gladder were they never of thing,
Then they were of that meeting.
Heraude sayd: 'My friend Terry,
As a messenger to thee come I:
The Duke Loyer hath me sent
And prayeth thee with good intent,
That thou wilt his friend be, Bb 2 (r)
And at thy will amende will he;
To tell you thus prayed he me.
Terry his heyre make will he;
All that he had done in trespase,
He putteth him wholy in your grace;
And me to borrow now hath he take,
And I pray you for my sake,
That ye accorde with him thus;
For great honour he hath done us.'
And, for that Heraude so curteously spake
And that he founde in the Duke no wrake,
Terry and Guy at one assent
Forgave the Duke their mautalente.
Then rode they home to that cittie
All-togither with joy and glee,
And tolde the good Erle Anbry
All the Dukes message, truely.
  Sone after the Erle Anbry,
Guy, Heraude, Amis and Terry
To Lorayne went within a whyle
And led with them that mayde Osyle;

5732 w.] faute. 5737 E.] Duke.

And, when that they came thore,
They made peace for evermore.
Then wedded Terry that mayden free
With much myrth, joy and glee:
Was there never emperour nor king,
That ever saw a ritcher wedding.
When that riche feast was done,
The lordes went home, everichone,
• And Amis of the Mountayne (Bb 2 v)
Tooke leave of Guy and Terry, certayne,
And of the Duke and his meinie
And went home to his countrie.
  When all the lordes were gone their way,
Duke Loyer, Guy and Terry, perfay,
And good knightes with them, eche one,
Rode into the forrest anone.
Hunt they would in the forrest
And let their houndes all prest
To a beast, that they saw thore:
That beast was a wylde bore.
Their houndes he did wo ynough:
Mo then an hundred he there slough.
From them ran the bore alone;
Hound ne hunt dread he none:
So many of their houndes slew he,
That there sued none but three.
Knightes on steedes and huntes also
Behynde farre he left tho;
Swifte from them fast he ran,
That no man wist, where he became.
They had lost that bore, echone,
Saving Guy: himself alone
Sued him into another countrye
With good running houndes three.
Right into Braban then ran the bore,

5759 the *fehlt.* 5763 he] they. 5775 countrey.

And Guy rode after evermore.
At last the bore full prest, perfay,
Agayne Syr Guy stoode that ylke day.
Fighting fast, Guy light downe than Bb 3 (r)
And with his swerd to the bore ran.
Into the body he smote the bore
And clave his heart asunder thore:
Of such game Guy was wyse
And with his horne blew the pryse.
And, as King Florentyne in a towre lay,
He heard an horne blow, perfay.
Then sayde the King Florentyne:
'What noyse is it, for Saynt Martyne?
Some man', he sayd, 'in my franchyse
Hath slayne my dere and bloweth the pryse.'
The King bad his sonne go
And fetch him, that blue so.
When his sonne met with Syr Guy,
To him he spake wordes on hye:
'Who gave thee leave, fellow, here
For to slea my fathers dere?'
On Guyes steede strong hande he layde:
'Give me thy horse, theefe!' he sayd;
'To my lorde thou shalt with me
Right on foote, so mote I thee!'
Guy sayd then: 'My deare friend,
My steede shall not fro me wend;
Myne horne I will thee give', sayd Guy,
'If thou it aske curteously'.
The Kinges sonne to Syr Guy sayde:
'Thy great pryde shall soone be layde!'
Guyes steede he would have him bereaved
And with a staffe smote Guy on the heaved:
'Traytour', quod Guy, 'thou haste smitten me: (Bb 3 v)
Thou shalt abye, so mote I thee!'

5781 than *fehlt*. 5791 men. 5795 Guyon. 5796 on hye] brown. 5810 h.] head. 5812 a.] haue bye.

Guy smote him so with his horne,
That anone his lyfe was lorne:
'Thus', sayd Guy, 'I shall thee teache
On a knight to take wreache!'
  Guy rode forth in that forrest;
He wist not, whiche was easte ne west;
That day was Guy long fastand.
He saw a castle him nerehand;
He met a man, came fro the . . .
— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
That told Guy, it was King Florentyne:
'A better man dranke never wyne'.
When Guy came into the castel,
Into the hall he went fayre and well.
The King was there, as I say you;
Guy asked herborow for him now,
And he him graunted anone-right
And bad him sit and byde all night;
At the boorde Guy was set downe.
Then men were crying in the towne;
'Lorde!' quod Guy and the King on hye;
'What is this noyse and this crye?'
As the King that worde had sayde,
There came two men in a brayde,
And with great dole before them all
They layde his sonne dead in the hall.
And, when he saw his sonne lye there,
He rent his cloathes and drue his here:
'Alas!' he sayd, 'who hath slayne thee?
Would God, he were in our poustie!
I shall him slea with eger chere.' Bb 4 (r)
'Syr!' then sayde a squyere,

5814 were. 5821 the] the wyne; *vgl.* 5826. 5825 *nach* 5826. 5826 A—n.] *fehlt*; *zu* wyne *vgl. zu* 5821. 5827 Castle. 5831 graunt. 5846 Squyre.

He sitteth here at thy meate now,
That thy doughty sonne slow'.
When the King heard this worde,
He ran to Guy, sitting at boorde,
With a long axe and a grim;
He lyfte it hye and sayd to him:
'Wicked traytour, why haste thou
Thus falsely slayne my sonne now?'
The King lifte up his arme on hye,
And the axe he cast at Guy.
But of Guy he fayled there
And smote a foote into a piller.
Hastily then stert up Syr Guy
And sayd: 'For Gods love, mercy!'
Knightes sterte up hastily
And layde fast at Syr Guy;
The Kinges stewarde with that forth ranne
And smote Guy to the harn-panne.
Guy full manly fought tho
Agayne them all howers two
And gate away, as I say you,
And fourteene of his men he slue;
And thorow Gods grace more then might
He overcame every wight.
To tell the perrill of every thing,
It were over-long tarying
(Wete ye well), with full great care
Or he might from them all fare.
And after that he came to Loyer (Bb 4 v)
And unto Terry his owne feare;
Of his comming glad were they all.
Guy tolde them, what was him befall;
They thanked God all that day,
That Guy escaped so away.
To Duke Loyer and Syr Terry

5863 K.] Knightes. 5864 harde p. 5868 and.

To take leave then went Syr Guy:
'Into Englande fare will I:
For I saw it not many a day, truely.
Terry', he sayde, 'if thou have neede,
Sende for me: I shall me speede,
Till I come agayne to thee
For peace or warre, whether it bee.'
Guy tooke leave, I understande, Co 1 (r)
And passed fayre into Englande.
And, when Guy was on Englande syde,
Unto Yorke then he gan ryde.
King Athelstone there he fande
And all the states of the lande.
King Athelstone that tyme was king, (Co 1 v)
And, when he heard of Guyes comming,
He went and met Guy for fayne.
They kist and wept for joy, certayne.
'Guy', quod the King, 'welcome to me!
How haste thou fared beyonde the sea?'
'Syr', quod Guy with wordes still,
'Some tyme well and some tyme yll.'
And, as they stoode in that talking,
A messenger came to the King:
'Syr King', he sayd, 'lysten me now!
For bad tydinges I bring you.
In Northumberlande there is no mon,
But that they be slayne, everychone;
For there dare no man route
By twenty myle rounde aboute
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe.
He is blacke as any cole,

5888 *Der Rest der Seite ist leer und trägt die Überschrift* How syr Guy and Heraude tooke their leaue at the Duke Loyer and at syr Terry, and came agayne into Englande; *es war offenbar ein Holzschnitt beabsichtigt.* 5889 *Der obere Teil der Seite zeigt in Holzschnitt ein Schiff.* 5893 founde. 5907 man.

Rugged as a rough fole;
His body from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce, it is so harde;
His neck is great as any sommere;
He renneth as swifte as any distrere;
Pawes he hath as a lyon;
All, that he toucheth, he sleath dead downe;
Great winges he hath to flight;
There is no man, that bere him might;
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him, certayne;
For a fowler beast, then is he, Co 2 (r)
Ywis, of none never heard ye.'
When this tyding wist Athelstone,
He wist not for wo, what to done;
One worde ne speake might he for wo.
'Let be, Syr King!' quod Guy tho;
'Be ye for that nothing sorry!
For right anone thither will I
Through Gods grace the beast to slo.
Knightes I will have no mo
But Syr Heraude and other three.'
Guy tooke his leave, and thither rode hee.
When Guy came into Northumberlande,
The fowle dragon soone he fande.
Soone Syr Guy came into an hyll
And let his knightes there be still.
'Yon beast', he sayd, 'my selfe alone
I will slea, or I will be slone.'
And, when he saw that fowle dragon,
Then such a dread had Syr Guyon,
That to God he made his prayer
And sayd: 'Lord, that bought me dere
And saved Danyell from the lyon
And took Sampson out of pryson,

5922 There] that || bare. 5929 migh. 5948 S.] Adam.

So helpe me agayne this foule fiend,
That he this day me not shend!'
And to the dragon Guy smote,
And on him his weapon not bote;
A straw ne gave that dragon (Cc 2 v)
For no stroke of Syr Guyon.
Then was Syr Guy full of teene,
When he saw, his weapon keene
Would not in the dragon sheare
Ne his stroke might him deare.
Then began a strong battayle,
And eche of them gan other assayle.
Of that dragon Guy tooke good keepe
And smote him soone a foot deepe
In at his mouth; a foote and more
The stroke of Guy bote so sore,
That the dragon began to yell,
As it had bene a fiende of hell,
And after that dyed hastily.
And on his body then saw Guy,
That from the navill upward
No weapon might pierce for harde.
This foule dragon, that was so strong,
Guy did mete him thyrty foote long:
In Warwick the truth there ye shall see
In arras wrought full craftily.
That dragons head then tooke Guy
And set it on a speare on hye.
Agayne to Heraude then rode he
And to his other knightes three.
They were glad ynough, certayne,
When they saw him come agayne
And brought the head of the dragon.
To the King then went Guyon,
That was at Lincolne, the cittie; Cc 3 (r)
And the dragons head presented he;
There was that foule dragons head

On the castle-wall layde.
  Of the King Guy tooke leave thare
And into his countrey gan fare:
To Wallingforde Guy him drow,
And there men made joy and myrth ynow.
But his father was dead tho
And his mother was also.
Heyre but him had they none;
Then tooke Guy their landes, eche one,
Right all whole their heritage,
And gave it Heraude for his servage,
For that he had with him be;
And all his men advaunced he,
That had with him, I understande,
Travayled and bene in dyvers lande.
To Warwick then went Syr Guy:
There men welcommed him richely,
And all the countrey great joy made,
And all men of him were full glad.
  Then went Guy to fayre Phelis
And greete her as a knight of pryce:
'Gramercy!' and 'God yeeld it you!'
And 'Welcome be ye to me now!'
He told her, as I understande,
Of all his fare in dyvers lande
And all-togither, how he had sped,
And how that him was ofte bed (Cc 3 v)
Many ladyes of great honours,
Knightes daughters and emperours;
'And all I forsooke, truely,
For thee, Phelis,' then sayd Guy.
'Certaynly', then sayd Phelis, Cc 4 (r)
'Knight of this worlde moste of pryce,
On you, certes, Syr,' she sayd,

5992 was] should. 5994 th.] her. *Vor* 6012 *ein Holzschnitt: G. u. Ph. im Garten.* 6017 Certayne *Kustos.*

'Over all thing my love is layd.
For, certes, Syr,' quod she,
'I loved never man so well as yee;
And now', she sayd, 'lowde and still,
I will be at your will.'
Soone after it fell on a day,
Erle Rohand called that fayre may:
'Phelys, daughter,' then sayd he,
'When wylt thou wedded be?
Dukes, princes and barrons
And kinges of many good townes,
That hath come hither for thy sake,
Why wylt thou none of them take?'
'Syr', she sayd, 'I pray you,
That ye be not angry now;
And I shall say the sooth anone.'

— — — — — — — —

'Syr', she sayd, 'ye have a knight:
On lyve is none so much of might,
And that is your doughty knight, Syr Guy.
Abyden him many a day have I,
And, with your leave, Syr,' sayde shee,
'No man shall me have but hee.'
Then sayd Erle Rohande on hye:
'Haste thou, daughter, loved Syr Guy?
Gods blessing have thou and myne,
For that thou haste chosen him to lord thyne!'
Erle Rohand sayd: 'Guy, come to me! (Co 4 v)
I pray thee, wilt thou wedded be?'
'Syr', quod Guy, 'I shall you say;
In this world is none so fayre a may,
That I would wed, so God me speede!'

— — — — — — — —

The Erle sayd: 'Syr knight of pryce,

6044 *Fragezeichen auch bei Copland.* *Nach* 6051 *Holzschnitt, vielleicht die Trauung darstellend.*

I have a daughter, that hight Phelys.
She is counsayled to take an husband:
I give her thee and all my land.'
'Syr', quod Guy, 'God yeelde it you!
I had leaver her body now
Then the Emperours daughter of Almayne
With all the riche lande of Spayne.'
And then was Guy and Phelis dight
And wedded togither anone-right.
With great honour they made a feast Dd 1 (r)
Of lordes and ladyes, most and least;
All the tyme, that they were in lande,
Was none so fayre, I understande.
Eyght dayes the feast was holde
Of fayre Phelis and Guy the bolde.
  When that riche feast was done
And all the lordes home gone
And Guy had Phelis at his wyll,
For her he made much yll.
The fyrst night, that Syr Guy lay
By Phelis, that fayre may,
He gate on her a chyld, aplight,
That after was the best knight,
That ever was in middle-earde
Wyth shield, speare and swearde.
Then, when Guy thus wedded had,
With fayre Phelys his lyfe he lad
Forty dayes and no mo:
Thus sayeth the story of them two.
  After it fell upon a day,
As Syr Guy came from play,
Into a towre he went on hye
And looked about him farre and nye.
Guy stoode and bethought him tho,
How he had done many a man wo

6071 his *fehlt*.

And slayne many a man with his hande,
Brent and destroyed many a lande,
And all was for womans love
And not for Gods sake above.
Forth his lyfe therefore Guy thought (Dd 1 v)
To serve Jesu Christ, that him bought.
And, as Guy stoode in his thought grim,
Phelys stoode and behelde him:
'Sweete Syr', then sayd she,
'In so great thought why stoode ye?'
With mylde moode she him besought
To tell her, what he thought.
'Certes', quod Guy, 'fayre Phelys,
All the honour and all the pryce,
That I have had in dyvers lande,
Is, for I have slayne with my hande
Many an hundred men, certayne,
And all did, for sooth to sayne,
To win me pryce for thy love
And not for Gods sake above.
Thus have I done many a misdede:
Therefore full sore I may me drede.
With wrong I have had great winning
And am not yet cleane of that thing.
Therefore', quod Guy, 'through Gods might
I shall never rest one night,
There I beforne have be,
Till I have amended me.'
Certes, then was Phelis sory
And sayd: 'Ye let of me lightly!
I wote, ye have some other wyfe,
With whome you will leade your lyfe.'
With that she fell in a sowning thare
For wo, that he should from her fare.
Guy tooke her up fro sowning: Dd 2 (r)

6121 he. 6122 he] she || her] him.

'Let be!' he sayd, 'it helpeth nothing!
Wyfe thou art with chylde by me,
Through whome thou shalt honoured bee.'
'Leefe Syr', she sayd, 'go not me fro!
Great charity then may we do;
Of great joy we may tell,
If we at home togither dwell.'
'Phelis', quod Guy 'let all this be!
I may no longer be with thee:
With penaunce amende shall I,
That I have sinned with my body.'
Syr Guy ordeyned him weede,
All, that a palmer had of neede.
Gūy sayd: 'Phelis, have good daye!
I come agayne, when I maye.
When that the chylde borne be,
That it may go and follow thee,
Betake it Heraude of Arderne:
Full fayre he will it keepe and learne.'
Then kist he Phelis, Syr Guyon:
For sorrow they fell both downe.
And, when they rose from sowning,
Phelis tooke forth a riche golde ring
And sayd: 'Guy, have this with thee!
When ye it see, thinke on mee!'
Guy tooke the ring and went forth tho:
Phelis wist it and no mo;
Of all his friendes he to none sent,
To father ne mother; but forth he went:
Forth he yede for Gods sake (Dd 2 v)
To the holy lande, penaunce to take.
  After that Guy went his way,
'Alas!' sayd Phelis night and day.
She drue out a little knyfe
And would have lost her owne lyfe.
But, as God woulde, she did not so;
For well she wist, it were misdo

For to do her chyld to dye.
Through her misgovernaunce and folly
Care ynough she had that night,
And on the morrow, when it was light,
To her father she yede full soone
And told, how Guy, her lorde, had done;
Her father sayd: 'Thy care let be!
He doth it for to proove thee.'
  Heraude for Guyes parting was wo
And dight him as a palmer also.
To the Earle Rohande he went anone
And betooke him his landes, eche one,
And sayd: 'Syr, have good day!
To seeke Guy I wende my way.'
He passed the sea, in Normandye
For to seeke his lorde, Syr Guy,
And forth into Fraunce and Burgoyne
And into Almayne and Sesoyne,
In Venis and in Lumbardy,
In Spruce and in Poyle and in Mountayns hye,
Also in Spayne and in Brytayne,
And yet heard he of him not sayne:
No man could him of Syr Guy sayne. Dd 3 (r)
Then yede he into Englande agayne;
And, when he came into Englande,
In great care he Phelis fande:
She was wo, for he brought not Guy,
And every man was also sorry.
  Let we Heraude and Phelis be,
And of Syr Guy now speake we!
  Guy sought halowes in many countrye,
And syth to Jerusalem went he;
And, when he fro Jerusalem came,
To Antyoche the way he name.
A little besyde the way saw he,

6191 countrey. 6193 fro] to.

As he went his jornye,
A fayre well, certayne.
One sat thereby in a slavayne:
A fayre body he had and a long visage;
He seemed to be of high parentage.
The right way Guy tooke him to;
Sory that man seemed and wo:
'Pilgrime', quod Guy, 'what art thou?
Thus great sorrow why makest thou now?'
That pilgrime sayd with ruly cheare:
'Sometyme I was of great power.
Lorde I was of Dulas:
Men me called Erle Jonas.
I had fayre sonnes fyfteene,
All doughty knightes and keene.
But they be dead, I trow now,
And I shall tell thee, how.
I went into Heathenesse to warrayne (Dd 3 v)
And all my sonnes with me, certayne.
There made we many men downe fall
And many slue among us all.
So a king began to flee
To Alysander, that fayre cittie.
That cittie his owne was,
And all we can him thyther chase;
And, as we gan chase him all,
An whole battayle on us gan fall:
Out of a wood they came that tyde
And layd on us by eche syde.
I and my sonnes with swerdes keene
Did them great sorrow and teene.
Our swordes brake in our hande:
So were we taken in that lande,
And, when we were taken so,
To King Tryamour we yeelded tho.

6196 iorney. 6213 heathen || wéryen. 6217 knight. 6230 we] they.

So it befell upon a day,
A riche soudan, as I you say
(The Soudan of Pierce men him call),
Feasted his barrons all;
He sent after King Tryamour,
And he came thither with great honour.
In that Kinges pryson we were layde,
I and all my sonnes', Jonas sayde.
'To the feast came King Tryamour
And with him his sonne Fabour.
This Fabour was twenty yeare olde,
He was a knight hardy and bolde.
King Tryamour and his sonne Fabour, Dd 4 (r)
They were welcome with great honour.
The thyrde day after the none
The Soudans sonne rose up well soone,
Soudan of Percie hight he:
'Fabour', he sayd, 'come with me!'
They went unto a chamber with mery chere
And played at the chesse in feare.
Fabour sayd: 'Soudan, check to thee!'
Therefore Soudan gan wroth to be;
'Fabour', he sayd, 'sorrow on they neck!
How durst thou say unto me: check?'
On Fabour he cast a foule looke
And hent the checker by the nooke:
He smote Fabour so on the crowne,
That the red blood fell downe.
'Syr Soudan', then sayd Fabour,
'Thou doest thyselfe little honour;
Ne were thy father lorde myne,
Thou shouldest aby, by Saint Martyne!'
Soudan sayd with harte great:
'Beginnest thou, traytour, me to threat?'
Soudan smote to Fabour there,

6250 at] a. 6252, 6263 the Soudan. 6262 by *fehlt*.

And Fabour hent the checker:
He gave Soudan before the top
With the checker such a knop,
That anone there dyed he.
To his father then fled he
And tolde him of that harde stoure.
Then fled King Tryamour
And tooke his knightes, echone; (Dd 4 v)
Without leave home they gone.
Then, when the Soudan saw, it was so,
He and his men were wo.
To King Tryamour then he sent hastily
As to his owne deadly enemye:
He bad him defende his sonnes deade,
Which was to him a full colde reade.
He came to him without letting
And Fabour his sonne with him, can bring
Him to defende, as I say you,
That in his owne closet his sonne slow.
To the Soudan then rode Tryamour
And his sonne with him Fabour,
And, when he came to the Soudone,
The Soudone sayd to him anone:
'Aquyte you how would yee
Of the felony, that you have done me?'
He called forth a loathlye syre:
There was none suche in the land of Tyre.
'Lo!' he sayd, 'I shall say you,
If ye will acquyte you now,
That ye slue my sonne nought
Nor he through you to death was brought,
One of you must proove it, saunce fayle,
Agaynst this gyaunt in battayle.'
The gyaunt was both stoute and grym:
None earthly man was lyke to him;

6267 the Soudan. 6279 h. d.] him d. him. 6284 close.

Fower foote higher was he
Then any man of that countrye;
An head he had also great Ee 1 (r)
As fower heades of a neate
And eyen, as many men wist,
More then any mans fyst;
His head was rough and rugged as thornes,
His teeth crooked as rammes hornes.
King Tryamour sayd to the Soudon:
'I did thy sonne scath none;
And that', he sayd, 'proove will I,
Agayne whome thou wilt, truely.
Agayne the gyaunt fight I will
Or sende a man for me by skill.'
Thereof he asked respyte, perfay,
Of the Soudan till a certayne day:
Then was the law of the lande so,
That, what man shoulde a battayle do,
A yeare and forty dayes he have
Respyte, if any will it crave.
So long respyte asked the King;
The Soudan graunted him that thing.
King Tryamour and his sonne tho
Went home in great care and wo;
And, when the King come home was,
'Fetche me', he sayd, 'the Erle Jonas
Out of pryson anone right!'
And asked me, if I knew a knight,
That with the gyaunt durst doe battayle;
And I sayd: 'Nay, Syr, sauns fayle,
But if Syr Guy of Warwick woulde
Or Heraude of Arderne the bolde.
One of them', sayd I that tyde, (Ee 1 v)
'Should fell with Gods grace his pryde.'

6302 a.] to a. || countrey. 6303 An] Syr *Kustos* || also] as so. 6309 Soudan. 6319 and] a || he] to. 6329 durst. 6333 I *fehlt*.

King Tryamour then sayd on hye:
'Jonas, for the love of Mahoune, mercy,
That thou wilt to Englande go
And Guy or Heraude bring me to!
And that I have them here, saunce fayle,
Thou shalt have for thy travayle
Thyrty sommers, charged with florens cleane,
And out of pryson thy sonnes fyfteene,
If thou Guy or Heraude bring.'
And, but I will doe this thing,
I and my sonnes shall to death gone,
Come I agayne never so soone;
I and my sonnes, he sayd, shall dye,
If that I fayle of this, truelye.
Now I have gone', sayd Jonas,
'To seeke Syr Guy in every place
And Syr Heraude the bolde and snell;
But no man could me of them tell.
And, when I not Syr Guy fande,
I him saught in Englande;
Then it was done me to understande,
That Guy went out of Englande
Privily upon a night:
Whither he yede, wist no wight;
And Heraude, truely,
Was gone to seeke his lorde, Syr Guy.
Aye syth this tyme twelve moneth that was.
I have gone thus', sayd Erle Jonas,
'To seeke Guy or Heraude, certayne, Ee 2 (r)
And now I must go home agayne
To the King, that hight Tryamour,
And, for I bring him no succour,
Certayne, I wote, he would me slone
And my fyftene sonnes, eche one.
For now but thyrteene dayes hath he,

6340 Th.] and thou. 6358 fonde. 6361 XII.

That the day of battayle shall be.'
'Pilgryme', quod Guy, 'listen to me!
For the care, that thou takest to thee,
And for Gods love all welding,
To me that he be helping,
And for Heraudes love and Guyons,
That thou haste sought in many townes,
And also for to quyte you cleane,
Thee and thy sonnes fifteene,
And for thy great travayle—
For thee I shall doe this battayle
Agayne the gyaunt stoute and keene
And for to save thy sonnes fyfteene.'
That pilgryme sayd with wordes still:
'God yeelde thee, Syr, of thy good will!'
Great wonder the pilgrime had tho,
That Guy durst profer that battayle to do;
Neverthelesse by Guyes face thought he,
That he might well full doughty be;
For he so fayre and large was,
Full well hoped the Erle Jonas,
That he was bolde and of much might
With the gyaunt for to fight.
'Syr' sayd Jonas unto him, (Ee 2 v)
'That gyaunt is stoute and grim,
That, who so beholde him, ywis,
Of his looke adread he is
And quaketh for dread of him right.'
Than sayd Guy: 'Through Gods might
Many a fare had have I
And bene full harde bestad, truely,
And fowle lookes many a one,
Yet was I never dread of none.'
  With that pilgrime forth went Guy
To King Tryamour hastily.

6398 Th.] That.

Before the King came Erle Jonas,
Unneathes he wist, what he was.
'Jonas', he sayd, 'hast thou brought
Guy or Heraude, that thou haste sought?'
'Syr', sayd Jonas on hye,
'In all londes sought them have I,
But of them heard I right nought.
But here a man have I you brought,
That for thee that battayle will done
Through Gods helpe the gyaunt to slone.'
'What is thy name?' then sayd the King.
'Johan', quod Guy, 'withouten leasing.'
'In what countrey were thou borne,
And why be thy cloathes so torne?
Somewhat thou haste done amis
Or served a feeble mayster, ywis,
Or thou art flemed out of thy lande
For some misdeede, I understand.'
'Syr', sayd Guy, 'I understande, Ee 3 (r)
Borne I was in Englande.
Agayne my lorde I have misdo
And fled away I am also;
I served a lorde lowde and still,
But I did not all his will.
Therefore', quod Guy, 'withouten lease,
Till that I have my lordes peace,
Home dare I not go agayne.'
Then sayd King Tryamour: 'Certayne,
I wist full well, ye had misdo.'
But the lord, that Guy ment tho,
It was our Lorde Jesu of might;
Therefore yede Guy so full right
(Thereof would he never blin),
Till God had forgiven his synne.
King Tryamour to Guy spake than:

6410 hem. 6413 w.] *Das zweite* l *steht auf dem Kopf.* 6433 ye] he.

'Syth thou art an English man,
By Mahoune', then sayd he,
'Great shame I ought to do thee.
Knew thou never Guy and Heraute,
So hardy and bolde in eche assaute?
Guy slue my brother Elman of Tyre
And myne eame, that stoute syre,
Soudan he was of Persea land:
Both Guy slue with his hande.'
Guy sayd to King Tryamour tho:
'Heraude I knew and Guy also.
Haddest thou now one of them right,
Full well he durst for thee fight.
This wote I well', sayd he. (Ee 3 v)
The King sayd: 'Wilt thou fight for me?'
'Therefore', sayd Guy, 'came I to you
My power there to doe now
Agayne the gyaunt to fyght for thee,
If Jonas and his sonnes delyvered be.'
The King sayd: 'I graunt thee, John!
In that battayle thee speede Mahoun!'
'Nay!' quod Guy, 'but God almight,
Maryes sonne, speede me in fyght!'
The day of battayle came soone:
King Tryamour went to the Soudon
In good armour richely dight;
Guy went with him full right.
When Guy came armed in the field,
Many a Sarasyne him behelde;
Eche asked other, what he might be,
Of whence he was and of what countrye,
For Tryamour that should fight;
For they saw never a fayrer knight.
'Thou rich Soudan', quoth King Tryamour,
'Doe come thy man for thyne honour!

6454 sayd *fehlt.* 6459 Johan. 6464 Soudan. 6470 countrey.

For I am come to proove now,
That I never thy sonne slow.'
The Soudan let come the gyaunt lightly
(Ameraunt he hight of Ethiopy),
Which came armed; they sayd, eche one:
'How dare any man agayne him gone?'
For in his armour more was he
Than three knightes of that countrye.
With that gyaunt fought Guyon Ee 4 (r)
Betweene two waters in a towne;
They were brought on a large greene.
They smote togither dintes keene;
All-togither they speares breake,
Eyther would other wreake.
Ameraunt drue out a swearde ünryde,
That bote but on the one syde.
Hercules sometyme it ought;
In many a lande therewith he fought:
Many a lande therewith he wan;
Doughtyer was never man,
For he was king and emperour
And a noble conquerour.
When Ameraunt had his sword draw,
Him thought, he had of Guy none awe.
Ameraunt smote fyrst Syr Guy
In the helme with great envy
And of his shield a foote away,
That never was pierced by no day.
That stroke yede before Syr Guyon
In the saddle before the arson;
The neck of Guyes steede also
With that stroke he smote in two;
And more then a foote into the ground
So deepe it stroke that stound,
That such another was never seene.

6482 countrey. 6487 brake. 6489 vnsyde. 6505 n.] Sadell.

Guy fell downe then, as I weene,
And up he start as a bolde barron
With his swerde both good and browne.
Guy smote his steedes neck in two (Ee 4 v)
And a foote of his shield also;
Guy smote that strong gyaunt downe.
But up he starte as an eger lyon
And smote to Guy, or he spake,
That Syr Guyes helme nigh brake;
That knocke might Guy well feele,
For to the earth it made him kneele.
Guy start up as a man in game;
For never erste had he such a shame
So low to ground for to lyne
For no stroke of no Sarasyne.
Guy smote agayne as a man in neede:
The gyaunt felt, where the stroke yede.
The gyaunt began to blow and to blast,
And ever Syr Guy layde on fast.
'Fellow', sayd the gyaunt to Guy,
'Thou arte both strong and hardy.
I have done forty battayles fell;
But of thee heard I never tell.
Tell me thy name!' he sayd to Guy.
Guy sayd: 'In Englande borne was I.'
'Art thou an Englishman', quoth Ameraunt,
'I trow, thou be Guy the valyaunt.
If thou be Guy, that art now here,
In all this world is not thy pere.
Great might of him I have heard speake;
If he were here, I should me wreake;
Full soone I should smyte of his head,
For many of my men he hath put to dead.'
'Ameraunt', quod Guy, 'that were great sinne Ff 1 (r)
In such maner Guyes head to win;
But I trow, if Guy here ware,
He should doe thee both sorrow and care.'

Ameraunt sayd: 'I trow, nay,
Honour it were for this lande aye,
If I might win the head of Guy.
But, certes,' he sayd, 'great thyrst have I:
I pray thee, if it be thy will,
Give me leave to drinke my fill;
For great shame it were to thee,
If I for thyrst overcome shall bee.
I shall doe thee the same beede,
In other tyme if thou have neede.'
Guy gave him leave with good will;
Of the ryver he dranke his fill.
With good will he came agayne:
'Yeelde thee, Syr knight!' he gan sayne:
'Thou diddest thyselfe a foul yornye,
Leave to drinke when thou gave me.
For my maner I shall thee say:
If I had faughten all a day
And I might keele once my hande,
No man should agaynst me stande.'
'Certes', quod Guy, 'therewithall,
With thee, pilcher, meete I shall'.
Then began a battayle strong
And eyther on other fast dong.
But soone after so hote was Guy,
That he dyed for thyrst well nye.
Guy sayd: 'I pray thee, Ameraunt, (Ff 1 v)
Leave to drinke thou me graunt.'
Ameraunt sayd: 'So mote I thee,
Leave gettest thou none of mee;
And, but thou yeelde thee also tyte,
Of thyne head I shall smyte,
Gentle knight.' 'Yet', sayd Guy,
'On me, Syr, thou have mercy!'
He sayd. 'Let be!' quoth Ameraunt;

6561 f. y.] full yorney. 6568 th. p.] thy pilche. 6581 He s. *hinter* be.

'I would not holde that covenaunt;
I would not for all this worldes honour
But overcome thee in this stoure;
Thou haste me given many a wounde,
And I thee see whole and sounde.
But leave to drinke I shall give thee,
If thou thy name will tell mee.'
Guy sayd: 'I shall tell thee, truely,
My right name is Syr Guy:
In Englande I was borne right.
For King Tryamour with thee I fight
For no meede, that I shall have,
But Jonas and his sonnes to save.'
And, when he wist, it was Guyon
(Of him he hearde great renowne),
For all the good, that was the Soudons,
He would not let him drinke once.
Guy saw, he would not let him drinke,
And he starte to the ryvers brinke
And dranke his fyll, the south to sayne.
The gyaunt sued to have him slayne;
But up he stert and sayd thore: Ff 2 (r)
'Traytour, I shall thee love no more!'
Guy smote to him with all his might;
That day they fought, till it was night;
Guy smote of Ameraauntes right hond,
And there fell downe his good brond.
Then was the gyaunt wonder-wroth,
To smyte Syr Guy fast he goeth:
In his lefte hande his sword he hent
And to Syr Guy a stroke he lent.
Guy held him well at that pricke
And gave him strokes harde and thick;
Ameraunt bled much and sore,
His heart began to waxe sicke therefore.

6592 I] to. 6597 Soudans.

The weather greeved him: that was hote.
His other arme Guy of smote;
Guy smote to him a stroke with mayne
Through the helme into the brayne:
Anone there fell the gyaunt downe,
And of his head smote Syr Gyon
And bare it forth with great honour
And tooke it the King Tryamour.
The King bare it to the Soudone
Before his barrons, everychone;
Of his death he made him quyte,
And home he went then full tyte
And Guy with him to his place.
Then called the King Erle Jonas.
He sayd: 'Jonas, blessed thou be!
For I from wo am brought through thee.
Therefore thee and thy sonnes fyfteene (Ff 2 v)
Out of pryson I quyte you cleene,
And halfe my lande I give thee now.'
'Syr', he sayd, 'God yeeld you!'
'Syr' sayd Jonas then to Guy,
'Certes, of thee I have ferly:
Tell me thy right name, I pray thee!'
'Perfay', sayd he, 'my name is Guy'.
When Erle Jonas Syr Guy there wist,
On knees he fell and his feete kist:
'Syr Guy', he sayd, 'take all my lande,
For thou haste saved me with thy hande.'
Guy sayd: 'Erle Jonas,
God yeelde it thee, full of grace!
Me thincketh, it were great outrage
To reave thy sonnes their heritage.'
  Let we a stound of Syr Guy be,
And of fayre Phelis speake we!
  After that Guy was fro her go,

6639 thee pr.

More almes might no woman do
To one and other of eche countrye:
So was she curteous, large and free.
After that her lorde was go,
No man saw her laugh tho.
At the last God made her light
Of a chylde, that Raynbrowne hight.
When the chylde was fower yeare olde,
She sent him to Heraude the bolde,
As her lorde, Syr Guy, bad;
And of that chylde Heraude was glad.
So on a day, I understande, Ff 8 (r)
Marchauntes came into Englande,
Into London, out of Russye
With Englishmen to sell and buy;
They gave King Athelstone sylver and golde
To buy and sell, where they would.
So on a day, withouten lye,
The marchauntes this chylde can espye,
Guyes sonne, fayre Raynbrowne,
And stale him away with treason.
When they him had, forth sayled they,
Till they came to the sea.
And then began strong weather to ryse
And did them wo in every gyse.

When Heraude missed Raynbrowne,
He let him seeke through all the towne,
And at the last hearde he say,
How the marchauntes led him away.
Heraude his stewarde let forth call
And betooke him his landes all:
'Also', he sayd, 'I betake thee
My wyfe, my children and meinie:
Keepe them well, I pray thee now,
Till I come agayne to you.

6653 countrey. 6658, 6671, 6677 Raynburne. 6670 m.] sarasyns.

For here I will no longer wonne,
Till I have found my lordes sonne.'
Heraude did him to the sea quyke:
The wynde him blue into Afryke:
Thereof were they all full wo,
They would, it had not bene so;
Leaver they had be drowned in the sea. (Ff 8 v)
When they came there: 'Alas!' sayd he;
'This lande', he sayd, 'is Sarasynesse:
They will us doe in great distresse:
For every christen man, that they may take,
They them slea or doe them wrake.'
An amerall saw, that they were come;
He thought, soone they should be nome.
He tooke fyve hundred Sarasynes anone,
And to the ship they yede, everychone.
Heraude saw them come full well,
He thought to recken with them some dell;
They smitten togither soone anone,
And Heraude slew of them many one;
As he yede out of a bote,
Fower Sarasyns heads of he smote;
The moste parte of the flocke he slue tho;
But he was taken to pryson also.
Then lay Heraude, that bolde barron,
Long tyme in Afrike in pryson.
  Let a stounde of Heraude be,
And of the marchauntes speake wee,
That stale Guyes sonne Raynbrowne!
  They sayled to an haven-towne
Into a kinges lande; as I gesse,
That was well farre in Heathenesse.
The Kinges name was Aragus;
The marchauntes went to his house

6689 qu.] hastily. 6691 th. a. f.] the Marchauntes. 6693 Leuer *Kustos.* 6701 V. 6712 in p.] p. 6715 Raynburne.

And bare him Raynbrowne to present.
The king him tooke with great talent
And let full well of that chylde free: (Ff 4 r)
The marchaunts for him great meede gave hee.
The King him clad in riche weede
And let him learne to pricke a steede.
So well the King loved Raynbrowne
In and out, in fielde and in towne,
That he made him his chamberlayne
And after that a knight, certayne;
He gave Raynbrowne armour, good wone,
Riche clothing and horse many one.
Raynbrowne waxed so noble a knighte,
So stoute and strong and noble in fighte,
That no man durst, the south to sayne,
For dread of him the King to war agayne;
For in battayle he was so strong,
That, whome so he met in any throng,
He bare him downe, horse and man,
And clave their heads unto the pan.
In every battayle he was so stoute,
That no man might by him route.
In his youth thus did yong Raynbrowne,
That all, that came under his swerd brown,
They sayd, everychone, and swore,
That a more shrew was never bore.
Let be a whyle of Raynbrowne,
And speake we now of Guyon!
When Guy from the Erle Jonas came,
For whome he the battayle name
Agaynst the Sarasyne Ameraunt,
That was the strong gyaunt,
To great Constantinople he went (Ff 4 v)
To seeke hallowes with good intent,
And into Almayne Guy can gone.

6721, 6727, 6731, 6733, 6743, 6747 Raynburne.

And, as he yede by the way alone,
By a crosse sitting saw Guy
A pilgrime, that made semblante sorry.
Guy yede to him and by him sate,
For he woulde wete of his estate;
'Pilgrime', quod Guy, 'I pray thee,
Why makest thou such wo? Tell me!'
The pilgrime sayd: 'If I thee tolde,
The more shoulde thyne heart be colde.'
'Why?' sayd Guy; 'peradventoure,
Pilgrime, I might thee succoure.
For both by north and by south
Full true men be uncouth.'
The pilgryme sayd: 'So God me rede,
Of a true fellow I have nede.'
'Dere pilgryme', then sayd Guy,
'Tell me thy name, for Saynt Mary,
And why thou makest all this sorrow.'
The pilgryme sayd: 'So God me borrow,
An Erle I was, and from an Erle I came,
And now a pore caytife I am.
So feeble wote I no caytyfe,
That wo is me, that I am alyve.
I had a brother here beforne,
My true brother he was sworne:
Guy of Warwick his name was tolde;
In this world was no knight so bold.
For Guy the Duke of Pany slow, Gg 1 (r)
For him I have had wo ynow;
The Dukes cosyn, a pore knight,
That Syr Barnarde of Pany hight,
He hath me done all this shame
(Terry of Gurmoyse is my name),
And, how Barnarde made me this wo,
I shall thee say', sayd Terry tho.

6765 peraduenture.

'On a day the Emperour
Made a feast at Melour;
All knightes and barrons also,
That held of him, came thither tho.
When I came to the Emperour,
Barnarde of Pany called me traytour
And blamed me on hye
Of Duke Ottons death of Pany;
And I sayd, as I was thought,
I would proove, I slue him nought.
Thereto I waged my glove, certayne,
What man would fight me agayne.'
When Guy heard him make such cheare,
That sometyme was his brother deare,
For him Guy made such wo,
That he fell to grounde tho.
When that Terry saw him fall,
On him he began to call:
'Good man', quod Terry, 'tell thou mee,
How long this evill hath holden thee!'
'Many a day', quod Guy, 'it tooke me ore.'
'Good love', quod Terry, 'do it no more!
A, good Guy,' sayd Terry, 'I can no rede: (Gg 1v)
For well I wote, Syr Guy is deade.
And that, certes, is great pittie
And a carefull tyding for me:
The day is neare, that I shall fyght
Or else have brought Guy for my right
To have done that strong battayle.'
Then sayd Guy: 'Without fayle,
A penny in my purse have I:
Therefore go we to towne hastily
To buy us meate and drinke somewhare!'
And, halfe a myle or they had fare,

6813 no] not. 6818 have *fehlt*. 6822 to *fehlt*. 6823 somewhat. 6824 fare] gone.

Terry list to sleepe so,
That he might no farther go.
'Lye downe a whyle!' quod Guy, 'to sleepe!
And I shall thee full fayre keepe.'
A whyle to sleepe downe lay hee
And layde his head on Guyes knee.
As Terry lay asleepe than,
Out of his mouth a whyte wesell ran
In at a clift under an hill;
Therein was it a stound still.
Then came it out and ran agayne
Into Terries mouth, certayne.
Syr Guy sate and saw all this
And had great wonder, ywis.
When Terry was fro sleepe brought:
'A wonder-thing', he sayd, 'me thought:
Me thought, I was in a mountayne,
That was besyde a fayre playne;
Therein a fayre bright sworde I saw, Gg 2 (r)
A golde-hoorde and Guy, my felaw;
Me thought, I slepte on Guyes arme,
And that Guy kept me from harme.
Rede well my dreame!' quod Terry.
'God turne it to good!' quod Syr Guy;
'Of this dreame thou mayest be fayne:
The sworde betokeneth, for certayne,
That thou saw in a vysyon,
The helpe of thy fellow Guyon;
Guy shall you helpe to great honour:
That betokeneth the golde-treasour.
Ryse up', quod Guy, 'of this place!
Thou shalt well speede by Gods grace'.
To that hill Guy led him tho,
There he saw the wesell go,
And in that hill they founde

6828 theee.

The golde-hoorde and the sworde new grounde.
'Take thou the golde!' Guy sayd to Terry,
'And I shall keepe the sworde', quod Guy.
Guy tooke up the sworde that tyde,
That bote but on the one syde,
And Terry tooke up the golde tho.
To towne they went then both two.
  And, when they came to the cittie,
Inned they were for charitie.
Guy tooke Terry his sworde to holde;
To the Emperour, he sayd, he woulde.
Guy yode, and with the Emperour he met
And on his knees well fayre him gret;
He asked meate for charitie. (Gg 2v)
The Emperour sayd: 'Come go with me!'
Guy yede with him into the hall
Before him and his barrons all.
'Pilgryme', quod the Emperour, 'say me now:
Out of what countrey commest thou?'
'Perfay', then sayd Guy,
'Out of many a land come I.'
'Pilgrime', quod the Emperour, 'so mote thou thee,
What say men of me in thy countrie?
Holde men me wicked or good?'
Guy sayd: 'Syr, by the roode,
All the sooth I shall say thee,
If thou wilt not agreeved bee.'
'Nay', he sayd, 'tell on boldly!'
'So helpe me God', sayd Syr Guy,
'I have gone through landes many one,
But a falser shrew there is none
Holden, ywis, in no countrye,
And thus say all men by thee
And tell thee of great vilany.
For thou haste destroyed Erle Terry

6876 his *fehlt*. 6881 thie. 6890 false. 6891 y.] is || countrey.

For the love of thy stewarde,
Thou art holden false and frowarde.'
That hearde the Stewarde, by the roode,
And looked on him, as he were wood.
'Palmer', he sayd, 'thou lyest now;
In sorry tyme hither came thou:
Ne were it for shame of all,
Thou shouldest dye in the hall.'
'A cowarde thou arte', quod Guy tho, Gg 3 (r)
'If thou at meate wouldest me slo.
But I say to thee, Syr Emperour:
Thou haste done him great dishonour,
For thou with wrong, so mote I thee,
Madest Erle Terry for to flee.'
Barnarde sayd: 'God woulde,
To proove it thou were so bolde,
And that thou wouldest defend Terry
And proove, that I him flemed falsely.'
'Yes', quod Guy, 'Barnarde be still!
Thereof thou shalt have all thy will.'
Guy sayd: 'So God me amende,
Agayne thee I will him defende,
That he was never encheson
Of the death of Duke Otton.
Syr Emperour', then sayd Guy,
'That Terry was flemed falsely,
Thereto I wage my glove right
Agayne Barnarde for to fight.'
Then sayd Barnarde to Guyon:
'Would God, thou fowle glotton,
That thou wouldest do the deede!'
'Yes', quod Guy, 'so God me speede!
Syr', quod Guy to the Emperour,
'I am here without succour.
Let me have harneis, that falleth for a knight,

6912, 6920 fled. 6917 enchosen.

Wherewith I may defend my right;
For here I have no knowlédge at all,
That ought may lende me to fight withall.'
The Emperour sayd: 'Syr, by the roode, (Gg 3 v)
Thou shalt have armour full good!'
Guy fet his good sworde browne,
That Terry kept in the towne.
The Emperour let arme Guy full well
Both in yron and steele.
Before the Emperour forth came Guy,
Well armed in steele richely.
For he was of beauty, men sayd by him,
That he was not the pilgrime,
That bad his glove for to fyght;
For he was so large a knight.
Forth then came Syr Barnarde,
Prowde and stoute as a leoparde,
Well armed upon a steede;
He weende, no man durst him misbeede.
The Emperour sayd: 'Lordinges free,
These two knightes, that ye here see,
Both they be doughty in deede
And hardy men in every neede.
The battayle they have taken here,
Well ye wote, in what manere:
The pilgryme will defend Terry
Of Duke Ottons death of Pany,
That Terry never Duke Otton slow;
Barnarde sayd, he will proove now,
That Syr Terry with treason
Slough his eame, Duke Otton.
Lordinges', quoth the Emperour, 'what say yee?
Will ye, that the battayle done shall bee?'
'Yea, Syr!' they sayd, everychóne. (Gg 4 r)
The knightes smitten together anone;

6941 of *fehlt.* 6954 ye] I.

Eyther on other so fast dong,
That fyre out of their helmes sprong.
And, so strong as Barnarde was tho,
Guy set by him not a slo;
Guy fought so wonderly than,
Men sayd, he was none earthly man;
For no man might fight so long
With Barnarde: he was so strong.
When it was come to the night,
Longer fight they ne might;
The Emperour departed that stoure harde.
Fower dukes he betooke Syr Barnarde:
'Keepe him well unto morrow!' sayd hee;
'And this pilgryme shall go with mee,
Till to-morrow it be day-light.
Then shall ye togither fight!'
Barnarde thought him on a wyle,
How he might Syr Guy beguyle.
At even he called his kinsemen thare,
To Guyes chamber he bad them fare:
'And arme you well, everychone,
And bring Guy to death anone!'
They did, as Barnarde bad, truely.
In a softe bed then slepte Guy.
With bed and all they Guy hent
And to a ryver they went,
And, all sleeping as he lay,
They thrue him in, for sooth to say.
Guy awoke and saw the starres on hye; (Gg 4 v)
Great wonder he had, truely,
He saw the waves wallowing on hye.
'Lord God!' he sayd. 'What may this be?
Lord God!' he sayd. 'Be my succour!
For I fight neyther for towne ne tower,
But for to bring my brother sworne
Out of wo, that should be lorne,
That erle was of Gurmoyse cittie,

And now to begge his bread goeth he.
If I in this flood be lore,
Terry is lorne for evermore.'
So it befell through Gods grace,
There came a fysher in that place;
And, as he fyshed by the lande,
He saw a bed come by fleetand.
He had wonder, what it might bee;
But hastily thither went hee.
The fysher sayd: 'What art thou,
That lyest here in this bed now?'
'Syr', sayd Guy, 'I am that knight,
That with Barnarde yesterday held fight;
If thou were there yesterday,
Thou mayest well weete, that I sooth say.
This night, as I slept fast,
Into the ryver I was cast
Thorow some false treason:
I pray thee, helpe me to the towne!'
The fysher for Syr Guy was wo
And led him to his house tho;
He would helpe Guy, he sayd Hh 1 (r)
And on a drye bed him layde.
  The Emperour rose on the morrow early
And hearde masse at Saynt Mary.
When masse was done, anone-rightes
He bad bring forth these two knightes:
With fower dukes Barnarde was brought;
They sought Guy, they found him nought.
Guyes keepers made great mone;
They sayd to the Emperour, he was gone.
The Emperour sayd: 'Thou steward wick,
Delyver the palmer dead or quick!
For well I wote, but thorow thee
This night he is not stolne from mee.'

7009 wo.] a wonder. 7018 r.] sea. 7026 ot.

Then came the fysher, as I say you;
He sayd: 'Syr Emperour, lysten to me now!
This night, as I was in fyshing,
There came a bed by me fleeting;
Therein', he sayd, 'I saw that knight,
That with Barnarde helde the fight.'
The Emperour sayd: 'Fetche him to me!
Thy meede I shall well quyte thee.'
The fisher him brought, as I say you;
The Emperour then was glad ynow.
The Emperour prayed Guy that tyde,
That he shoulde to Barnarde ryde.
They smitten togither as rayne and thonder:
Of their dintes men had great wonder.
False Barnarde smote Guyon
Through hawberke and arson;
But he did him no scath tho, (Hh 1 v)
For God would not, it were so.
Barnarde smote Guy efte in the field
A quarter away of his shielde;
With that stroke Guy fell to ground,
Sore and foule agreeved that stound.
Guy up stert and sayd: 'Perfay,
Now will I fynde thee to pay!'
A stroke he gave to Barnarde smert
Thorough the body and clave his heart.
Every man, that about stoode,
For Barnardes death made great moode,
For he had with false treason
In the brode ryver cast Guyon.
Then went Guy to the Emperour tyght
And prayed him to give Terry his right;
And all, that stoode the Emperour by,
Sayd, for sooth, it was worthy,
If that the Emperour so would.

7052 arton.

The Emperour sayd: 'For sooth, I hold
For thy good deede, pilgryme!' sayd he;
'Terry and I shall friendes be.'
The Emperour sayd: 'Where is Terry?'
'I shall him fetche anone', sayd Guy.
In a churche before the auter
Guy found Terry in his prayer.
'Terry', he sayd, 'ryse up now!
To the Emperour with me shalt thou.'
Terry brayde up his head sorry:
'Thou gabbest', he sayd; 'through Gods mercy,
Thou were never so wood of cheare Hh 2 (r)
To tell the Emperour, that I was here.'
Yet all this whyle wist not Terry,
That the pilgryme was Syr Guy.
'Alas!' quod Terry, 'how may this be,
That thou haste thus betrayed me,
When thou yedest to the Emperour?
Alas, that thou came in this stour!
Somewhat the Emperour hath given thee,
Pilgryme, for to deceyve mee.'
Terry durst none other done,
But to the Emperour he yede anone.
'Syr Emperour', then sayd Guy,
'Here is doughty Erle Terry.'
The Emperour great pittie had,
When he saw Terry so evill clad.
The Emperour sayd: 'Arte thou Terry,
That sometyme was so doughty?'
'Yea, syr!' he sayd and looked downe;
'Now I am a wretch, that sometyme was a barrone.
Wyde have I sought my fellow Guy;
But of him nothing hearde I.'
For pittie of him the Emperour greete,
That the teares fell to his feete.

7077 altare. 7081 brayed (vgl. 3795, 4065 und NED).

'Terry', he sayd, 'where haste thou beene?
Thou haste had full much teene.
This day', he sayd, 'I yeelde thee
All the landes, thou heldest of mee.
I make thee stewarde of Almayne,
As Barnarde was, that now is slayne.'
Terry him thanked and fell on knee; (Hh 2 v)
The Emperour sayd: 'Come and kisse me!
I forgive thee my mautalent.'
The Emperours barrons at one assent
Went and kist Terry, eche one.
Then sayd the Emperour anone:
'This man, Terry, where haddest thou,
That doughty Barnarde of Pany slow?'
Terry swore to the Emperour thore,
That he him saw never ore;
'But', he sayd, 'what so he bee,
God him quyte, that he hath done to mee!'
The Emperour let bathe Terry
And clad him in clothes richely
And gave him both palfray and steede
And all thing, that he had of neede.
  Of the Emperour and Terry also
Guy tooke his leave to go.
But Guy prayed him of one thing
(For there he would make no tarying)
And sayd: 'Terry, I pray thee
Go a whyle forwarde with mee
And let no man with us gone.'
Terry sayd: 'I graunt, anone.'
A myle they went out of that towne,
And at a crosse they sate them downe.
'Terry', he sayd, 'I wote well now,
That me nothing knowest thou;
But, and thou wouldest, thou oughtest well;

7115 my] thy. 7120 Pony. 7122 he *fehlt*. 7133 sayd *fehlt*.

Me thinke, thou shouldest know me some dele.
Thinkest thou, Syr Terry, Hh 3 (r)
Of thy sworne brother Guy,
How he slue Duke Otton
And helpe thee out of pryson,
And how he found thee wounded ill
In the forrest in poynt to spill,
And how he wan thy lemman sheene
From the robbers all fyfteene?
And after he did thy father succour
And now hath done thee great honour,
On Duke Barnarde hath wroken thee
That flemed thee out of thy countrye.
I am Guy before thee now:
To know me well oughtest thou!'
When Terry wist, it was Guyon,
For joy in sowning he fell downe:
'Alas!' he sayd, 'doughty Syr Guy,
Unkynde mayest thou holde Terry.'
Terry for wo began to greete
And fell downe often to Guyes feete
And Guyes feete kist right,
That full sore were and blacke to sight,
And his shankes were bloudy,
That some tyme were clad richely.
Guy tooke Terry from the ground tho,
And eche of other made great wo;
Oftentymes eche other kist
In armes two, as them list.
'Dere Syr Guy', quod Terry than,
'For Christes love, that dyed for man,
Dwell with me in this countrye (Hh 3 v)
And hastily my lande take to thee;
And, if thou wilt not doe so,
Let me, Syr Guy, with thee go!'

7150 the] thy. 7154 countrey. 7161 weepe.

'Nay, certes!' then sayd Syr Guy;
'But I betake thee to God almighty.'
And they kist and departed thore;
Eche on other wept full sore.
Terry went him home anone;
Fower dayes after meate eate he none.
Guy went forth also, sorry
That he departed so from Terry.
  Guy sped him in his way fast;
To Englande he came at the last.
He asked a man anone,
Where was the King Athelstone.
'At Wynchester', quod that man, perfay.
And thyther tooke Guy his way.
But, or Guy went, that man him tolde,
That the King was in cares colde:
'The King of Denmark, Hanelocke,
And the King of Norway, Conelocke,
Both be come into this lande
With doughty knightes, a thousande.
Fro the sea unto Winchister is no towne,
But that they have brent and cast downe.
The King of Denmarke hath a mon,
That is more dread himselfe alone
Then a thousande armed knightes:
So hydyous he is and much of mightes.
For that he is so stoute and grim, (Hh 4 r)
There dare none hoste fight with him.
Colbronde his name is tolde:
In this world is no knight so bolde.
The King of Denmarke to our King sent,
That our King shoulde give him rent
Or for him fynde a knight
Agayne Colbrande to warre his right.'
Forth to Wynchester then went Syr Guy;

7199 man.

No man him knew, certaynly.
  Then sayd the King Athelstone
To his barrons, everychone:
'Lordynges, full well wote ye,
The King of Denmarke is in this countrye
And will us sley, I understande,
Or dryve us out of this lande.
Thinke on your owne lyves,
On your chyldren and on your wyves!
If any of you know any knight,
That dare agayne Colbrond fight,
Say me, and I will him give
Halfe my lande, whyle I lyve.'
Then sayd the Erle Rohaude:
'A, good Guy and Syr Heraude,
Had I holde you at home with me,
This lande had not so helpelesse be.
Every man should the good feede:
They may ever helpe at neede
And win, I hope, more on a day,
Then they should spend in seven yere pay.'
That night King Athelstone had thought, (Hh 4 v)
That for wo sleepe might he nought.
But ever he prayed God almight,
That he should sende him a knight,
That might defende his lande
Agayne the gyaunt Colbrande.
A little he slept; about midnight
Him thought, that an aungell bright
Bad him ryse on the morrow and gone,
And he shoulde fynde a pilgrime anone,
That at his gate shoulde stande,
And take him by the hande.
'The fyrst man, thou seest of all,
Leade him with thee into thyne hall

7225 Rohande. 7231 I] in. 7238 Colbronde.

And pray him to doe the battayle,
And he shall, without fayle.'
And, as the aungell sayd to him,
At the gate he founde the pilgrime.
He led him into his chamber soone
And fell on his knees before him anone;
He prayed him that battayle to doe.
'Redest thou me to fight?' quod Guy; 'thereto
Thou seest not me dight readily:
Unneathes for feeblenesse alyve am I.
Neverthelesse', sayd Guy, 'ryse up, Syr King!
Syth thou prayest me this thing,
For thee I shall the battayle do,
If God sende me lyfe thereto.'
Well glad was then all Englande,
That they had agayne Colbrande
A man lyke for to fight Ii 1 (r)
And for to defende their landes right.
  Tydinges sent King Athelstone
To the King of Denmarke anone
And bad him come without letting
And his gyaunt to battayle bring.
The King of Denmarke came full tight;
Guy and Colbronde were ready dight
And into the field armed were brought.
And ever Guy had God in his thought;
Guy on knees fell downe
And made to God his oryson:
'Lord God', he sayd in this wyse,
'That madest the Lazar for to ryse
And saved Danyell from the lyon,
Helpe me agayne this fowle felon!'
In his forehead Guy made a croyce
And stert on steede with that voyce.

7247 thee. 7254 whereto. 7255 Seest thou not me readily. 7262 Colbronde. 7263 A] *Kustos* And. 7275 L. G. *hinter* sayd. 7279 crosse.

The King of Denmarke swore there,
If his man overcome were,
He should Englande go fro
And nevermore doe it wo;
And King Athelstone swore than,
If Colbrond overcame his man,
He and all his lynage
Should doe King Henelock homage.
  Then came Colbronde forth anone (Ii 1 v)
On foote: for horse might beare him none;
For, when he was in armour dight,
Fower horse ne beare him might;
A man had ynough to done Ii 2 (r)
To beare him his weapon.
Then Guy rode to Colbrande
On his steede full well rennand.
Colbronde smote Guy in the field
In the middest of Syr Guyes shielde;
Through Guyes hawberke that stroke yode,
And for no maner thing it withstoode;
In two it share Guyes steedes body,
And Guy fell to ground hastily.
Guy up stert as an eger lyon
And drue his good sworde browne;
To Colbronde he let it flye;
But he might not reche so hye:
On his shoulder the stroke fell downe;
Through all his armour share Guyon
Into the body a wounde unryde,
That the red blood gan out glyde.
Colbronde was wroth of that rap;
He thought to give Guy a knap;
He smote Guy on the helme bright,
That out sprang the fyre light.

Nach 7288 *auf* Ii 1 v *ein Holzschnitt: beide Kämpfer zu Fuß;* s. Wülker, Lit. I 106 || *Kustos* Than. 7292 *Kustos fehlt.* 7295 Colbronde. 7299 y.] went. 9300 withstent. 7809 vntyde.

Guy smote Colbrond agayne
Through shielde and armour, certayne;
He made his sworde for to glyde
Into his body—a wounde right wyde;
So smert came Guyes bronde,
That it brast in his honde.
'Alas!' quod Guy with ruly moode;
'Now have I broken my sword, that was so good!'
'Syr knight', then sayd Colbronde, (Ii 2 v)
'I see thy weapon broken in thy honde;
Therefore syt downe on thy knee
And yeelde thee lightly unto mee!'
'Nay, so mote I thee!' quod Guy;
'Recken with thee fyrst shall I.
Thou haste', quod Guy, 'weapon great wone;
I pray thee, thou bring me one,
And then shall we soone see,
Which of us overcome shall be.'
'Let be thy jangeling!' quod Colbrond tho.
'Fowle traytour, why should I doe so?'
When Guy saw, he would lend him none,
He ran to him and gate him one;
A noble axe Guy him berefte.
Then smote they togither efte,
And such a stroke Guy him sent,
That his head therewyth of went.
Then were they of Denmarke nye wood,
When Colbronde was dead, their knight good.
To ship they went, as I say you,
And sayled home with sorrow ynow.
  Glad was the King Athelstone
And all the Englishmen, eche one.
Syr Guy yede into the towne,
And the priests and clarkes met him with precessyon,
Singing 'Te Deum Laudamus',

7320 u. 7324 hande.

And thanked fayre our Lorde Jesus.
The sooth truely for to tell,
There would Guy no lo͞nger dwell;
He went and prayed King Athelstone Ii 3 (r)
Alone with him for to gone.
So yede the King with Syr Guyon
Alone a myle out of the towne.
Than sayd Guy: 'Syr gentle King,
I pray you, graunt me one thing,
That ye shall not bewray me,
Till that I dead and buryed be;
And I shall you my name sayne.'
The King sayd: 'Nay, for certayne!'
Then sayd he to the King, ywys:
'Guy of Warwick my name is.'
When the King wist, it was Guy,
That was so bolde and hardy,
He kist him ofte, I understande,
And thanked God of that sande;
He sayd: 'Be my heyre after my day!'
Guy thanked him fayre and sayd: 'Nay!'
Guy went forth, I understande,
And thanked God of that sande,
That he had in many a place
Given him such hap and grace.
To Warwick he went then apace,
After which towne he named was.
He came to his owne gate:
Pooro men he found thereat;
Among them downe sate Guy;
No man him knew, truely.
Phelis, his wyfe, that was countesse,
Fed thyrteene pore men eche day, I gesse.
The Countesse beheld him than, (Ii 3 v)
For he was so feeble a man.

7368 *u.* 7372 sonde. 7382 XIII.

Of all her meate she did sheare,
And to Syr Guy she let it beare;
And of the best wyne, that she had,
To Guy she sent and bad him be glad;
And, for she thought him porest of all,
She bad him eate every day in the hall.
She knew him not, truely to tell;
Therefore thought he not long to dwell.
When Syr Guy had eaten, anone
On his way forth gan he gone:
To Arderne yede he fast,
And an ermitage he founde at last,
That stoode in a wood wylde;
There founde he neyther man ne chylde.
There thought he, for sooth to say,
To dwell unto his ending day
And serve God, his creatour,
That had done him great honour.
There lyved Guy as a beast
By the hearbes of the forrest.
And on a day, without leasing,
As Guy lay on sleeping,
An aungell came from God almighty
And sayd: 'Guy, make thee ready!
Within this seven nightes thou shalt come
To Jesu and in his blisse wone.'
Guy thanked Christ and called: 'Mercy!'
So glad was he never erst, truely.
Full well he helde in his thought (Ii 4 r)
The message, that the aungell brought.
On the seventh day Guy called his page:
'To Warwick', he sayd, 'doe my message!
To the Countesse beare this golde-ring!
She will be glad of thy comming.
Say, the pilgryme, that she sent meate

7385 cheare. 7397 a *fehlt.* 7409 VII. 7412 *Kustos fehlt.*

In her owne hall to eate,
He, that she bad, as I thee say,
Eate in the hall every day,
Greeteth her well over all thing!
Shee shall know full well this ring:
And, if thou wilt her heather leade,
She will full well quyte thee thy meede.
Say thou her, how thou haste bene my page
And served me in this hermitage.
By her comming dead shall I bee:
Bid her hye her and bury me!'
The page forth to Warwick went,
And there he found Phelis, the gent;
Fayre he greete her on his knee:
'Madame', he sayd, 'God you see!
The pilgryme, ye fed this other daye,
Greeteth you well by me, perfay,
And bad, ye should come him to
In all the haste, how so ever ye do.
He sent you this golde-ring now
In token betwixt him and you'.
That Lady tooke the ring so bright,
And all about she looked it right.
'King of heaven', she sayd, 'mercy! (Ii 4 v)
This ring I tooke my Lorde Guy
The tyme, that he yede me fro.'
Thryse Phelis sowned tho,
Or she might speake any more.
Forth she cleped the chyld thore:
'Where is this pilgryme', she sayd, 'knave?
Tell me, and thou thy meede shall have'.
'Madame', he sayd, 'in a woode lyeth hee;
By your comming dead shall he bee'.
To that hermitage fast can she ryde
Wyth knightes and squyres by her syde;

7423 Greete.

Into the hermitage she yede hastily,
Lying on the flore then saw she Guy.
Then set she up a shrieke so smart,
For sorrow of him nye brast her harte.
Guy kest up his eyen tho,
The soule out of the body can go.
She fell on him in that hermitage,
She kist his mouth and his vysage;
Out of his mouth came a savour
Also sweete as any flower.
She prayed all the bishops of the countrye
At her lordes burying for to be.
At Warwick she would him grave,
But no man might him thence have.
Then bad she: 'Let him be!'
In that hermitage buryed was he:
A richer burying, then she made one,
King ne duke had never none;
Many a masse for him was sayde, Kk 1 (r)
Or he in his grave was layde.
  And soone after the interrement
Phelis with her folke home went,
Such sorrow for her lorde made,
That no joy might her glad.
After the day of her lorde, I weene,
Phelys lyved dayes fyfteene.
And, when she should dye, anone
She commaunded her friends, everichone,
And prayed them to bury her tho
By her lorde, that she loved so:
Buryed she was by her lorde Guy.
Now be they both with God almighty
Up in hye blisse.
Jesu us al thereto wisse!

7457 sm.] spert. 7463 month. 7465 countrey. 7467 should. 7475 the] that the. 7488 wishe.

Now have ye heard, lordinges hende,
Guy and Phelis lyfe to an ende.
Therefore of them now let we be,
And of Heraude now speake we!
Syr Heraude, the bolde barron,
Lay in Afrike in pryson;
As ye have heard, there was he hent,
To seeke Rayneburne when he went.
'Alas', he sayd, 'that I was bore!
In this pryson I shall be lore.
I was holden the boldest barron,
That sometyme was in towne,
And now I shall dye here'.
All this hearde the gaylere.
He went and told the lorde than, (Kk 1 v)
How he had bene holden so bolde a man.
The lorde sayd to the gaylere:
'If he be such, as thou sayest here,
Go fet him to me anone-right;
And I shall him both bathe and dight:
He may me helpe in my neede.'
To fetche him the gayler yede.
He drue him up by a corde
And brought him before his lorde.
His bearde came to the gyrdle downe:
So long he had be in pryson.
When Heraude came the lorde beforne,
The lorde him asked, where he was borne;
'Arte thou', he sayd, 'doughty and bolde,
As thou haste in pryson tolde?'
'Syr', sayd Heraude then anone,
'If I had meate and drinke good wone
And were in armour well ydight,
I would dread no man in fight.'
Then sayd the lord anone on hye:

7497 I] he.

'Knew thou never Heraude and Guy,
That borne were in Englande?
So bolde men were never in lande.'
'Syr', he sayd, 'I knew well Guy:
I was and am his knight, truely.'
Then sayd the lord, that was full curteis:
'I would, Guy were in this pallayce;
Then would I dread but little fon:
He would me help them to slone.'
The lorde sayd: 'Heard haste thou, Kk 2 (r).
How King Aragus hath done to me now:
He hath destroyed all this countrye,
Outtake this one cittie;
And that is through a yong knight,
The boldest in the worlde to fight.
If thou might him in battayle slone,
I forgive thee thy raunsome alone;
And an hundered pound by yeare
I shall thee give, whyle thou arte here.'
Heraude sayde to him full tight:
'I shall thee venge through Gods might.'
On a rabyte then sterte Heraude,
Well armed without defaute;
Forth he rode as a knight of pryce
Into the fieldes to the lordes enemyes;
With him tenne thousand knightes and mo,
Well armed, withouten no.
In field they saw helmes tho;
He sayd: 'Soone go we them to!'
To the Sarasyns they smote anone,
And Heraude met so with one,
That at the fyrst dint, that Heraud gave him tho,
Even his body he clave in two.
Forth he rode for any thing
And should have slayne Aragus the King

7526 men *fehlt*. 7529 curteous. 7535 countrey. 7549 X.

Right there his men among,
Had he not had armour strong.
The King fled Heraude fro,
And Heraude sued after tho.
Heraude should have slayne him or nome, (Kk 2 v)
Had not yong Raynburne come,
That the King nourished had,
That many a man sore drad.
To Heraude that knight can sayne:
'Thou olde cowarde, turne agayne!
Thou shendest my lorde with vilany;
Therefore, churle, thou shalt aby'.
Togither they faught same
All in earnest and not in game;
They brake their speares in their sheeldes,
That the peeces flue in the fieldes;
They fought both with such might,
That they brake their helmes bright.
Heraude found never creature,
That might so long fight indure;
Heraude stoode a little still
And spake that yong knight untill:
'Thou arte', he sayd, 'the best in neede,
That ever I met with on a steede.
Therefore, Syr, I pray thee:
Tell me thy name and, whence thou bee!'
'Let be, olde churle!' he sayde;
'All thy queyntyse shall soone be layde.
For, or thou wete the name of me,
I shall have thyne head, so mote I thee.
I shall have thy name beforne',
The knight sayd; 'where were thou borne?
Have doe!' he sayd; 'and tell thou me!'
'Certes', he sayd, 'I shall say thee.
Thou art a man of much might Kk 3 (r)

7563 or] of.

In earth is none so doughty a knight.
But, and thou wist, what I wore
And what I have bene here-before,
Thou wouldest not thinke shame
For to tell me thy name.'
'Why', sayd the knight, 'thou olde maularde,
Weenest thou, that I were suche a cowarde,
That I should have of thee doubt,
Or to be thyne underlout?'
'Nay', sayd Heraude, 'I wote well,
That thou dreadest me no dell.
But, if thou wist, what I ware,
Eche of us should other spare.'
To Heraude then sayd that knight of pryce:
'Thou arte both doughty and wyse;
And, for thou speakest so curteouslye,
I shall thee tell my name gladly.
Borne I was in Englande,
In Wallingforde, I understande;
My father was a bolde barron,
Men called him doughty Guyon.'
When Heraude wist, it was Raynbrowne,
For whome he was so long in pryson,
To the earth, without leasing,
For joy he fell in sowning;
But anone he rose agayne
And kist his lordes sonne, certayne;
For joy of him he greete,
That the teares fell to his feete.
Great pittie then had Raynbrowne, (Kk 3 v)
When he saw Heraude fall downe:
'Knight', he sayd, 'for charitie,
Thy right name thou tell me!'
'Heraude of Arderne I hight', sayd he;
'When thou waste yong, I nourished thee.

7599 manlarde. 7615, 7623, 7630 Raynburne.

In Wallingforde, the good towne,
I had thee to keepe, Raynbrowne.'
When Raynburne wist, it was Heraude,
Downe of his horse he made a saute
And sayd: 'Syr, mercy, for charitie!'
And downe he fell upon his knee.
Then both in feare they wept tho
For joy, that they met togither so.
  Raynburne stert upon his steede
As a doughty man in every neede
And rode with Heraude to his lorde,
And so they made a fayre accorde
Betweene him and King Aragus,
That Raynburne nourished in house.
And, when they had done so,
Raynburne and Heraude also
Tooke leave of their lordes than
And of many other man
And ryden homewarde to their countrye.
They found no towne ne cittie
Of that day, till it was night.
Then of a castle they had a sight,
That stoode on a well fayre mountayne;
Thither they rode both, certayne.
At the gate they downe alight (Kk 4 r)
And asked herborow for that night.
The porter sayd full gladly:
'I shall go say my lady,
That maketh sorrow and heavy cheare
For her lorde, that was so deare.'
He went to that lady on his yate
And sayd, two knightes were at the gate,
'That bene', he sayd, 'of straunge countrye
And aske herborow for charitye.'
She bad the porter them in take

7632 a s.] assaute. 7647 countrey. 7651 m.] Cittie. 7661 countrey. 7662 asked.

And herborow them for Gods sake.
The porter sayd: 'Madame, I shall
Bring them both into the hall.'
There came squyers and servaunce
And tooke their swordes and their launce:
The Lady them kept with honour
And unlased their armour.
That night they had good rest
And meate aud drinke of the best.
'Madame', sayd Heraude, the bolde,
'What hight your lorde?' And she him tolde,
She sayd: 'Amis of the Mountayne,
The best knight of this land, certayne.
Here-besyde an elvysh knight
Hath taken my lorde in fight
And hath him ledde with him away
Into the Fayry, Syr, permafay.'
'Was Amis', quoth Heraude, 'your husband?
A doughtyer knight was none in lande.'
Then tolde Heraude to Raynbrowne, (Kk 4 v)
How he loved his father Guyon.
Then sayd Raynburne: 'For his sake
To-morrow I shall the way take
And nevermore come agayne,
Tyll I bring Amis of the Mountayne.'
Raynburne rose on the morrow erly
And armed him full richely.
He sayd: 'Heraude, here be you!
To fetche Amis I shall go now.'
Raynburne rode, till it was noone,
Till he came to a roche of stone.
There he founde a strong gate:
He blessed him and rode in thereat.
He rode halfe a myle the way,
He saw no light, that came of day;

7666 and bring. 7677 a (s. 7727). 7683 Raynburne. 7685 his] thy.

Then came he to a water brode.
Never man over such a one rode.
Within he saw a place greene:
Such one had he never erst seene.
Within that place there was a pallaice.
Closed with walles of heathenesse:
The walles thereof were of christall
And the sommers of corall.
Raynburne had great doubt to passe:
The water so deepe and brode was.
And at the last his steede leepe
Into the brode water deepe;
Thyrty fadome he sanke downe.
Then cleped he to God, Raynbrowne.
God him helpe; his steede was good Ll 1 (r)
And bare him over that hydious flood.
To the pallaice he yede anone
And lighted downe of his steede full soone;
Through many chambers yede Raynbrowne.
A knight he found in dungeon;
Raynburne greete him as a knight curteis:
'Who oweth', he sayd, 'this fayre palaice?'
That knight aunswered: 'Myne is it nought;
He oweth it, that me hither brought.'
'Thou arte', quod Raynburne, 'in feeble plight:
Tell me thy name', he sayd, 'Syr knight!'
That knight sayd to him agayne:
'My name is Amis of the Mountayne.
The lord is an elvish man,
That me into this pryson wan.'
'Arte thou Amis', then sayd Raynbrowne,
'Of the Mountaynes, the bolde barrone?
In great perrill I have gone
To seeke thee in this rocke of stone.
But, blessed be God, now have I thee:

7712, 7717, 7729 Raynburne. 7719 curteous.

Thou shalt go home with mee!'
'Let be!' sayd Amis of the Mountayne;
'Great wonder I have of thee, certayne,
How that thou hither wan;
For, syth this world fyrst began,
No man hyther come ne might
Without leave of the elvish knight.
Me with thee mayest thou not leade;
But save thyselfe thou haste neede.' (Ll 1 v)
'Let be!' quod Raynburne, 'dread thou nought!
For by him, that us hath bought,
If any body us overtake,
I shall doe his head crake.'
'Holde thy peace, knight!' quod Amis;
'Thou wotest never, what he is.
Be thy sworde never so well wrought,
Thy stroke shall dread him right nought.
But, if thou wilt alway him assayle,
Go into the hall to a nayle:
Thereon hangeth a right good bronde,
Better was never none in londe.'
Raynburne went and the swerde tooke
There, as it hong upon a crooke.
He tooke Amis and went his way.
And not full farre passed they,
Till that the elvish knight
On a steede sued them tight.
'Fellow', he sayd, 'thou must abyde;
Farther forth shall ye not ryde.
Turne to my pryson agayne,
Or ye shall dye both, certayne!'
Raynburne made Amis to fight
And fought with the elvish knight:
They drue out their swordes, both,
And fought fast; for they were wroth.
Then bethought chylde Raynbrowne

7769 theu || Raynburne.

On his father, doughty Guyon:
On the head he smote the knight, Ll 2 (r)
That he fell downe to the ground right.
Raynburne unlased his colere
And would have smitten of his head there;
Then made that knight a rufull crye
And sayd: 'Chylde Raynburne, mercy!
By thy dintes well wote I mee,
That Guy of Warwick begate thee;
He was the best knight at neede,
That ever bestrode any steede.
Raynburne', he sayd, 'let me lyve,
And treasure ynough I shall thee give;
And all, that in my pryson be,
Shall be delyvered for love of thee.
And yet, Raynburne, I doe meede:
Over the brode water I shall thee leede.'
Raynburne sayd: 'I will nought of thee,
But thy prysoners delyvered bee.'
Forth he passed then, certayne,
And brought home Amis of the Mountayne.
Certes, then was the Lady glad,
When she her lorde Amis had.
Heraude was then glad ynough,
For Raynburne had such a prough,
And for he escaped so, certayne,
And brought home Amis of the Mountayne.
  Heraude and Raynburne the thyrde day
Tooke leave and went their way;
So long they went by the countrye
That to Burgoyne come they be. (Ll 2 v)
Heraude knew that lande full well;
There he fonde felled many a castel.
Heraude asked one, that came nyehande,
If any warre were in that lande.
That man sayd: 'The Erle Sany, perfay,

7773 colour. 7799 countrey. 7802 he] the || Castle. 7805 p. *fehlt*.

Hath warre on us many a day;
He hath left in this countrye
But onely this bare cittie,
That standeth on a rocke of stone:
Such an hold in this world is none.
But that Erle hath a wonder-knight,
A yong batcheler and a light;
He is yet but twenty yeare olde;
Curteous he is, stoute and bolde;
Whome so he giveth any dint,
Anone-right his lyfe is stint;
He keepeth a place of the mountayne.
Go ye by him, ye shall be slayne.'
'Blessed be God', quoth Raynburne than,
'That I this day shall fynde a man
Yonder upon yon hill,
With whome I shall fight my fill.
If it be so, he axe us ought,
We shall say, we owe him nought;
If he with maystrye ought of us win,
He, that him blameth, sorrow on his chin!'
They ryden forth as men savage,
Till they came to that passage.
They saw, a stoute knight, certayne, Ll 3 (r)
Came pricking fast them agayne.
Then sayd Raynburne to Heraude:
'Yon knight will give us assaute.'
'I will to him', sayd Raynburne tho.
Heraude sayd: 'And I also!'
'Nay', quod Raynburne, 'myselfe alone
Will to him and hym alone!'
They two smote togither fast,
And eche of them downe other cast;
Eyther on other gave many a stroke;
They brake their helmes in the flocke.
Ofttymes bad Heraude for Raynbrowne,

7807 countrey. 7841 Raynburne.

That he should slay the other downe.
Heraude hoved himselfe still
And saw the knightes fight their fill;
He had never seene ere
Two men fight, as they did there.
'Syr knight', then sayd Raynbrowne,
'Lysten a whyle unto my reason!
An hardy knight, for sooth, art thou;
I pray thee, say me thy name now.
I found never man but thee,
That over three strokes might stand mee.'
'Nay', sayd the knight, 'by Heaven-King,
I shall tell thee nothing,
Till thy head be fro thy body!
For here passed no man, truely,
But that I slue him in this place:
So shall I thee, or thou passe. (Ll 3 v)
And yon olde churle also
My sworde shall byte his necke in two;
His teeth I shall make to chatter,
That afterwarde he shall not patter.'
Than saw Raynburne the bolde,
That he no more of them tolde:
He smote a stroke to his head;
That dint on the knightes sadle glede.
They smyten togither both so fast,
That they must needes at the last
Leave their fight and their manace
Or else dyen in that place.
Heraude sayd: 'Knight, let be,
And to this knight here yeelde thee!
He is lord over many a castel:
He may advaunce thee full well.
I rede, thou be at his will;
For it were harme thee to spill.'
To Heraude the knight spake than:

7847 Raynburne. 7859 y.] thou. 7863 That. 7873 Castle.

'Say me', he sayd, 'thou old man,
For the christendome, that God gave thee,
Thy right name thou tell mee!
For, syth I saw earst thy face,
I was never erste in place
In so wonder-afray take;
Me thinketh, myne heart doth all to-shake.'
Heraude sayd: 'Thou carpest at nought:
My name to tell thee I ne thought,
Tyll thy name thou tell me, (Ll 4 r)
Of whence thou art and of what countrye.
Then', quod Heraude, 'I shall thee sayne
My name and my fellow, certayne.'
To Syr Heraude sayd that knight:
'I shall thee say, what I hight;
But weete thou well, for no doubt
Nor to be thyne underloute.
But I would wete with hart glad,
Why that I am so mad.
But now shall I do thee understande,
That I was borne in Englande,
In Wallingforde, the good towne;
My father hyght Heraude, a bolde barron.
He is gon to seeke Raynbrowne,
That was his lordes sonne Guyon,
That the marchauntes stale away;
I was full yong that eche day.'
When Heraude heard all this,
For joy he wept full hastily, ywis.
To that knight then sayd he:
'Thy right name thou tell me!'
'Syr', he sayd, 'I hight Aslake.'
Heraude behelde and nought spake;
But at the last he sayd on hye:
'Heraude, thyne owne father, am I.
I have sought in many a towne

7887 thy] thou thy. 7888 countrey. 7897 do *fehlt*. 7901 Raynburne.

After my lordes sonne, Raynbrowne:
That is he, that fought with thee,
The doughtyest knight of this world is hee. (Ll 4 v)
Therefore, sonne, syt downe on thy knee
And pray him, that he thy friend will bee!'
And, when he heard all this, Aslake,
That his father thus to him spake,
And that it was Guyes sonne, Raynbrowne,
Upon his knees he fell adowne
And sayd: 'Deare father, mercy!
And thee, Raynburne, now pray I
Forgive me this outrage,
And I shall doe thee here homage.'
And, when Raynburne wist all this fare,
By the hand he tooke Aslake thare
And kist him many a syth;
Great joy there he could him kyth.
Great myrth to their hartes they set,
For they all three there so met.
Then passed they, I understande,
The sea and came into Englande.
To London, than they came anone,
And there they found King Athelstone.
Of Heraudes comming glad was he,
And great joy he made them all three.
The King yeelded up Syr Raynbrowne
His fathers landes, tower and towne.
And there were they fower dayes or fyve
And after went to Warwick blyve;
Men of the countrey, old and ying,
Were glad ynough of their comming;
Olde and yong, eche man of his age, (Mm 1 r)
Came and did Raynburne homage.
Then yede Heraude, truely to tell,
To Wallingforde with his wyfe to dwell:
In much wo he had bee,

7914, 7921, 7939 Raynburne. 7935 than] that. 7943 yong.

Therefore in cleanesse lyven would he.
With him went Aslake, his sonne,
In myrth and joy there to wone,
Till they dyed, truely to tell.
And Raynburne at Warwick can dwell,
Tyll he out of this worlde can wende.
Now is the story brought to an ende
Of Guy, the bolde barron of pryce,
And of the fayre mayde Phelys
And of Heraude, the bolde barron,
And of Aslake and Syr Raynbrowne.
Fayre ensamples men may lere,
Who so will lysten and heare,
True to love late and erly,
As in his lyfe did Syr Guy;
For he forsooke wholy honour
To serve God, his creatour.
Therefore Jesu, that was of a mayde borne
To buy mans soule, that was forlorne,
And rose from death the thyrde day
And led mans soule from hell away,
On their soules have mercy!
And ye, that have hearde this story,
God give you all his blessing (Mm 1 v)
And of his grace to your ending
And joy and blisse, that ever shall be!
Amen, amen for charitie!

Finis. Laus Deo omnipotenti.

Here endeth the Booke of the moste victoryous Prince, Guy of Warwick.

7960 Raynburne.

Anmerkungen.

1 Der alte Druck ist in Lagen von je vier Blättern eingeteilt. Im allgemeinen sind diese Lagen mit den großen und nach Z 4 mit einem großen und einem kleinen Buchstaben des Alphabets, die Blätter mit Ziffern I-IIII bezeichnet; doch fehlt diese Bezeichnung mehrfach beim vierten Blatt (z. B. bei F, Ll), auch bei Y 3. Auch der Kustos fehlt gelegentlich, z. B. nach Ii 3 v, bisweilen weicht er vom ersten Wort der neuen Seite ab (vgl. Fußnote zu 1849, 1969, 2269, 4218). Eine falsche Blattbezeichnung haben O 1 und R 2, wo G 1 bezw. K 2 gedruckt ist. Die Zahl der Zeilen auf jeder Seite schwankt zwischen der Normalzahl 30, 31 (z. B. D 2, D 3 v, G 1) und 32 (D 3 r). Cc 4 r hat nur 29: das Fehlen des Reimes zu 6035 hat schon Zupitza bemerkt; es liegt also kein Versehen seinerseits vor. Holzschnitte verkürzen natürlich die Zeilenzahl: so hat Ii 1 r unter Einfluß des Bildes auf der nächsten Seite 26 und Ii 1 v nur 4 Zeilen. Die alte Seitenbezeichnung habe ich am Rande angegeben: eine Klammer besagt z. B. (Mm 1 r), daß die Bezeichnung im alten Druck fehlt; (v) bezeichnet die Rückseite des Blattes. Initialen — zumeist zweizeilig — stehen an verschiedenen Stellen, eine dreizeilige 6155, eine vierzeilige 1. — 5 understande zulieb habe ich fonde in fande (ae. fandian) geändert; ebenso bin ich 1581, 4481 beim Prät. von find: lande verfahren; 5938 bietet auch das Original fande (Prät.: Northumberlande). Aber 1155 reimt fonde (ae. fondian): londe, und -ond ist im Reime zu -ound nach dem Vorbilde von bronde : grounde 2133 (founde : Englonde bei Skelton, Magn. 891) bei hande: grounde 4713 sicher in den Text zu setzen; Fälle, wo das Original -ond zeigt, sind auch bronde 2133 : hond 2011, 6608 : londe 7754, fonde (Prät.) : honde 4033. Eine einheitliche Regelung halte ich für ausgeschlossen: auch bei Caxton schwanken a und o vor nd in demselben Worte (Dibelius, Anglia XXIII 181). Vgl. auch zu 2027 und 5907. — 8 Der Plur. Präs. auf -es ist vereinzelt; gewöhnlich ist er endungslos (ye lyve : shall give 4005, ye see : free 6950) oder geht auf -n aus (we gone : fone 4511, ye sayne : agayne 2638, they gone : one 3930, 6274, lyne : myne 1494, dyen 3426, leeven 3704). Die Endung -th ist selten: holdeth 3946, commeth 3315, hath 9, 10, (5792). — 11 Zupitzas Vermutung c 11 leuyd in sothefastenes ist nicht haltbar und wohl nur durch das übergeschriebene in veranlaßt; louyd c wird durch Cd und il amoient uerite gedeckt. — 14 Zum Sinn vgl. lur bons faitz dire e oir. — Zum Inf. auf -n vgl. sayne : certayne 3489, 3738 : agayne 6183, 6560 : Lorayne 4204 : Brytayne 6182, done : bone 3512, lyne : Sarasyne 6523, warrayne (afr. werreier) : againe 2236, auch bei konsonantischem Stammauslaut saven 2010, lyven 7950. — 45 Das Prät. von ae. healdan reimt wie bei Shakspere (vgl. Vietor, A Shakespeare Phonology) wiederholt mit Wörtern, die ī haben: fielde 2265, 6468; da es abgesehen von heald 170 immer mit einfachem e geschrieben ist, nehme

ich Kürze des Vokals und unreinen Reim an. Auch friend (frind 4973): wend 2877, 5803 : hende 2729, fiend : shend 5949 sind unreine Reime; Skelton, ed. Dyce bietet frende : fynde : wynde I 34, frynde : mynde I 35, frende : vnkynde Bowge 160. — **55** Rohande (altn. Hroaldr, frz. Roalt: vgl. Deutschbein, Stud. zur Sagengeschichte Englands 217) ist offenbar eine falsche Namensform, aber durch Reime mit hand 3987, 3997 gesichert und regelmäßig wiederkehrend; Rohaude begegnet nur 767 i. R. zu Heraud und ist 7225 dem Reim zulieb von mir in den Text gesetzt worden. Auch Rous in der 2. Hälfte des XV. Jahrhunderts nennt Guys Schwiegervater Rohand (PFolio, ed. Hales and Furnivall II 515), ebenso Girardus Cornubiensis. Zur Veränderung der Eigennamen um des Reimes willen und zu ihrer Unsicherheit überhaupt vgl. Degreuans neben Degreuant in Luicks Ausgabe, Percevale neben Percyvell in Holthausens Ausgabe des PGales, die Fülle von Entstellungen für Meleager in Kölbings Ipom. A, für Torrent in Adams Ausgabe; m. Anm. zu 877. — **64 f.** Zu assise = ne. size vgl. well sittyng C 68, frz. bien seaunt, syttynge c 58 mit Beziehung auf nose, während treitis (treatyse = 'well proportioned' d 64) im frz. Texte auf le viz bezogen wird. — **67** Zu kept ergänze ich she (zum Fehlen des Subj. in Schilderungen vgl. u. a. Eglam. 13, 277, 705) und erkläre k. c. mit NED als to preserve composure, refrain from expressing motion. Vgl. Be trew and hold thy c. Torr. 75, he lefte his c. eb. 1105. — **71** Wegen long body vgl. zu Eglam. 849; auch d 4151. — **80** Über die Verwechselung von ae. leornian und lǣran vgl. Zupitza zu c 6352; in d begegnet sie 16, 960 bezw. 153, 1316, 6142; hier muß dem Reim zulieb leared in den Text treten. — **84** holde ist als Part. (vgl. auch zu 1480) durch Reime zu bolde 4948, 6067 gesichert, holden begegnet im Versinnern 437, 680, 6810, 7499; das vereinzelte helde 49, wenn auch wie elde (ae. eald) 3613 historisch berechtigt, könnte Druckfehler sein.

105 that (the) good towne heißt W. auch 7629, 7899; vgl. auch 52, 2543, 2614 und Lincolne, þe gode boru Hav. 773. — **120** Über die Sicherung Englands vor Räubern vgl. Anm. 39 ff. in Holthausens Hav.-Ausgabe. — **122** Vgl. treasour : honour 4037, 6854 und Zupitza zu c 8783. — **123** In c 107 heißt der Steward Segwarde, C 110 Sywarde, A 225 Suward. — **127 f.** Die Umstellung der beiden Vershälften erschien mir sinngemäßer: „Er machte sich ringsum (over all about 107) durch reiche innere und äußere Gaben beliebt.“ Der Pleonasmus 6728 bringt mich aber nachträglich auf den Gedanken, daß in and out und all about dasselbe („überall“) sagen sollen. — **134** Zur Veränderung von on in of vgl. of his coupe serue he him dede AC 153, c 119, de sa coupe le fist seruir Zupitza zu c 119. Vgl. auch she made I. to serve hire of the cupp Ipom. C 825, 17; of wyne to serve me Ipom. A 447; thou off w. shall serue eb. 453; I shall s. of speris eb. 3156, 3255. — **164** Neben helpte die starken Formen helpe 644, 2181, 4236, 5549 f., 7146, 7713,

halpe 2013, 2441, 3013, holpe(n) 1581 (Sg.), 2083 (Pl.). — **181** Den Kirchgang erwähnen nur AC 197. — **188 f.** Gleiche Reimwörter wie 2605, 2699, 6182, 6269, 6422 usw., und doch möchte ich mit Rücksicht auf das Zeremoniell (Gij stode forn him AC 200) die Richtigkeit des zweiten set anzweifeln und dafür fet (4195, 6935, 7507) setzen; A reimt sett: in þat flett. — Nach Harl. Ms. 3775 Li quens se sist al manger wäre them in him zu ändern. — **190** Die Form (eche, every, no, some) dell kehrt im Reime mit well 2528, 2558, 5568, 7604 : ansell 446 wieder, ist aber in dieser Verbindung nicht die einzige: dele 4003, 4869, 7142, deale 434, 1943. Das auch sonst so häufige dell (c 309, Orfeo 661, RLöw. 2049, Interl. of the Four El. 889, 972, Skelton Col. 1290) in die letzteren Reime einzuführen, verhindert mich die Beobachtung, daß auch wele: every dele 569 (Skelton Col. well: dele 1063, 2196) geschrieben ist, well mit I feele 328, steele (ae. stîele) 2419, 3207, 5273 gebunden wird und auch weale 590 vorkommt. Wie dell ae. dǣl entspricht, so mell 254 ae. mǣl i. R. zu well. — **194** It (the kirtell) to amende noo nede it has C, To amenden þer on was neuer a del A 214. — **198** Das Prät. greete (2600, 2667, 3149, 6006, 7433, 7719) hat gret(te) 1314, 6872 i. R. m. ĕ zur Seite, so daß ich letztere Form 698, 3698 im Gegensatz zur Überlieferung in den Text gesetzt habe, um auch für das Auge die Reinheit des Reimes zu wahren. — **199 f.** Mit dem Wortlaut (sent: talent) stellt sich d zu AC 219 f., abweichend von c 166 y schulde, par ma faye, Before the serue thys same daye.

216 Zu to pay ('acceptably') ohne possessive Beziehung vgl. im NED unter pay Subst. und he cowde have seruyd hym well to paye Ipom. 150, 2751; c 178 sagt to hur p. — **238** Mit I hafe yow servede many a daye begründet Eglamour (221) seine Werbung um Cristabelle. — **272** Das im NED nicht belegte Präs. slaw kehrt i. R. zu they drawe 609 wieder. Die Stammformen dieses Verbums sind sehr reichhaltig: slea 310, 2024, 2027, 5912, 5924, slo : mo 5933 : go 3599, 5356, sloe : forgoe 1472 : tho 1887, slone : one 3422 : alone 5389 : fon 7532, slay 7842, sley 7217, slayne : soudayne 3568; Prät. slough 2694 : ynough(e) 1759, 5764, slow 3410, 4223 : you 2019 : now 5848, 6476, slowe : inowe 1434, slue 1339, 1349, 1515, 3891 : you 4026, 5868, slewe 1431, 4775 : drew 1490; P. Prät. slayne 2396, 3414 : fayne 3611 : agayne 4796 : sayne 3652, slaw : they saw 2398 : to draw 4774, slone : alone 5942. — **283** Der Komp. leaver ist gewöhnlich mit dem Zeichen für offenes e geschrieben: 308 f., 461, 655, 3959, 6693; aber 613, 1289, 5465 und im Kustos zu 6693 mit einfachem e; vgl. den Positiv leefe 603, 6127, leave 1163 (Vok.). — **286** Der zweite von doe abhängige Inf. ist wie 428, 1830 mit (for) to eingeleitet.

325 Die nicht in den Reim passende Schreibung chalenge kehrt 3712 wieder; auch Ipom. 1362 ist ch. : straunge dementsprechend zu ändern. — **335** Ye bee (þou art A) my lif and (f. A) my deth (ded A)

ywis CA 365, f. c. Neben death 619, 6345, 6627 de(e)d(e) 584, 1532, de(a)de 4855, 4934, 6279, 6542. — **354** þou art ytaught to (of C) liþer (wikked C) scole AC 384, f. c.* — **359** ying ist trotz dem Reime im alten Druck auch 644, 4862, 4960, 5027, 7943 beseitigt; 759 ist es stehen geblieben; im Innern kommt es nie vor, nur yong 7564, young 556. — **377** Thou shalt be brente, That al men may be war ('gewarnt') by the SBab. 2227, He ys an happy man, þat ys war be anothyr mannys dedys Angl. 42, 200, alle wyse men be ware be me c 1168. — **379** flye habe ich dem Reime zulieb beseitigt: vgl. flee : me 529 : cittie 1753.

406 Wie bei cloathes 415, 5125, 5591, 5842, 6418 bezeichnet auch bei cloathing 1165, loathlye 6291, stroake 951, 1861, 4788 oa das lange o. — **409** Love, aslake me of this wodenesse C 429. — **425** Zur Anrede an den Tod vgl. 1472 und Fl Bl. 287, Kölbing zu Ipom. 4688-4702. — **437** f. Das Sprichwort bietet nur AC 453 f. — **478** Zum Sing. in Zeit- und Maßbestimmungen vgl. fower foote 6301, twenty myle 5910, forty fadome 5438, thyrty fadome 7711, (twenty yeare 6241, an hundered wynter 694, twelve moneth 6361). — **494** Die Fieberhitze eines Liebenden beschreibt Morus, Picus (HArch. 122) 46 [95]; vgl. auch BCupide XXIX, XXXIV.

503 Zu fevery, das das NED nur als Adj. kennt, ist wohl aus 501 f. payne hinzuzudenken. AC 523 sagen die Ärzte a feuer it is; in c 265 stellen sie keine Diagnose. Die Ärzte, die den Kaufmann von Bagdad in Lydgates FdM untersuchen, sind erfahrener: sie 'konne noon othir fevir espye But that for love was hool his malladye' (L). — **522** Zu give force = 'to care for' vgl. Lett god do wyth me, what hym lyste, I gaff no fors Ipom. 2360, Of outward obseruaunces he gaue no very great f. Morus, Picus (HArch. 121) 318; As for mynstrell, it maketh no f. Int. of the Four El. 1336; she made no f., what werk she wrought Ipom. 7971; of þam al mak thou na f. Yw. 775; it is no f. though.. Yorksh. Wr. II 100, 35; Though she me blame, noo f. y kanne C 546; he set of me no f. Lydg., GHSh 237; no for(e)s for thy Ipom. 4696, 8703, Triam. (PFolio) 1474. — **528** To warrant ichil drawe þat loue doþ me þider come A 547; to w. dr. haben Cc nicht, aber Harl. Ms. — **532** Die Vision scheint sich nur in d zu finden. Eine andere Engelserscheinung haben wir 7240; Ysumbras erfährt (536) seine Vergebung durch Engelsmund. — **598** Das Gebot steht 380.

654 entspricht AC 642 Be it wiþ riȝt, be it wiþ wrong; vgl. auch were it w. r., were it w. wouȝ A 5080 und ähnlich A 6766, 6921, c 6613, 11702; whether it be wrong or riht Lydg., GHSh. 524. — **688** Zum Wechsel der Part. Präs. auf -and und -ing vgl. die Reime 2321, 5819, 7008; 7040. — **698** ff. Hinter go fehlt der Punkt; he th. ist nicht in Kommas zu setzen: 'die Zeit bis zum Ritterschlag dünkte ihn' (vgl. Zupitza zu c 8786) 'über 100 Jahre lang'. — **699** Das aus altn. titt entstandene Wort hat i. R. m. Wörtern, die aus dem Ae. ein h in der Schreibung behalten haben, dight 7269, knyght 1616, 4302, 7759, fight

1384, 2926, might 4777, 7544, night 1665, 4411, right 2853 ein unorganisches gh angenommen; ohne gh sehen wir es i. R. m. smyte 6577 : quyte 6628. Die Aussprache ist natürlich in beiden Schreibungen dieselbe: mit dem Diphthong ei. Dieses unorganische gh zeigt auch prough (afr. prou) 7794. Vgl. ferner quyght (ne. quite) : flyght Skelton, Magn. 682; dought (ne. doubt) Maund. (Pynson; ed. Ashton) 197, Ipom. 8456; perfyght (: perfect) Bale, Thre Lawes (Anglia V) 786, 1989, profyght : nyght eb. 1238, spyght : hyght eb. 1303 und m. Bem. zu Lydg., FdM XLIX.

708 f. Die Schreibung doub nur hier; vgl. aber doubbed PGal. 1638. — Zur Zahl 30 vgl. Kölbing zu Ipom. 1692; 35 sind es Egl. 977. — **761** Der Name des ersten Weggenossen ist offenbar entstellt: in den übrigen Fassungen (z. B. c 481, AC 773) beginnt er stets mit T; wenn man bedenkt, daß 2549 T und Y vom alten Setzer verwechselt sind, so könnte Gleiches bei diesem Eigennamen vorgekommen sein. Die zweite Silbe geht c 481, A 773 auf -alde bezw. -old, in C 773 auf -eld aus; aber diese Formen stören 1349 den R. m. Heraude. Ein Toraud im Anschluß an Toraud A 1610, Toraulde C 1424 würde abgesehen von meiner Änderung 1318 allen Anforderungen gerecht. — **765** Wie 244, 4223 (: care) ist hier und 2536 sowie 1308 (: spare) there statt thare in die Überlieferung gekommen; thare ist aber oft (z. B. 1547, 1637, 5080, 6121) erhalten geblieben. there ist durch Reimworte wie Raynere 4124, piller 5858, checker 6266 gedeckt; thore r. m. sore 3881, more 4067, bore (ne. boar) 5761. — **782** wilsom bezw. wildsom = wild, desert von Adam dreimal aus Torr. belegt. — **789** Ron heißt die Stadt auch A 787; C hat (vgl. auch zu 1059) eine offene Stelle zwischen At und taketh Guy herborough; c 501 sagt To a cyte they come. Aber in allen drei Hss. liegt die Stadt in der Normandie. — **797** Zu dem t-Vorschlag in rytch vgl. ritcher 5748, batcheler 4479, 5613, 7812, Triam. (PFolio: Copland) 787, martchauntes Skelton, BCourte 120.

806 f. any gibt neben nigh-hande und of this countrie 804 keinen Sinn; an dem Nebeneinander von of this c. (abhängig von some tydinges) und in this l. braucht man nicht Anstoß zu nehmen, da solche Häufung von Begriffen und Gedanken sich auch sonst findet: fayrer mayde 72, 92, there neben at Warwyke 1032, fayre 126, 146, he made him loved 127 und all men l. him 147, thus 1453 f., unto Rone 789 und theyther 790, for thy love 384 und for l. of thee 386; vgl. ferner 131 und 136, 990 und 992, 2477 und 2489, 3324 f., 7878 und 7880. — Wovon soll man die beiden of abhängig denken? Ich stelle justes, tornement, assembl[er]y (vgl. semblee 969, 1564) einander parallel. Am nächsten kommt c 510 Gye .. axed .. yf he harde anythynge of turnament or of justynge. — **810** Mit der Überlieferung weiß ich nichts anzufangen; zu areson (fragen) vgl. aresound A 4482, areisoned him: 'Man, what is þe name' Rbr. XXXV, þe erle resonyd hur c 7012; Yw. 1094. — **825** f. Das von mir dem Reim zulieb in den Text gesetzte defend belegt NED aus dem 15. Jahrhundert;

defence kehrt 5057 wieder. — Die kontrahierte Form turment steht auch 1053, C 798, Tor. 2357; nach dem von Luick HGr. § 463 entwickelten Gesetz halte ich sie trotz Kölbing zu Ipom. 2868 für möglich; vgl. auch Hungry 2319 neben Hungary 2623. — **877** Die Namensform schwankt zwischen Gaire (882, 885 f.) und Gayere (: neare 2358 : cheare 2372 : distrere 2385 : Raynere 2701); letztere ist durch die Reime und ACc verbürgt, obgleich sie nie in d erscheint. Vgl. auch zu 4480. — **889** Reimwort nach 7312 ergänzt. — haubert belegt NED schon aus RGlouc.; vgl. auch halbert GC 8, 146.

910 Zu full hote vgl. Zupitza zu Guy c 1049 (= quickly). — **911 f.** fasse ich als Sprichwort, that he = who. Andere allgemeine Gedanken 296, 437, 549, 1185, 1481, 1799, 7229. — **918** Otten ist 4953 (: reason) sicher ein Druckfehler; ob auch hier, 1301, 1439, 1959, 5503, lasse ich dahingestellt. Ottos Herrschergebiet heißt in d stets Pany (= Pavia). — **921** c 613 Here y am, the dewke Raynere ähnelt d mehr als AC 913 Icham þe douke R. þat to þe speke. — **930** Deutlicher c 624 When þou seyst tyme, qwyte me my mede, AC 926 When (YfC) ichaue nede, aquite (yelde C) it me. — **933** Auch nach c 628 stellt Rayner die Frage, nach AC 931 Otto. — **937** Der Name der Stadt Löwen ist in AC 939 (Lowayn bezw. Louayne) besser erhalten; c 633 hat loyane. — **949** Der in der Konsonanz unreine Reim kommt auch 1621, 2017, 2487, 4863, 7545, 7632, 7831, AC 2445 vor; dem Reim zulieb ist 3535, 4660, 6443 Heraute geschrieben, wie aus gleichem Grunde Rohaute 1163; auch c schreibt 7629, 8535 Harrawte : defawte. — **950** Es ist auffällig, daß auch noch Heraude in den Kampf mit dem Herzog von Löwen eingegriffen haben sollte, wie das auch AC 949 f. annehmen; c 642 sagt: to dewke Myrande he made asawte. — **955** Wandomere = Gaudiner A, Gaudemer C 953, Waldynere c 645. — **978** Zu on both syde vgl. boþe hys eye NED unter both 3 a.

1017 Mit der Gewährung des Ritterschlages stellt sich d auf die Seite von c 698 Knyght wyll y dubbe the; in AC 1021 ff. beschenkt nur Guy den Boten und seine Gefährten. Blaunchflowers Ritter zu sein verspricht Guy AC 1017, c 696. — **1025** call to (635 = anrufen) scheint mir hier keinen Sinn zu geben; zur Änderung vgl. 2515 und AC 793 Sir G. his ost cleped him to. — Dem his men entspricht Tvay swaines AC 1035, Two seruauntys c 711. — **1042** was als Plur. auch 3044, (4304; vor dem Subj. 6012, 6061). — **1059** Den Fehler Rome hat d mit c 750 (vgl. auch Weyrauch, Die me. Fassungen der Sage von GofW. 20) gemeinsam. In A fehlt die Stelle, C 1073 läßt zwischen To und ayene he is come And with his good hooste his inne nome eine Lücke. Offenbar ist Rouen gemeint. — **1075** AC 1097 nennen den König Athelston (: anon A), c 756 Edgare (: fare). — **1094** Besser C 1118 My lif y haue mit dem Zusatz thurgh thee = par vous ai certes ma vie bei Zupitza zu c 781 (Yf þou were not, y were but dede).

1110 boulde nur hier; häufiger steht ou für ae. ō: bloud 1390 (= Skelton I 13, 195; 6, 4), bloudy 7165 (Maund.-Pynson 105), south (ae. sôþ) 5160, 6601, 6735 (= SBab. 1025, 1689, 2275). — **1114** benome, in d ein Wort, ist wie amorous Prädikatsnomen zu become: vgl. to be benome RLöw. 6312. — **1122** Hier wie 1792 ist shew (ae. sceawian), 8 war shaw durch den Reim gesichert. — **1125** = 735. — **1136** Andere mit al-to- gebildete Komposita (vgl. Zupitza zu c 11141-2) sind al-to-flawen 5077, al-tohew 2192, 2196, 2276, 3069, 3489, al-torent 2327, 3809, al-toshake 7884, al-toshente 2328, al-totorne 2192, 2324, 2428, al-towounded 2324. — **1141** powre neben power: here 2458; Morus, Picus reimt es mit sauiour, howre HArch. 122, 37, 40, 49. — **1160 f.** Wohl of st. in? Vgl. 1824. Obgleich ye als Acc. (indessen nur selten) auch sonst vorkommt (3473, 3492 : she 6022), habe ich you um der Deutlichkeit willen in den Text gesetzt; AC 1197 For al þe more men schal þe dout. — **1194** heare (ne. here) mit dem Zeichen des offenen e auch 3533 (: peare), 5528 (: cheare) neben here : cheare 7084 : chere 631 : pere 6537. — Ae. hêran entsprechen here 3327 und heare 5367. — **1197** AC 1237, c 883 nennen die Mutter nicht mit Vornamen. Aber Rous (PFolio II 515) kennt die 'Dame Sabyn, a florentyne in Italy of the noble bloode of the contrey, translate from Italy vnto this lande'. Auch Harl. Ms. 3775 spricht 422 von dame Sabint sa bone miere.

1230 AC 1270 verlegen das Turnier nach Bonevent, c 920 nach Bonement, C 6420 (d. i. an späterer Stelle) betwene Pauy and Boneuent. — **1236** d hatte 820 Rouen richtig in die Normandie verlegt; vgl. auch 789. Doch scheint der Fehler (nach Zupitza zu c 924) en Bretaine li nafra schon älter zu sein. AC haben 1277 keine Ortsbezeichnung: he him wounded in a turnament As ichaue (y C) herd (before C) telle (tolde C). — **1256** Die Örtlichkeit ist c nicht bekannt; A 1304 nennt sie forest of Pleyns, C sagt hier in the forest that is full nere, nennt sie aber an der d 2054 entsprechenden Stelle (2079) forest of playnes; c 1865 at the pase of thy foreste In Lumbardy bietet keinen an Playne erinnernden Namen. — **1264** Zupitza sucht zu c 954 wahrscheinlich zu machen, daß (entsprechend c) For him ne shall no raunsome go zu lesen sei; C 1310 sagt Ne shall he neuere come to Raumpson. — **1275 f.** Meine Änderung wird gedeckt durch AC 1329 Now comeþ Gij.. Opon a mulet = c 965 und Sir G. of þat mulet aliȝt and asked his stede AC 1339, c 975. — **1289** Neben der unpersönlichen Konstruktion von leef ben 283 steht hier und 5493 die persönliche (Einenkel, HSynt. § 15 α). Vgl. auch die Vermischung beider (Zupitza zu c 5077): me had l. Ipom. 2151, 3502; mikill leuere him had Horstmann, Leg. (1881) 179, 213; RLöw. (ed. Brunner) 3526, SBab. 1417 und Me moste in to my lond Ipom. 4663, On fote moste hym go Ys. T 71.

1310 ff. Zu m. Änderung. vgl. Manye vnder hys hand deyde RLöw. 7112 und boundes statt houndes d 3491. — Zu fellawe vgl. 6844 i. R. m.

I saw; im Innern fellow 1279, 6852. — Die Wendung I stand (none) awe, historisch im NED unter awe erklärt, kehrt 1354 wieder; vgl. auch st. in awe 2761, Ipom. 8164; Al Engelond of him st. a. Hav. 277, Off him we stode swilke eye (ae. ege : deye) RLöw. 3633 und (unpersönlich) Me standes [non] awe for to lye RLöw. 3590. — **1318** Ich übersetze 'er zahlte tüchtig heim' und verweise auf Yw. 2476 þe geant gaf he ful gude pay und RLöw. 4056 he payde Sarezynys here rente. Die Stelle enthält auch 1314, 1316 ironische Wendungen. — **1337** Der Graf heißt 1241 und 1437 Lambert(e); demgemäß habe ich hier e in die zweite Silbe gesetzt; der letzte Konsonant darf entsprechend AC 1285, 1407, c 1033 (: harde) d sein. So wird ein genauer Reim mit swerde hergestellt, einer Form, die 4707, 6225, 6744, 7755 : bearde 4579 neben swearde 4287, 4577, 5120 : earde 6078 : erde 4278 und sworde 3765 und sonst im Versinnern wiederkehrt. — **1340** In AC 1410 wird L. von Guy getötet; d stimmt zu c 1037. — **1345** f. Hewchon c 1041, Hougoun A, hugon C 1417. — Zu besibbe, im NED nicht belegt, vgl. C 2132 (= d 2136) Besibbe he was the Duke Segwyn. Entsprechend unserer Stelle haben c 1042 cosyn, AC 1418, 1540 neve; vgl. auch d 1435. — **1357** dan Gauter AC 1435, syr Gayer c 1053. — **1381** Zupitza hat in seiner Abschrift deutlich kenntlich gemacht, daß man nicht Guicharde lesen darf, wie man nach der Herkunft des Namens und AC 1479 Gwissard bezw. Guychard erwarten sollte; c 1075 nennt den Lombarden Segwarde. — **1387** Vgl. double hawberke 3037 und Otuell 1078.

1401 can (well, ought) of: vgl. 827. — **1404** or (that) he spake (= sofort), auch 1743, 2063, 6517. — **1415** Deutlicher AC 1513 ff. Gode was þe hors þat Gwichard rod on. — **1419** Wo der Herzog herkam, sagen AC 1519, c 1115: from huntynge. — **1444** Guyon (= Guyoun 3237) ist ebenso wie Guy durch Reime (vgl. zu 3062) geschützt und steht im Innern 3977; vgl. Zupitza zu c 365. — **1450** wishe (ae. wissian) wird 7488 i. R. m. blisse zurückgewiesen; vgl. aber wyssh a. reede FlBl. 371, GC 608 neben dem üblichen wis(s)e a. r. FlBl. 538; Zupitza EStud. XIII 406 f.; wissen a. roþe Hav. 361. — **1459** ff. I am not þe furste nodur þe laste, That þorowe a woman downe ys caste c 1165, weniger ähnlich A 1563 þe last no worþ y nought þat wimmen han to gronde ybrouȝt, f. C. — Dann Ac alle oþer may bi me, ȝif þai wil, ywarned be AC 1565; Nothur be two, nothur be three, All wyse men be ware be me c 1168. — Vgl. auch Mulier est hominis confusio bei Skeat, EEProv. Nr. 256, full grete treason by women hathe be wrought HArch. 138, 173, 525. — **1464** Deckt sich genau mit A 1568; C hat That were = What þou were; c 1170 weicht ganz ab. — **1473** ff. Hangyd be the Lumbardes, That be so fowle cowardes, That y ne were wyth the slone! Why haue þey lefte me allone c 1177; zu m. Änderung 1476 vgl. 5268, Accursed be þe Lombardes ichon, That slowen þe, and lete me gon! AC 1577. — **1477** counsayle : hele (ae. hǣl) ist ein reiner Reim mit offenem e; vgl. die

Schreibung des Verbums heale 1546, gray-heared 79, 3613. counsel(l) begegnet 1792 als Subst., 2523 als Vb. 475 reimt travayle mit dem aus dem altn. heill stammenden Adj. heyle. — **1480** Das Fehlen der Endung beim PPrät. ist durch Reime reichlich gesichert: befall : all 5878, be : sea 4129, draw : awe 6497, forget : meate 3760, lore : more 7003 usw., aber auch -n ist gedeckt: gone : none 5453, beforne : borne 7516 : sworne 3311. — **1481** A 1593 schließt mit dem Sprichwort Who þat nil nouȝt leue his fader He schel leue his steffader. — **1489** Nichts Ähnliches in ACc. — **1499** Das st. leepe sichert 7709 der Reim.

1508 in graue sind hier und 4352 im alten Druck zwei getrennte Wörter, daher do in g. = ley in g. (Hav. 408, Ipom. 7329, 7439) = putte into g. Horstmann, Leg. (1881) 269, 153. — **1514** Statt the schlage ich a vor; vgl. 1259, 4145 und c 1185 (= d 1479 f.) Soche sorowe vndur a wode syde For noþyng schulde haue me betyde. — **1520** wonder in Verbindung mit Subst. auch 7811, 7883. — **1549** Pole c 1272, Poile (Poyle) AC 1670. — **1560** Das Land heißt bald Cesoyne (914: Burgoyne 1570, 4176) bald wie hier Sesayne (: Lorayne 1704); vgl. auch zu 2102. — **1581** Zu finde (unterhalten) vgl. 4481, m. Belege zu Ys LI 5 und die Erklärung des Ausdrucks 4962, 4960. — **1589** Zur Vervollständigung ist aus 1587 ein Relativsatz zu ergänzen.

1610 God his = Gods; vgl. 3699 ff. und here gyffe I þam goddis malyson S Mel. 683; have he Cristes m. A 3882, he bede him Cristes m. AC 1466. — **1611** deye bedingt der Reim neben dye : vilanye 2107 : lye 4249. — **1618** Gemäß c 1333 Who was thy lorde könnte man thi (vgl. my lord 1607) l. in den Text zu setzen geneigt sein; vgl. aber AC 1736 What hete þe (that C) man þou loued so miche? — **1622** Derselbe Druckfehler assaute = a saute (NED sault sb[2]) wie 4659, 7632. — **1625** And ist wie 2512 durch An zu ersetzen; hundreth nur hier, sonst hund(e)red. — **1638** thare : fare auch c 1355; aber AC 1769 Adoun þai sett hem boþe þare, And aiþer teld of oþeres care. — **1649** Das Prädikat (etwa there were) ist leicht zu ergänzen, nicht etwa bathed und clothed umzustellen und with the best mit dem folgenden Subst. zu verbinden; vgl. Zupitza zu c 1496 über w. the b. und I ate and drank with the best: Dickens bei Forster, Life 181 (III 6). — **1654** Zu governaunce (= 'conduct of life; behaviour') vgl. vertuous g. L 73, 4; misgovernaunce d 6162. — **1665** Den Ort in Flandern gibt c 1391 nicht an; AC 1795 Seynt Omer(s). — **1693** Zu Duke Lavayne ohne of vgl. 5649, Zupitza zu c 633. — **1695** Auch c 1420, 1453 cosyn, d 1725 i. R., obgleich c 1440, d 1716 = A 1856 Sadock als des Kaisers soster sone bezeichnen; auch Shakspere wirft die Begriffe 'Vetter' und 'Neffe' durcheinander; ebenso ist im Deutschen 'Vetter' ein weiter Begriff; vgl. Weyrauch S. 42 und m. Anm. zu 3747, 4571, 6960. AC 1827 haben nevou (neuyeu).

1701 Segwyn c 1431, C 1831; Segyn A. — **1706** Den Ort des Turniers geben auch c 1423, AC 1834 nicht an. — **1711** Die Sadock-

Geschichte fehlt C 1835-88. — **1720** in playne (sengle A) armes c 1443, A 1845; vgl. den Gegensatz 1387. — **1754** A 1886 nennt die Stadt Arrascoun, c 1482 Argone, C 2583 Ransone. — **1760** That = Sadocke; him = Segwyn. — **1788** hastely wechselt mit hastily. — **1796** Vgl. 1978, 3098, 3374, clad at a. r. 4944, armed at (to) a. r. c 2050, Ipom. 5703, RLöw. 3145, Orfeo 290, hardy men at a. r. ETol. 421. — **1799** Einen allgemeinen Gedanken hat nur A 1909 Hem to help men schul spede þat to help han gret nede.

1810 fyfty wie 1795 und AC 1919; vgl. auch die frz. Quelle bei Zupitza zu c 1561-4 und Weyrauch S. 70; aber c 1561 hat fyve hundurde = c 1549. — **1811** ride hat beide Prät.-Vokale beibehalten: he rode : brode 7700, they roden 1877, rode 4523, 7652; they ryden 2391, 4140, ridden 1576. Bei bestride ist der Plural-Vokal, wenn wir es nicht etwa wie bei betyde 4308 mit einer schw. Form zu tun haben, 3975 (: Inf. ryde) in den Sing. eingedrungen. — **1815** Da (trotz dem Drucke) 2664 messe : gesse gesichert ist und lasse nicht vorkommt, habe ich auch hier masse verworfen; lesse reimt 12 mit stedfastnesse. — **1818** Neben run 1390, 5479 ren 1348, 2212, 3900 usw. — **1823** Deutlicher AC 1938 þemperours steward = c 1583. — **1824** Betreffs valoure vgl. zu 122. — **1825** Zu dem schlechten Reim vgl. best: richest AC 398, riches: goodnesse d 4115, weapon: done 7293, body: hastily 7301 : truely 7855 u. ä. — **1859** Auch (1811) smite erscheint mit beiden Prät.-Vokalen: he smote : bote 6708, they smote 2009, 7553; they smiten 4683, smitten 2015, 2381. — **1864 f.** A quarter of his helme AC 1960, On hys hedde c 1628. — **1876** Der schw. Plur. fon(e) ist durch den Reim 3049, 3193, 4512, 7531 gesichert; im Innern steht er 1918, 4781. Andere schw. Plur. sind eyen 3863, 6305, 7459, hosen 3660. — **1891** Neben came : name 4627, 6193 come : nome 4641; came r. m. I am 6776 (lemman 5624).

1922 grete cheualrye verspricht c 1740 auch der Herzog von Pavia; A 1976. — **1948** Mit seven steht d vereinzelt: Ar þe þridde day worþ to ende ybrouȝt A 1957 (C hat gekürzt), Or hyt be passyd dayes thre (: bee) c 1733. — **1945** prowaunce = prowess, im NED nicht belegt, kehrt 4363 wieder. — **1961** Wenn auch Dibelius Anglia XXIII 170 für London ai, ay 'nach Art des Nordens für ā geschrieben' belegt, scheint mir doch in d eine durch cittie veanlaßte Verwechselung mit fayre ('schön') vorzuliegen, vgl. aber crayn (ae. cran) 2610, 2812. — **1978** Daß im alten Druck sich 1997-2020 anschließt, ist sinnwidrig. — **1981** Zu m. Änderung vgl. c 1785 a thousande. AC 1997 räumen Guy nur an hundred ein. In bezug auf Heraudes Heerestärke (1977) gehen alle Fassungen auseinander: AC 1994 Four hundred, c 1782 Fyve h. — **1997** Betreffs unsette steven vgl. zu Eglam. 1273-5 und Zupitza, HArch. 90, 251.

2009 Betreffs without stryfe vgl. Zupitza zu c 346 und lay hyr vpon the styth w. ony more str. Horstmann, Leg. (1881) 324, 151. —

2018 saut steht hier für assaut; vgl. 2488, Zupitza zu c 576 und oben zu 1622. — **2021** ff. Zum Ungeschick in der Reimtechnik vgl. u. a. also : tho, also : tho 2838, Brytayne : sayne, s.: agayne 6181, knight : right, rightes : knights 4605. — **2027** Reim hier und 2422 geändert nach 2011. — **2048** woundes wyde ist ein sehr geläufiger Ausdruck (u. a. 2187, 3409, SMel. 260, 1154, 1522, 1556, SBab. 1472), während ich wounded w. nirgend gefunden habe; ist had woundes statt wounded zu setzen? — **2051** Otto wird 1994, 2801 vylany vorgeworfen; aber felony braucht nicht die technische Bedeutung zu haben, die das Lehnswesen ihm gab. — **2053** come Prät.: vgl. zu 1891. — **2054** of abhängig von forest. Zur Zerreißung zusammengehöriger Begriffe vgl. Then sayd T.: 'Syr Emperour' with mylde voyce 2749, 4607, 5140 (7275); 257 = longing for love of that may; 4232 ist wohl me hinter after (vgl. 4665) zu stellen. — **2060** Zu dem von mir ergänzten on vgl. 3487, 4589, 6528. Ist der Angegriffene genannt, so wechselt on (5080, 6224) mit at (3806, 5862), to (1376). — **2068** foughten neben fought 2061; vgl. 2186, 2411, 2986, they token 4756, holpen 2083, sawen 5078, shoten 2473 und Anm. zu 1859. — Neben -ought (doughter 3211, sought 6376, 6408, nought 6411) -aught (faughten 3439, 4706, 5118, saught 6354, naughte 5135, daughter 57, 3199). — **2084** Zu hente fehlt das Objekt; ich habe daher his eingesetzt und ergänze aus 2082 sword. — **2086** have the worse party 948, 4668; h. the w. syde c 2217; vgl. Zupitza zu c 5214. — **2088** Der Sinn von bente ist mir nicht klar: sollte es das Wort sein, von dem NED unter bent sb¹ II 5 sagt: 'In ME. the stock poetic word for the field (of battle)'? — **2089** Daß im alten Druck die Seiten falsch aneinander gesetzt sind, zeigt die Mangelhaftigkeit des Sinnes sowie meine vergleichende Übersicht S. 3; vgl. auch 2209. Ferner könnten (gemäß c 2065-2104) 2251-2292 vor 2237 ihren Platz erhalten; vgl. Anm. zu 2237.

2100 Zu Lumbarde vgl. fifti knizt bei Einenkel, HSynt. § 19. — **2102** Zu m. Änderung vgl. 2303. Nach Anm. zu 1560 hätte ich auch Cesayne : Colayne schreiben können, obgleich die Endungen historisch unberechtigt sind; andere Ortsnamen auf -aine mögen eingewirkt haben. — **2110** afray = 'to scare' (NED); afrayed = ne. afraid 5136. — **2127** That he felle to the grownde (: stownde) c 1946; zum Ausdruck vgl. d 1359, 2077. — **2135** Gylmyn(e) c 1955, Gilmyn C 2131, A 'leaf torn off'. — **2137** ff. Dem Erle Bartufe entspricht in C 2133 duke Botolf; A ist verstümmelt, c nach 1956, was weder Zupitza noch Weyrauch bemerkt hat, offenbar lückenhaft. Das Eingreifen Guys, als ob er mit den Seinen Bartufe (him 2139) hätte zu Fall bringen helfen, hat in C kein Seitenstück. — **2144** horsyng, anscheinend Ger. von horse (he was horsede Ys. 457, 731), finde ich als Ausruf nirgend belegt. Meint hersyn 2270 dasselbe? — **2152** = 2136. — **2173** Wiþ gret raundoun (= 'impetuosity' NED) RLöw. 7131; vgl. auch d 5094 und Kölbing zu Tristr. 1035. — **2179** Zu A d. kn. ist being oder as (2209, 2330,

2388 usw.) hinzuzudenken. — **2190** þe children sprauleden in þe blod Hav. 475.

2202 Gawtere c 2024, Gayer C 2172, in A nur -er erkennbar. — **2237** ff. Der erste Kampf zwischen Guy und Terry (AC 2213-2224) fehlt c nach 2064; vgl. zu 2089. — Das Prät. clave ist die üblichere Form in d: 4068, 4077, 4580, 5784, 6740, 7062, 7556; cleve (ae. clêaf) sichert der Reim 2977. — Für **2242** hat nur A 2217 etwas Entsprechendes: No his (= Guys) tvifold armes halp him nouȝt þat in Loreyn weren ywrouȝt. — Mit **2247** f. deckt sich AC 2221 So hard þai striken hem bitvene, þat gode (goolde and C) stones fallen þer ben. — **2250** entspricht A 2223 (C fehlt) Aiþer semed a lyoun of mode. — **2260** Neben der schw. Form grynded die st. 6860 i. R. zu they founde. — **2263** Die Ausdrucksweise ist ironisch; vgl. 2481, 3392, 3406, 4579 und zu 1318. — **2276** Das st. hew 3489, 4775. — **2278** Prät. waxe (Chaucer; Oct. 47, 85, 153, 1030; R Löw. 6004; E Tol. 316, 400, 1058; über Wycl. vgl. Dibelius, Angl. XXIV 240) neben waxed 4150, 6733, waxte 3046. — Die Berufung auf den heil. Martin hat nur c 2092. — **2285** f. Der allgemeine Gedanke deckt sich am meisten mit c 2099 Hyt ys bettur slayne to be, Then cowardely awey to flee; C 2241 sagt For better it is manly dede bee Than with shame awey to flee; in A fehlt er.

2305 Der Steward war 1823 (c 1583, AC 1937) namenlos eingeführt worden. Auch jetzt bietet A keinen Namen: C 2267 nennt ihn Conrad, c 2141 Gawter. Wieder namenlos ist er d 2735, c 2587, C 2677 (A fehlt ein Blatt). — **2309** Wie Justis in den Text kommen konnte, ist mir unerklärlich: AC 2271, c 2145 haben das Richtige. — **2328** as he was borne kehrt 4146 wieder, auch in der Verbindung mit alone und wohl mit Rücksicht auf die Hilflosigkeit beider Personen; vgl. auch naked als þai warn b. Yw. 2382, Ys. 100, Hav. 1949; clene of syn, als þat day b. were ȝee S Mel. 909. — **2331** Zum unreinen Reim vgl. 3897 feete : meeke. — **2350** = 1778. — **2359** AC 2341, c 2195 fif hundred. — **2365** what shal we do? AC 2331; vgl. auch d 2627. — **2377** f. And ȝif we habbeþ gret nede, Oȝeinward we mai ous spede AC 2345, Yf we haue the wars syde, Into the cyte wyll we ryde c 2217. — **2399** Zur Ungleichheit der Konsonanz im Reime vgl. come : wone 7409, came : man 2881 : than 5559 : ran 5771 : lemman 5623.

2442 Vgl. As a doughty man in every neede 2164 (3872). — **2450** Auch hier (2356, 2943, 3082) nimmt d den Mund voller als A 2415 (A þousand) und c 2284 fyve hundurd; C spricht 2419 von dem Verhältnis von fourty ayenst oon. — **2467** Die Überlieferung ist beizubehalten und and — crye in Klammern zu setzen. — **2486** they = the Almaynes, them = they within.

2517 ff. C hat von 2448 (= d 2492) bis 2558 (= d 2620) eine Lücke; A 2479 ff. bietet folgende Namen: Dan Belin and dan Gauter And þe þridde dan Holdimer And Joceran, þat was of Spayne, Was no wiser

into Almayne; c 2357 nennt nur Rofaran, þat was an hardy man: Ther was none wysear in Almayn. — Mit Poche Lond weiß ich nichts anzufangen; die von Weyrauch S. 23 abgedruckte frz. Stelle sagt (= d 2518) E dauns Golyn e Holdiner. Ist P.-L. ein Beiwort und mit to poach (= 'to encroach or trespass on the lands or rights of another') in Zusammenhang zu bringen? — **2526** = 2500. — **2553** Als Gegensatz zu Yf he with loue wyll not bowe (2385) fügt c hinzu He schall with awe, dem d näher steht als der Fassung in A 2496 ʒif he seyþ ouʒt wiþ hete. — **2560** Die Zahl stimmt zu A 2491 (þousinde: finde); c 2373, 2391 hat An hundurd. — **2563** Ähnlich 1839. — **2567** hart gegenüber boore (: thore) c 2406, A 2511 (C fehlt). — **2572** Ähnlich 1270. horse hat auch 1838, 1857, 5096 sein Pluralzeichen eingebüßt. — **2591** f. Mit Or stellt sich d zu A 2535 Ar; c 2439 hat Whyll that. Dasselbe gilt von passe al þis cuntre A gegenüber be hens gone c 2440.

2612 be als Plur. Präs. Ind. (ye be: ye 5328, 5311, they bee: me 4251) hat 5046, 7661 beue neben sich, aber keine ne. are entsprechende Form. — **2614** f. Vielleicht ist mit A 2556 castels zu lesen. — **2625** f. Für die Namen bietet nur c 2469 Anhalt: (Wekel)wolde, (Grum)bolde. — **2631** f. In AC 2562, c 2473 antwortet Terry. — **2662** Die Verbindung von w. gr. h. mit dem Präd. erscheint inhaltleer: darf man nach 3518, Oct. 1507 chylde of h., eb. 1672 lady of h., SBab. 1858, 2409 God of h., eb. 2645 Mahounde of h., eb. 2841 kinge of h. ändern? Vgl. aber das jedenfalls formelhafte w. (gret) h. auch 2765, 2814, 2840, 3305, 6236 und c 2673 He grauntyd w. h. That mayde. — **2695** Die Rechtfertigung (c 2554 Me defendawnt) fehlt C 2646; in A fehlt ein Blatt. Zum Ausdruck vgl. 2720.

2717 Die Ergänzung von be hat schon Zupitza zu c 792 vorgeschlagen. — **2739** f. Zu dem unabhängigen Inf. vgl. Einenkel, HSynt. S. 20. — **2741** forgive = to give up 2764, 4880, 4975, 5734 (Forgeue the dewke þyn euyll wylle c 2606, f. him your wrathe C 2700, þou schalt f. thy maltalent RLöw. 3691). — **2758** his = thy cosyn, he = Segwyn: vgl. c 2611 In stede of yowre cosyn schall he (= Segwyne) be; anders C 2697 In his stede y (= Tirry) shall bee; A verstümmelt. — **2770** Die Änderung von weepe in greete liegt sehr nahe; ob sie hier und 7161 nötig ist, kann nach Anm. zu 2331, 2399 zweifelhaft sein. — **2772** Nach 2663 (c 2510, C 2591) ist der Kaiser in der Kirche, und dorthin geht Segwyn (2687), nachdem er sich in seinem Gemach (2682) zurecht gemacht hatte; c erwähnt an der d 2772 entsprechenden Stelle (2630 many to ther ynne wendys) die Kirche nicht mehr; AC sind lückenhaft. — **2799** Meine Änderung ist nur ein Notbehelf: ich hätte auch And three knightes sentest me agayne setzen können. Käme letzteres der ursprünglichen Fassung näher, so konnte in dem zweimaligen kn. three der Anlaß zur Änderung des Setzers, der die Wiederholung der gleichen Worte vermeiden wollte, liegen. Mit den 2798 erwähnten Rittern sind

Urry 1339, Yorrolde 1349, Heraude 1363 gemeint; wenn auch keiner Otto unmittelbar zum Opfer fiel (thou slewest), so doch mittelbar, indem von ihm der meuchlerische Anschlag ausgegangen war. Die drei von ihm ausgesandten Ritter sind die 1375, 1379 bezeichneten.

2804 Him he smot wiþ his fest Amide the teþ A 2744; so auch in den frz. Hss.: vgl. Zupitza zu c 2661 he can his gloue wage. — **2809** Than (Kustos) und then (zu Anfang der neuen Zeile) wechseln auch sonst: than (tum) : man 1043, 1934, 3227, 7503 : ran 3444 usw., then (tum) 5892, 6432, (quam) 5869, 6302. Dasselbe gilt von whan 1045, 1667 neben when 6867, 7089. — **2812** Burnesweke (Braunschweig) in keiner anderen englischen Fassung. — **2814** Die Verheiratung des Herzogs R. mit S.'s Schwester fehlt A(C) vor 2755. — **2817** niece d, my doghtur c 2680, soster AC 2759. — **2824** Vgl. 1016. — **2838** To Espire þat riche cite A 2794; Cc nichts Ähnliches. Gemäß einer frz. Hs. (Weyrauch 83) kehrt Guy nach seinem Aufenthalt in Konstantinopel nach Espire (d 4122) zurück. — **2841** ryver belegt NED nur im Verbalsubst. (vgl. auch d 3116, 3254) als Pursuit of game on the banks of rivers. Als transitives Vb. kann ich es mir nicht denken und habe daher with eingefügt. — **2848** came könnte Präd. in einem Relativsatz ohne Pron. im Nom. (2939) sein; eher aber glaube ich, daß es unter Einfluß von came 2847 statt des Inf. verdruckt ist. — **2859** Sollten die Potelynes Beduinen sein? Zupitza hatte im Anlaut zuerst Bo geschrieben; vgl. Bodwinen bei Freytag, Brüder v. deutschen Hause 226. — **2869 f.** Alexander: 'a species of striped silk' NED mit ältestem Beleg aus 1500; vgl. A 2835 Gode cloþes of sikelatoun and Alisaundrinis (: biis). — Matras ('a kind of rich cloth': Halliwell) = Peloure of Matre A 2836. — Mit Salamaunder ist vielleicht der Salamander stone gemeint, von dem der Beleg im NED aus 1583 sagt, daß er 'once set on fire, can never be quenched' und nach AC 2833, c 2749 sind in der Ladung auch riche stones. — **2884** Zur Ergänzung von of vgl. 2521, 5785, SBab. 1744 Of counsail ye be fulle wyse. — **2885 f.** = 1803 f. — **2895** Auch hier (2450) übertrumpft d die anderen Fassungen: AC 2861, c 2775 an hundred.

2909 Hier ist d bescheidener als A 2881 fourti þousand, c 2796 thretty th.; die niedrigste Zahl bietet C: fourty. — I leese (Präs. 4200) wird trotz der Schreibung (ae. lêas), die oft geschlossenes e (peece = frz. piece 4077) und offenes (peace = frz. pais 5888) unterscheidet, Prät. sein: they slewe c 2795, AC 2881. — what ... what = the one ... the other RLöw. 7025, 7115. — **2927 ff.** Nur c 2817 bringt den Bürger mit England in Beziehung: Than bespake a man wyse of Ynglonde and Englysche. Die Verdoppelung des Subj. stört: vgl. aber u. a. 1633, 3935, 4687 f. — Auch im Namen des Emirs stimmt d zu c gegen A 2905 Costdram, C Cosdram, ebenso in der Verwandtschaftsbezeichnung (nevou AC 2906). — **2931** Für feare (afr. Acc. zum Nom. fers) bietet NED nur fünf Belege, keinen davon mit ea d. i. offenem e (vgl. Luick, HGr. § 431).

Daß beide e i. R. gebunden werden, so daß dieser wegen der Aussprache des geschlossenen e als i nur für das Auge besteht, zeigen sea (see 3499) : bee 745 : mee 757 : he 1151, slea : thee 1303, cleve (ae. clêaf) : greve (afr. grief) 2977. — **2943** AC 2923 an hundred, c 2833 ohne Zahl. — **2952** Zu as = 'to wit' vgl. Shakspere bei Schmidt und voiding out all other men, as Lordes, knightes, and other Maund. 102, all the goods, as corne, beastes and all maner thing, are all in common eb. 135. — **2961** ff. Denselben Reim haben AC 2941; c 2845 The hedde fro the body he schare : To the emperowre a man hyt bare. — Auch 2963 haben AC den gleichen Reim; c 2848 reimt Turrye : crye. — Der Kampf des Tebaud AC 2947 mit (H)elmadan fehlt c. — Gunther = Gauter AC 2953, Gandyners c 2853. — Mit 2974 vgl. 2994. — Rodian = Rayndowne c 2855, Redmadan A, Amodan C 2955. — **2968** Vgl. 3536. — **2991** f. Dem Kampf des Adelarde (Adalart 2997) entspricht nichts in ACc. — **2999** Den Namen Estelarde habe ich nach 3024 geändert: es ist offenbar derselbe Ritter, den A 2975 Esclandar, C Escladar, c 2873 Astadart nennen. Die seinem Kampfe mit Heraude vorangehenden Kämpfe (AC 2975-96, c 2873-87) hat d nicht.

3019 chase hat sein flexivisches s verloren wie horse (vgl. zu 2572). Zum Präs. in der Umgebung von Präteriten vgl. z. B. 2470, 2485, 3930. In dyen 3426, threaten 4625 könnte n (vgl. adone 4040 st. anone) für d verdruckt sein. — **3024** Daß auch Eskeldart sich auf der Flucht befand, sagen A 3035, c 2923 (C fehlt); nach A 3041 (wende ȝain to me), c 2931 wird er von Guy aufgefordert sich zu stellen. — **3054** Verständlicher A 3073 þou schalt ben emperour after me. — **3062** Der durch meine Umstellung nur dem Auge genügende Reim (destry wagte ich nicht einzuführen, da es sonst in d nicht vorkommt) darf nicht Anstoß erwecken: vgl. Guy : meinie 4532 : thyrty 217 : lady 1020 : hastilye 346 : gladly 703 usw. neben den Reimen mit ei-Laut: hye 441 : I 1061 : nye 6572 : by 4016 usw.; das traditionelle Guy mit i-Laut r. m. me 2791, thee 6639. Auch sonst gibt es Reime, die dem Ohr nicht gerecht werden: I : sorry 4103 : merrilye 4138, Ernis : pryse 2862, 2903 (neben E. : is 2879 : ywis 2897), Guyon : none 2630, 3093 (neben G. : towne 1878 : downe 2988), do : tho 3900 : so 269 : goe 1190 (neben do : to 2365, 4083). — **3068** Breeched (= 'pierced or cleft with a breach; rent, torn') hat keine andere Fassung; vgl. aber im NED aus 1547 A medecine for bryched persones. — **3076** = 1426. — **3077** wast 7628 neben were 354, 3751, 7083, werte 349, werest 730. — **3082** f. A ohne Zahl, C fehlt, c 2991 An hundurd men and ȝyt moo. — Obgleich die Form Soudon nur 6287 f. vorkommt, habe ich sie i. R. m. o regelmäßig in den Text gesetzt; vgl. die Reime zu one, done, goon SBab. 158, 1740, 1957; sowdon im Innern Oct. 777 ff., 1044 ff. und Sarrazin S. XIV; RLöw. 2710, 2717, 2747 usw.

3133 Die Prinzessin hat c 3043 keinen Namen, AC 3179 nennen sie

Clarice. — **3137** Statt wrake sollte man eher envy (3515, 4021) erwarten; w. kommt sonst (2340, 3244, 3355, 4827, Thynke vpon the moche w., That he hath done the RLöw. 2266, for weyle ne w. Gowth. 260, welthe without lyberte gothe all to w. Skelton, Magn. 2112) in der Bedeutung 'Schaden' vor. — **3147** he als Plur. zu fassen (vgl. A 3196 pleyen he : meyne) ist wohl für Coplands Sprache ausgeschlossen; darum habe ich es schon 2767 beseitigt: es ist allerdings hart nach dem kurz vorherstehenden they zu übersetzen: 'Er (G. oder M.) ging Hand in Hand (mit M. oder G.). — **3171** Souldiour C 3223, sowdeour SBab. 727, soudiour Maund. 85, sodyoure Ipom. 5652.

3246 impayred = ywraid A 3303, bewryed c 3149. — **3258** wore : before 7595, ware : care 6545 : spare 7605 neben dem üblichen were. — **3289** Zu for = as for vgl. Zupitza EStud. XIII 407, 667.

3301 lising vereinzelt neben leasing 3625, 4105, le(e)sing 586, 4172. — **3316** Eine 2. Präs. Sg. auf -s nur hier (sonst z. B. passest 1300, speakest 3736); vgl. aber thou hase Bradshaw, Werb. 950, 964, knowes eb. 953, thou spekis : he reckis Skelton, Magn. 1181. — **3322** Den Eigennamen bietet keine andere englische Fassung: AC 3413 nennen den Constable — denn um den handelt es sich — wie die frz. Hss. (vgl. Weyrauch 20) Tristor, Trystour, c 3243 Crystofor. — **3333** ff. w. fable gehört nach c 3254 zu Guys Rede; stable bietet nur A 3424 (þis ich speche schal be st.). d stimmt zu c, indem in beiden Guy dem Konstabel den Auftrag gibt, die Stadt zu alarmieren; in AC 3423 ff. bittet der Konstabel Guy darum. — **3373** AC 3468, c 3290 twenty thousand. — **3375** them = the Christen AC 3469. — **3386** Zu but vgl. Zupitza EStud. XIII 413, 796, m. Anm. zu Egl. 739, but ded ETol. 563, 677, but necessary Shakspere H6B III 2. — **3398** Zu m. Änderung (vielleicht ist auch stout zu ändern) vgl. Forth he start wyth mekyll yre (: Tyre) c 3320; der Setzer mag an 3368 gedacht haben.

3418 awreake entspricht ae. awrecan: vgl. wreake 4582 und awreaked im NED aus 1586. Erwägt man, daß ae. brecan in Pynsons Maundeville 186 brake entspricht, d 6487 brake liest, NED brakyn verzeichnet, so könnte man auch Inf. awrake ansetzen, von dem ein schw. Part. gebildet wäre (das st. steht 3485). — thou erregt Bedenken gegenüber y c 3341, we AC 3537. — **3441** Deuonyssh axe C 3585; für damsax A schlägt NED (unter Danish) danisax vor, 'a kind of battle-ax with very long blade, and usually without a spike on the back'; vgl. das Zitat aus R. Manning (PFolio II 512) he slouh Colbrant with hache Daneis und Deter, Angriffswaffen 80 f. — **3445** Zur Ergänzung von brast vgl. Hys hawberke was brokyn wyde c 3375. — Zu unryde vgl. Zupitza zu c 1647. — **3451** Mit der Beschreibung der Wurfmaschinen stellt sich d zu A 3603 ff.; über die Entstellung in c (kyng of Charturs) vgl. Weyrauch 41, 5 β. — **3458** Sand .. consisting of many small bodies which are congealed into stones: NED unter 'congeal = to concrete or cement

(grains) together'. — **3463** IX furlonge c 3408, fiftene forlong (myles) AC 3666. — **3465** Über die Entstehung des Namens Marable = Abelle c 3411 aus amiral (frz. Hs. G = A 3671) vgl. Weyrauch 20. — **3479** ff. Vgl. 3554 und Sey him on ðin stede to gon NED say 5a; oder ist sayd unter Einfluß des dreimal folgenden sayd für dede (dud) AC 3689, c 3427 verdruckt? — Zur Strafe der treulosen Götter vgl. SBab. 2433 I shalle you bren, 2504, 2761 ff. — **3491** Vgl. in ȝou nas neuer no more miȝt þan in an hounde AC 3714; c 3439 Gode may ye do me none more than the harde stone.

3502 Zu he vgl. God yþonked be (he be C) AC 3719, c 3450. — **3511** bone = 'a favour .. bestowed without the notion of asking. In 17th c. applied to a largess, gratuity or present' NED mit erstem Beleg aus 1662. — **3532** ye mowne 1798. — **3567** f. soudayne = frz. soldain (soudain Maund. 104) und slayne (vgl. zu 272) vereinzelt. — **3591** Der Eigenname ist Ac (C fehlt) fremd: A 3784, c 3552 spricht derselbe Mann, dem Guy d 3322 (vgl. m. Anm.) seinen Plan entwickelt hatte, und ihn nennt auch c 3552 wieder constabull Crystofor.

3601 Des Vorgangs gedenkt nur A 3795, sagt aber nur þat baroun ohne Nennung eines Eigennamens. — **3647** f. 'Nun weiß ich (es) durch dich (thereby 3689), der du es aus Liebe zu mir (im Text fehlt of) tun möchtest, (wem ich am meisten trauen kann 3646)': would kann 2. Prät. Sg. sein wie thou wan : he began 7737, gave 6562, knew 6443, 7524, saved 7277, might 7539 neben kissedst 2778, wouldest 6904, 7597 usw. — **3699** ff. Der Artikel darf schwerlich vor Lord fehlen (vgl. þilke l. A 3891, That ylke kynge c 3653); der Setzer hat vermutlich L. für den Vok. gehalten: vgl. aber his 3703. — Wenn the 3703 für thee steht (c 3656, ȝou alle A 3896, þe A 3899, C fehlt), so ist Soudan als Vok. (syr s. Ac) in Kommas zu setzen und wohl auch Syr (= 3709) einzufügen.

3711 f. Kürzer c 3665 Yf ye chalenge oght wyth ryght. — **3747** nevou Ac 3945: vgl. zu 1695. — **3768** behight nach 5428 oder behote nach 2916. — **3793** warred mit rr wie 7210 und in einigen Belegen im NED unter beware v1 I 1a.

3800 f. Wenn auch every man pluralischen Sinn hat (vgl. 6698 und eueryche of us shalle bere hir [= thair] parte SBab. 2094; euery man to there contrey yede Ipom. 2280; eche of them varye from other Maund. 91; eche of them were sett Triam. 1192; everichon were strong Lydg., GHSh. 83; let euery christen body shew their charitie Morus, Picus, HArch. 121, 324), so halte ich doch entsprechend 2950 und 2953 they für unentbehrlich. — **3831** Zum Läuten der Glocken vgl. Eglam. 597 und 762. — **3864** Zur Änderung vgl. 5914. — **3872** Zur Änderung vgl. zu 2442 und zur Erklärung des Druckfehlers 2705. — **3880** Wie dieser Vers mit 3878 in Einklang zu bringen ist, weiß ich nicht. — **3889** Zu for fayne vgl. Zupitza zu c 3273, Kölbing zu Ipom. 6085 und þe bischoppe loughe f. f. SMel. 1104; Ipom. 8749; Yw. 2086.

3916 withset, mir unbekannt, habe ich nach 3852 geändert. — **3926** bedde halte ich, mag auch das Angebot schon 3055 gemacht worden sein, wegen dd für eine Nebenform des Präs. bidde, obgleich man eine aus ae. bêodan (vgl. Zupitza zu c 2703) hervorgegangene Form erwarten sollte; eher entspricht bed 4091 ae. bêad. Auf ae. biddan gehen bad 1551, 2835, 2893, P Prät. bed (= bedyn c 6992) 6012 mit der Bedeutung 'anbieten' zurück. e für i ist in d selten; vgl. aber geve 1881, 2510, 3134, thether 824 (= thyther 837), whether 1484. theyther 790 (= theither Maund.-Pyns. 12) und heather (= hither 7722) tragen ein Längezeichen (vgl. Dibelius Anglia XXIII 169 f. über ei, ey für ē bei Capgrave). — 2629, 5347 steht wie in Pynsons Druck der Werburge von Bradshaw 611 (whyther good or euyll) whither für ae. hwæđer. togither (648, 2059 usw.) ist eine häufige Nebenform für together (1999, 2015). — **3937** Zum Plur. vgl. 6013 und high renouns : champiouns Lydg., GHSh. 95, lordes (men) of renouns RLöw. 1690, 5292 und Zupitza EStud. XIII 352, 45. — **3944** Zu after my daye (= when y am dede c 3952) vgl. 7369, S 153, after the d. of her lorde 7479, Zielke zu Orf. 570, auch SBab. 1342, SMel. 706. — **3952** Auch Ywain verschweigt 3315, als ihm eine Jungfrau zur Ehe angeboten wird, daß er schon verheiratet ist. — **3968** Zum refl. think vgl. 6981 und NED unter think II 5 e; aber sche bethought hur on a wyle Ipom. 825; Fl. bythought hir on a gyle SBab. 1571. — **3978** a fourten nizt A 4236, Thre dayes c 3989, longe C.

4000 Zu doe away vgl. Zupitza zu c 3097. — **4024** Dem Auge zulieb habe ich gemäß 201, 2256, 6263 usw. hart geschrieben; natürlich hätte auch stert (3871, 4339 usw.) : heart dem Reim genügt. Betreffs a für e vor r vgl. smart : hart 615 neben smert : heart 7061, Prät. harde 1617, 1633, gramarcy 1805, harbowred 1813, warned (ae. wiernan) 3773, hawbarke : warke (ae. weorc) 3031. — **4030** might hat Zupitza zu c 2572 für verderbt erklärt. — **4033** In hys ch. c 4079, C 4332, In a ch. A. — **4044** have kann Plur., aber auch Konj. Sg. sein: vgl. 625, 7584, Tel me where my lemman be FlBl. 237 usw. — **4046** AC 4355 geben keinen Lohn an, c 4118 XV hawkys and XV stedys. — **4052** Am verständigsten ist die Frage AC 4360 Is þi lyoun ded, or liues ȝete? c 4128 'apparently corrupt'. — **4061** Wie zu 4033 haben auch hier AC 4375, c 4143 nicht das einfache ch.: jetzt a. Vgl. 3131; to ch. went Gowther 439, 504, wo jedesmal Hs. B his einfügt; ähnlich Eglam. 703. — **4066** thryse d. i. 3125, 3513, 4023. — **4070** Der Verwandte tritt nur in d unvermittelt auf; entsprechend 4061 hatte c (= AC 4377) 4145 gesagt: He fonde the steward .. He pleyde at chesses wyth hys cosyn (nevou). — **4084** homely = 'without reserve' NED. — **4094** thee habe ich eingefügt, damit as their lorde ein Beziehungswort erhält; zur Konstruktion vgl. I sall loute þe WAlex. 369, it sall my name l. eb. 993, he hym faunys and loutez eb. D 785.

4100 vavassour (= bachelowre c 4200, man AC 4440) 'a kind of

inferior gentry' Halliwell, Dict. — **4119** As Engleys ad fet mut graunt honur: Unkore il sunt desk a cel iour En la terre mut dotés, Pur les tenunt mut amés bei Weyrauch 88 Anm.; fehlt c 4238, AC 4490. — **4142** Über das intr. smite vgl. Zupitza zu c 1196. — **4162** Zu borrow = save vgl. eb. 8474. — **4182** Mit Romayne ist wohl das oströmische Reich gemeint, dessen Kaiser Ernis (2862) Guys Hilfe angenommen hatte (c 4362 Rome); vgl. He that will go another way, he goeth by þe plaine of the Romain Coste and the Romaine sea Maund. 95. — **4192** Zu by m. vgl. 3212 und he has sworn .. With m. þat he sall hir wyn Yw. 2265.

4216 Daß der Sprecher Terry ist, läßt sich nur erraten: AC 4569, c 4338 hatte er sich von vornherein zu erkennen gegeben, in d tut er es erst 4257. — Oisel A, Oysele C 4623, Ozelde c 4398. — **4247** Nicht knightes (vgl. auch P 17), sondern nach AC 4651 outlawes, c 4451 theuys, d 4266, 4300 robbers. Der Ausdruck in Pd erklärt sich aus dem frz. Text, den Zupitza Akad. 637, 34 abgedruckt hat: A tant survindrent chivalers, Quinze robburs. — **4262** ere (= 'just now' NED) nämlich 4159; P 28 lang are. — **4271** Akad. 640, 43 druckt Zupitza montayne. — **4276** world Gen. = ae. worolde. — **4281** Pany my ein Mißverständnis für Paynym = Peyneme A 4669, paynym londe c 4479 (C fehlt), haythenes P 37. — **4282** entspricht A 4670 Of Solagimis, þe sone soudan, c 4480 Owt of a scarsyns honde, frz. Salakis, P ohne Eigennamen, C fehlt.

4304 f. Meine Änderung im Anschluß an die Wunschformel (vgl. 455, Zupitza, EStud. XIII 386), nicht geboren zu sein. — Dem verblümten weende well to have done steht c 4511 cowntyrd wyth Gye gegenüber. — **4354** Nach A 4754, c 4554 ist es der Steward des Herzogs von Pavia; C (of lorreys) scheint den von Lothringen zu meinen. — **4355** Zur Änderung vgl. whate myster man arte thou? Ipom. 2762. — **4358** Zum Konj. nach I trowe vgl. 6536, c 10156, zu Ys. XLI 3, I tr. he be fallen in a dotage Lydg., GHSh. 478. — **4377** Vgl. 4135 f. — **4388** Zur Verwechselung von than und that vgl. 6398, 7863.

4422 Vielleicht ist leches zu schreiben: vgl. 4445 und c 4629 (AC 4847) Gye sende after the lechys. — **4453** Auch das zweite l. ist Inf.: vgl. Nowe must I make you a lectuary softe, I to mynystyr it, you to receyue it ofte Skelton, CClout 2388. — **4454** Zu w. br. vgl. Zupitza EStud. XII 346, 10. — sworne br. d 2731 (= C 2669), 6780, 6999, AC 4908. — **4480** Wie Gaire neben Gayere (vgl. zu 877), so Loyre 1703 neben dem durch Reime 4572, 4821, 4889, 4917 usw. gesicherten Loyer. — **4483** Reimwort fehlt auch 889, 5024, 7805. — **4488** Über hed und heaved (auch 5810) vgl. Zupitza zu c 1021 und m. Anm. zu Egl. 299.

4534 Die Stellung der Negation zum Part. kehrt 4563 wieder; vor dem Inf. steht sie 5929, 7292. — **4537** Dem regelmäßigen (auch 2222) Anbry in d steht in ACc stets Aubry gegenüber. — **4550** To hundred A 5062, c 4858, C fehlt. — **4571** Gayer, þe doukes nevou (cosyn c) Loyer A 5123, c 4909; C fehlt. — **4581** Zur Änderung vgl. Zupitza zu c 3496·

Das Beiwort tritt hier zum ersten Male auf. Der Reim ist rein (i-Laut): A 5171 marchis : pris, 5889 : ywis. — **4595** Gemeint ist der zu **4544** erwähnte Ritter: daher m. Änderung; auch A 5147, c 4927 haben den bestimmten Artikel; C fehlt.

4600 forty = A (C) 5168; c 4946 xxxti. — **4608** ff. fif hundred A (C) 5165, c 4943; all verträgt sich nicht mit 4600. — **4618** them = hem A 5188, entsprechend dem vorangehenden Plur. = A 5187. — **4627** ff. Das intr. nime (4642) kann nicht ohne Präp. stehen: daher m. Umstellung (in þe heye tour Hav. 2073, RLöw. 6185). Denkbar wäre auch on a t. on hye nach 6085 und on the roche on h. Oct. 446, 457, in þe tour on h. RLöw. 6169, SBab. 3083, heghe appon an hill appon highte SMel. 883: mit dieser Änderung wäre auch dem Vers gedient, und vielleicht hat das zweimalige on den Setzer irre geführt. — Wie 4541 die anderen englischen Fassungen (A 5045, c 4835) nichts von einem Kirchgang wissen, so auch hier nicht: aber c 4963 sagt (As Gye come þorow) a churche ȝarde (He lokyd to the felde warde). — forn-agayne = 'right in the front' NED. — Zur Vertauschung der Titel vgl. A 5231 und 5629, wo zwei Herzöge durch Versehen des Schreibers zu Kaisern gemacht werden. — **4638** a th. = A 5214, an hundurd c 4977. — **4652** ff. þat t. wie 2085, 3763, 4794. — Jordan A 5215, Jurdan c 4995. — Millane nach Melan A 5216 und Melan : man Lydg., GHSh. 273. — **4657** Amori A 5222, Amerye c 5000 ist in A Ottos constable, in c sein steward. — **4661** Gincharde (Gwishard þe Mouhaut A 5228) kann der schon zu 1381 besprochene Ritter sein; c 5006 führt ihn nicht wieder ein; C fehlt. — **4680** ous A 5250 (fehlt c 5020) ist me vorzuziehen, da weniger Heraude allein als Guy und seine Begleiter alle 1235 von Ottos Hinterlist bedroht waren. — **4690** (I. through þe body hym bare) a fote and more Ipom. 7287; vgl. auch 5134, 5858, 5962 f., 6501, 6507, 6514, α 268, 6. — **4695** Zu for (trotz) vgl. Einenkel, HSynt. § 86 $\varkappa$; Stoffel, Studies in English 1; Zupitza, EStud. XIII 412 (773); m. Bem. zu Yw. 714.

4718 Of Frawnce he was, Josep he hyght c 5088; A 5440 erzählt nicht den Hergang der Gefangennahme. — **4728** Zur Änderung vgl. c 5099 They sett H. on a stede. — **4741** Zur Änderung vgl. þan ware þe Messedones amayed WAlex. 1253. — **4767** sayd gibt keinen Sinn; hye 7430 mit, 4088 ohne Reflexiv. — **4782** saute, dessen erster Buchstabe unklar ist, kann dasselbe Wort wie das zu 1622 besprochene sein: vgl. þe Sarazene þan a lepe he made Otuell 553. — **4788** f. glede (ae. glâd) hier und 7866 vermag ich nicht zu erklären. — Die Formen von sheare sind zu beliebte Reimwörter (5957, Otuell 1076, 1337), als daß man Wiederholung desselben Wortes (vgl. zu 183 f.) annehmen sollte. — **4799** G. prekyd thorow the ooste (d. i. der Feinde) c 5163, A 5495.

4816 Über read = tell vgl. Zupitza zu c 313. — **4838** A 5536, c 5223 haben keinen Ortsnamen. — **4844** Der Überfall findet in Wirklichkeit (5035) statt, ehe Loyer in seine Hauptstadt zurückkehrt; vgl.

auch 4979. Daher habe ich your in their geändert. — **4870** Vielleicht ist ne einzufügen, da es nicht denkbar ist, daß Otto so schnell umgestimmt wird, und er 4873 einen neuen Racheplan vorschlägt; auch c 5258 sagt ye speke no reson. Aber A 5568 no seystow bot gode scheint für d zu sprechen. — **4875** Zur Änderung vgl. Then schall ye þorow your baronage Wyth them sone acordyd be c 5268. — **4878** free pryson (A 5876) = fr. keeping = libera custodia; vgl. NED (free 5): 'allowed to go where one wishes'. — **4886** Wegen not let but vgl. NED but 22 und For no thyng wold they lett, But euer there love alyke was haate Ipom 8824. — **4892** f. he graunted for hys sake A messengere for to make c 5277. — Der Gesandte wird 4930, 4935, c 5279, 5325, A 5615, 5617 als Bischof bezeichnet; nur A 5579 erchebischop.

4910 Zum Gebrauch der Kardinalzahl vgl. Einenkel, HSynt. S. 143 und In the fouretene ȝere of his age Morus, Picus, HArch. 121, 59; by þe (h)eghten day SMel. 828; the thousande parte Maund. 112; at the fourty daye C 11056. — **4912** Vgl. zu 4838. — **4943** to h. A 5621; c 5333 = d. — **4948** love fasse ich als amicable settlement (NED love 1 d); c 5380, 5389, A 5633 sprechen von parlement. — **4950** Über stere = strong, stout vgl. Zupitza zu c 662. — **4952** Romany erwähnen A 5634, c 5348 nicht. — **4955** Die Beziehung der Pron. muß erraten werden. — **4966** Str. m. = estrange gent bei Zupitza zu c 5361; vncouþe folk AC 5641; vgl. auch Weyrauch 29. — **4967** enimies druckt auch Pynson Maund. 54, 122, 165 usw. — **4971** Zur Trennung des Präfixes mis vgl. NED S. 491 b und For her ay mys I fare Ipom. 2455.

5024 anone (vgl. c 5411 anon : gon) habe ich dem Reim zulieb angesetzt; der Vers wird dadurch nicht schlechter als 5023: zu seiner Besserung könnte man to statt into schreiben. — **5042** For gret hete þai resten hem þo A (C) 5692, Hyt was hote that ylke day c 5431. Aber keine mir bekannte Fassung spricht von einem Erdbeben; sollte d in Erinnerung an die „Erdstöße", die nach v. Hoff, Chronik der Erdbeben I am 25. Mai 1551 „zu Rygate, Croydon und Darrkin, in Surrey, im zuletzt genannten Orte am stärksten" gefühlt wurden, diese Naturerscheinung hineingebracht haben? Dann hätten wir einen terminus a quo für die Drucklegung. Im Catalogue of Books in the Library of the British Museum Printed to the year 1640 (II 745) wird [1560?] als Druckjahr angenommen; das DNB. sagt: 'Dibdin knew of no book printed by Copland after 1561.' — **5044** Sollte this wie der bestimmte Artikel (vgl. Koch, Gr. II § 220) beim Vokativ gebraucht sein? mi compeynie AC 5698, 'Herkyn', he seyde, 'owre companye' c 5435. — **5056** tooke ergänzt nach c 5453, C 5716; A nomen. — **5065** Kann made bestehen bleiben, nachdem das vorangehende Verb seine Frageform mit did gebildet hat? — **5075** ff. they verträgt sich nicht mit dem Sing. 5079 ff.: c 5471 (AC 5735) Be the mantell toke he G.; erst nach dem Tode des ersten Angreifers stürzen sich c 5479 = d 5083 noch andere auf Guy. —

(to)flawen, Präs. trotz der umgebenden Prät. (vgl. zu 3019), **erklärt** NED als 'to become cracked. Also, to break off in flakes or small pieces'; c 5473 the lace brake in thre, AC 5736 brosten (brake) ato. — **5082** Zum Fehlen des Artikels vor knight in der Verallgemeinerung vgl. 7700 und Einenkel, HSynt. S. 168, Mätzner, Gr. II, 2, 205. — leese (auch 5533, 6158) = 'to destroy' NED. — **5087** trist = sorrowful (Webster); vgl. an olde lady triste and drery Lydg., Serpent of Division 56, 28, und Zupitzas Wb. zur FdM. — **5091** Ist gresse = gray? NED verzeichnet unter gris a. die Nebenformen gres, grece. Aber, wenn ich auch weiß, daß das Schwert grǣȝ, brown (3883, 6512) genannt wird, so fehlen mir doch Belege, daß ähnliche Farben den Sporen beigelegt werden: overgilt 4153, of golde Ipom. 2465, gylte RLöw. 5388.

5105 deckt sich Wort für Wort mit c 5503, aber nicht mit AC 5767; vgl. zu 5124. — **5109** Two hundurde c 5508; AC 5769 þai. — **5118** Zu cost (Gegend, Seite) vgl. 822, Zupitza im Wb. zu Lydg., FdM. und HArch. 93, 332. — Für das pleonastische one (vgl. zu 7536) fehlen mir Belege. — **5124** Verständlicher als d und das sich genau *damit* deckende c 5519 ist A 5786 Bitven þe arsoun and his side; vgl. aber auch C 10636 Betwene hys arme and hys syd The stroke gan awey glyde. — **5137** f. knave = C 5799, groom A, man c 5533. — staffe = C 5803, soule A, polle c. — **5146** them beziehe ich auf die Verfolger: He tok þat soule in his hond, Anon forþ to hem he wond A 5809. — **5165** Zu perayle vgl. NED; perrill (: Osyle) 4267, 5330, 5871. — **5170** tolde nach AC 5847. — **5184** d = c 5575 They schall haue no harme for me; anders A 5864 Schul þai neuer come to raunsoun. Dye þai schul wiþ miche wo (C fehlt): diese Lesart stimmt besser zu d 5191 slea.

5220 fape ist wohl mit dem im NED zweimal belegten Adj. fap stamm- und sinnverwandt und Delius' Anm. 33 zu Merry Wives of W. I 1 ('fap ein sonst nirgendwo vorkommendes Wort, das = betrunken, sein muß') nicht mehr zutreffend. fape heißt, wie schon Bardolph schließen läßt, 'von Sinnen sein'. — **5299** Wonderliche þai bihelden him alle A(C) 6013, nichts Ähnliches c 5708.

5316 to bring one to his above = 'to b. him to a superior position' NED. — **5358** ff. A(C) 6073, c 5759 wissen nur von 500 Rittern: die squyers und servauntes verstehen sich wohl von selbst; vgl. syr Alers with knightes, serjantes and swiers Yw. 1871. d 5652 sind die squ. mit den s. zusammengerechnet. — **5359** f. profer hat weder A noch c, aber C 6086. — d wird verständlicher durch c 5770 Hyt were to longe For to gedur ooste so stronge. — **5368** Syxe d. c 5775, Al a d. A(C) 6091. — **5368** (squyre statt) squyer i. R. mit offenem e 143 (neare), 850 (there); aber 709 schon im alten Druck squiers : peers. — **5377** Hier stimmt d wieder zu A 6121 (noris it dede); c 5801 sagt Furste hym wanne a sarsyn, Sythen y had hym of my cosyn; C fehlt. — **5381** Es fehlen mindestens zwei Verse, mit dem Reim zu sea bezw. me. Zum Sinn vgl.

A(C) 6127 No þarf þe drede non arme of þe se, And tow opon þis stede be; c 5807 In the see the grete brymme He (þe stede) wyll sone ouyr swymme.

5413 Oon of my nyghe kyn CA 6159, bestimmter c 5835 my brodur. — **5415** Über diese Bemerkung muß man sich wundern, da von Terry noch gar keine Rede gewesen ist; ähnlich AC 6158 y knowe wele G., 6160 f. þerfore ich am riȝt wroþ wiþ him, And wiþ þerl Tirri also; besser c 5837 in Frageform Knowe ye not oon Tyrrye? — **5417** f. Mit father d = A(C) 6163 vgl. brodur c 5839. — fleyed Prät. von fley (NED unter flee). — **5425** Zu for his sake vgl. NED 'Occas. with unfavourable notion: On account of enmity to'. — **5434** Zum Pseudonym vgl. Yon A 6178 und Zupitza zu c 5854; als Johan führt sich Guy auch bei Triamour ein: d 6416, C 7974 (John), α 81, 11 (Youn); aber c 7789 'Pylgryme', he seyde, 'what ys þy name?' And he hym tolde, but not þe same. Vgl. Anm. zu Egl. 466. — **5478** Zur Änderung vgl. altn. leyna = verbergen. — **5494** theefe (= Schuft) reichhaltig belegt bei Holthausen zu PGales 2154.

5504 Derselbe Druckfehler wie 3033. — **5552** Nach c 6006 wohnt Amis in Spayne, nach AC 6322 in þe marche of Almayne, aber an der d 5323 entsprechenden Stelle hatte ihn C 6039 A. of Champeyn genannt. — wouned Druckfehler wie mauy 3391, Gny 5325 usw.; vgl. 6687. — **5556** Zu let well of vgl. 6723 und Anm. zu Yw. 2007; let lightly of 6118. — **5561** Die die Reinheit des Reims nicht störende Schreibung palaice habe ich auch 7703 beibehalten; vgl. auch they : sea 6673. Die Schreibung pales nach c 9295, Oct. 1294, 1497, 1501 hätte auch dem Auge genügt. — **5564** In counsayle (= 'in private, in confidence' NED) = Be yowrselfe preuelye c 6037, Al priueliche AC 6353; he woulde speke with me in counsel Maund. 102. — **5592** Zu light (aufsteigen) vgl. Zupitza, EStud. XIII 386.

5613 Nach A(C) 6440 tritt Guy ein child-ȝong man, nach c 6125 a man of grete renowne, That was cosyn to dewke Otton gegenüber. Beide Fassungen nennen ihn Berard bezw. Barrarde, schildern den Kampf ausführlich und erwähnen Ottos Begräbnis sowie B.'s Gang zum Kaiser. — **5652** f. Die Zahlen stimmen zu c 6240 f.; in C 6558 sind es 500 Ritter, in A 1000 Ritter und 1000 seriauns (= squyers c); vgl. zu 5353 ff. — **5696** Loked and s. = 1271; vgl. auch 5078. — **5699** Die Schreibung des ergänzten weete (ae. witan) nach 3245, 3645, 5306, 7016.

5726 Hat d vergessen, daß schon 5725 ein Objekt zu putteth steht, oder ist him zu streichen? — **5732** Zur Bedeutung von wrake, das ich dem Reim zulieb in den Text gesetzt habe, vgl. Anm. zu 3137. — **5735** th. c. ist Gurmoyse (5693). — **5737** Wegen Vertauschung des Titels (Aubry ist Erle 4260, 4524, 5659 usw.) vgl. zu 4627 ff. — **5763** f. Vgl. mani of þe houndes harme he deþ A 6724. — Moo þen twenty c 6423, d = A(C) 6725. — **5777** Zum Namen vgl. A 6716 (: man), SBab.

1703 Brabane. — Auch in der Eustachiuslegende entweicht **das gejagte** Wild in an oþer kinges londe Horstmann, Leg. (1881) 212, 28. — **5781** Das Reimwort fehlt: vgl. zu **4483**. — **5786** Über blow the pr. vgl. zu Egl. 300. — **5791** f. franchyse = 'The district over which the privilege of .. an individual extends' NED. — Zur Anwendung von dere (: here 5798; in unserem Falle ist es ein Eber) auf 'a quadruped, as distinguished from birds and fishes' vgl. NED. — **5796** brown ist wohl durch Verwechselung von wordes mit swordes (4786, 6512, 7304) in den Text gekommen. -- Zu on hye vgl. 5835, 6043, 6335, 6409 = 'with a .. raised voice' (NED), und daher kann auch Guy an die Pflicht 'höflicher' Anrede 5806 erinnern. — **5799** c 6489 gene me thy horne ist wohl nach A(C) 6789 und d h. in horse zu ändern, zumal auch in c 6495 der Ritter tatsächlich nach dem stede greift.

5812 Zur Änderung vgl. þou schalt it abigge A 6806 und d 5604, 6262. — **5821** ff. wyne steht sicher an falscher Stelle. Ich nehme hinter fro the eine Lücke von mindestens drei vollen Versen an, in denen Guy nach dem Burgherrn gefragt haben mag, setze wyne in einen Vers, den ich nach A 6830, c 6524 (vgl. Zupitza zu c 4708) ergänze, und stelle den mit w. reimenden Vers in unmittelbaren Anschluß an die Lücke; die d 5821-6 entsprechenden Verse lauten c 6518 ff. He mett wyth oon of that lande. 'Syr', he seyde, 'for thy lewte, Who owyth the ȝondur cyte?' 'Syr', he seyde, 'y schall the say: A bettur lorde leuyth not to day: Men calle hym Florentyne. A better man dr. n. w.' — **5831** Die Endung an graunt macht der Vers wünschenswert; vgl. 6322. — **5838** Zu in (at) a br. sagt NED: 'The meaning varies between 1 (A sudden or brisk movement) and 2 (a short space of time). Vgl. Suspycyon mette hym (= Fauell) at a brayde Skelton, B Courte 181. — **5850** Vielleicht ist der Artikel vor b. nach 5833, A 6878 fram þe bord he aros (fro the dayse c 6572) einzufügen; vgl. zu 4061. — **5864** Zur Änderung vgl. herne-panne R Löw. 5335, Yw. 660, heryn-p. Ipom. 6082. — **5871** ff. Dem hier ausgesprochenen Grunde gemäß übergeht d die in A 6959-7016, c 6647-6706 geschilderte Verfolgung Guys. Auf die von Guy ausgestandenen Sorgen deutet 5873 with full great care. — **5891** f. Über die Verwendung von syde [wohl auch cost: vgl. zu 5113] bei Ortsbestimmungen vgl. Holthausen zu P Gales 434. — AC 7129 Warwik (nach Weyrauch 21 auch in den frz. Hss.), c 6803 Wynchestur.

5907 AC 7145, c 6817 ganz allgemein opon þi lond; aber für thither 5932 haben AC 7183 Norþ-humberlond. — Obgleich mon sonst in d nicht vorkommt, habe ich es auch 7199 in den Reim gesetzt. — **5947** f. A(C) 7225 spricht von Daniel, c 6891 bringt wie 10194 Sampson mit dem Löwen in Verbindung, aber keine Fassung kennt ebenso wenig wie ich Adam im Gefängnis; daher habe ich Sampson in den Text gesetzt und nehme Anspielung auf Judges 16, 21 (he did grind in the prison house) und 25 (they called for S. out of the pr. h.) an. — 5947 = 7277. —

5970 for h. erkläre ich durch gedankliche Einfügung eines being: 'da er (the body) zu hart war'. — **5972** ff. syxty c 6955; A 7293, C 7295 = d. — Der Gobelin (arras) wird in keiner englischen Fassung sonst erwähnt. — **5985** f. There = Lincolne; nach c 6965 wird der Kopf in York, nach AC 7305 in Warwik aufgehängt. — Zum Reime der offenen e-Laute ai : ea vgl. zu 1477 und 5561. — **5992** Die Mutter erwähnen c*α* (C fehlt) nicht; should scheint mir keinen Sinn zu geben. — **5994** Das vereinzelte her = their halte ich wie he = they 2767, hem = them 6410 für Druckfehler; vgl. zu 3147.

6007 f. Das Prädikat fehlt bei lebhafter Sprache (wie 2392, 7318) und in Beschreibungen (63, 99 f., Anm. zu 1649); vgl. In euery time (lymme Copl.) both stout and stronge, And in stature large and longe, Comlye of hye color Triam. 637 und Zupitza, EStud. XIII 354, 70. — **6014** Zu ändern nach c 6993, S 15, *α* 5, 8 kinges d. a. e. (C fehlt). — **6035** Vielleicht fehlt mehr als der Reimvers; denn in c 7022, S 77 erbittet sich Ph. eine Frist von drei Tagen. Zu anone vgl. c 7023 gone : anone. — **6047** Wenn nicht auch C 7361 Guy ganz unvermittelt aufträte, könnte man in d eine Lücke annehmen. c 7047, S 117, *α* 11, 2 verlegen die Frage Rohaudes auf eine Jagd. — **6051** Die Lücke ist vermutlich größer als ein Vers; d erweckt die Vorstellung, als wolle Guy überhaupt nicht heiraten; in den anderen Fassungen hat er einen Vorbehalt: c 7056 no maye but oon, C 7366, *α* 12, 5, S 134. — **6060** Spanien läßt c 7069, aber nicht S 159 unerwähnt. — **6067** Fowrtene nyghtys and mare c 7100, a fourtenniȝt *α* 16, 2, S 180 (C fehlt). — **6071** f. Sprachgebrauch und Versbau scheinen his zu fordern: to his wil *α* 18, 11, had of F. hys wylle c 7110, S 197; vgl. aber 507. — Die Hindeutung auf das kommende Unheil finde ich sonst nicht. — **6081** Fyfty c 7111, S 199, fiften *α* 19, 5.

6152 Nach 5991 f. gedankenlose Bemerkung; oder sollten Phelys' Eltern, an die in *α*C 30, 7 (7431) Guy Grüße schickt, gemeint sein? — **6168** For to proue your will, whether that you were good or ill ist Marrockes Ausrede, als Arradas' Gattin seinen Versuchungen widersteht: Triam. (PFolio) 100. Neben pro(o)ve (2795) preve 2802. — **6180** Ist mit Mountayns (hye) Amis' Heimat gemeint? Vgl. zu 5552; ferner 7730 neben 5323, 5551, 5624, 7675, 7726, 7735. Daß es im Druck kleinen Anfangsbuchstaben hat, tut nichts: den hat auch Spruce. — **6198** Derselbe Fehler wie 1057.

6207 Nach *α* 49, 3 und später 141, 1 = c 8389 ist Jonas' Heimat Durras; ist das Durazzo, das Maund. 94 als Hafenplatz für die Fahrt ins Heilige Land erwähnt? — **6218** Vgl. 3569. — **6222** Zu battayle = battalion vgl. he bounes on with his bataill WAlex. 768; Claryell come . . . Oure batells ferre on bakke he bere Otuell 1123. Dafür Two hundreth knyȝtis C 7644, c 7462, þre h. Sarrazins *α* 52, 8. — **6230** Tryamour ist der nach Alexandria geflohene König: seinen Namen hatten

c 7455, α 51, 10, C 7637 von vornherein angegeben. Zur Änderung vgl. c 7476 we ȝyldyd vs = α 54, 1, C 7658. — Zum gleichmäßigen Fortgang der Erzählung trüge es bei, wenn 6237f. hinter 6230 ständen, wie es auch in c 7478, α 54, 5, C 7664 der Fall ist. — **6244** Ob welcommed (1550, 6002)? — **6247** Der gemeinsame Fehler Soudan statt Sadoyne (vgl. Zupitza zu c 7502) läßt auf die Verwandtschaft von cd schließen. Nach Zupitzas Vorgang habe ich 6252, 6263, 6267 vor Soudan, wenn es sich um den Prinzen handelt, den Artikel fortgelassen; 6265 hat es d selbst getan; α 56, 3 ff., C 7686 nennen ihn Sadok bezw. Sadoyne. — **6262** by ist wohl durch Abirren des Auges nach aby ausgeblieben. Zu Anfang der Rede ist es eher zu entbehren: 'Petir!' quod P., 'Hym þan will I down dynge PGales 641; 'Petir!' quod P., 'And I myghte . . eb. 777; Anm. zu Egl. 241.

6300 f. Wegen n. earthly m. vgl. 6970, Kölbing zu Ipom. 3988 und T. sybbe ys To the dewell of hell Tor. 739. — two fote and more c 7585, a fote and a halfe C 7767; zu d stimmt nur α 63, 4. — **6303** f. Zur Änderung vgl. 7464, also (ded) so (ani ston) Hav. 2649. — Bescheidener He was thykker than a nete C 7762, c 7582; α fehlt. — **6306** more (größer) auch 6481; H. was more þan þe moste þat þer kam Hav. 982. — **6314** Zur Stellvertretung im Zweikampf vgl. Triam. (PFolio) 983. — **6319** Dieselbe Zeitbestimmung C 7781, α 65, 1; aber A XII monyth and thretty dayes c 7601. Yw. 2174 und 2791 werden nur fourty d. unto respite gewährt. — **6337** Woher kann Triamour wissen, daß G. in England zu finden sein könnte? Das setzen auch C 7823, c 7641 als selbstverständlich voraus; α 68 kommt England nicht in seinen Mund. — **6341** Ten C 7832, fyftene c 7650; für florens haben beide gold; α 68 erwähnt keine Geldsumme.

6401 f. fowle lookes abhängig von I have had 6399: vgl. Mani haþ loked me opon wiþ wicked wil α 77, 4 = C 7926, c 7741. — Der jüngste Beleg für dread of = afraid im NED stammt aus 1450. — **6406** d = α 79, 2 Unneþe he knewe him in þe fas: So chaunged was his ble = C 7942. Aber Full soone he dud hym knowe c 7758. — **6445** brother = α 82, 11; fader C 7990, c 7804. Ebenso schwanken die Namen: Helmadan α, Clynaut (the kyng C) of Tyre cC (vgl. Weyrauch 21). Ein Elman of T. war schon 3367 genannt worden. — **6447** Ein selbständiger Zusatz von d. — **6459** Ich halte den Reim für rein und möchte für die Lautung des o in John als u auch in der Namensform Youn (vgl. zu 5434), die α 87, 4 wiederkehrt, einen Beweis finden. In Coplands Druck der Tale of the Smyth and his Dame (Horstmann, Leg. 1881) reimt 349 John : malyson (: anone) und in Pynsons Druck von Bradshaws Werb. I 2323 ist John (st. Johan) : exortacyon zu lesen. — **6473** quoth (2557, 6535 usw.) wechselt mit dem häufigeren quod (3383, 4335 usw.). — **6478** Nach C 8146 ist Ynd Ameraunts Heimat. — **6484** Der Kampfplatz ist nach C 8159 a feld withowte the cyte; c 7965 an yle besyde

the see; α 96, 8 a launde vnder þe citie. (10) Wiþ a riuer it ern al about. (97, 1) Ouer þe water þai went in a bot.

6505 Geändert nach α 101, 1 f. þe sadel bowe he clef atvo, þe stedes nek he dede also. — **6522** never erste (= not before NED) 7412, 7702, 7882. N. e. j nouȝt wyste RLöw. 3217; never, sith I was borne, knelyd I erste for stroke C 8237; erst will I neuer blin Triam. 219; so was I n. e. eb. 1136. Auch positiv: He bethought him then That he did him erst ken eb. 520. — **6561** yornye ('a day's doings. Hence, generally, Business, affair' NED) mit y = j in d nur hier: vgl. aber yurney ETol. 967, yoye eb. 398, 837, 870, yoly eb. 730, yugement Oct. 222. — **6563** Bis auf For deckt sich d mit C 8358; c 8139 My custome ys soche, y the say. — **6568** Zur Änderung vgl. NED: It has been conjecturally explained as meaning 'One who wears a pilch or leathern jerkin or doublet', or 'One who pilches, a thief'. In letzterem Falle wäre pilcher gleichbedeutend mit dem zu 5494 besprochenen Schimpfwort. — **6592** Zur Änderung vgl. I fyght for kyng Triamoure C 8472, c 8227.

6603 he ist Guy (G. start up c 8264, α 125, 5). Die anderen Fassungen sind genauer: sie erzählen (α 128, 2-9, C 8503-8, c 8258-60) 'Guy went into the water to his waist, and dived to cool his blood' und (α 128, 10-129, 4, C 8509, c 8261-3) 'Ameraunt by a stroke drove Guy on his knees in the water'. — **6627** he bezieht sich auf den Sultan, his und him auf Triamour, dem nach 6297 mit dem Tode gedroht war; c 8315 sagt einfach The sowdan þere hym quyte made. — **6658** Da Raynbrowne durch Reime 6671, 7901, 7960 usw. gesichert ist, sollte diese Form statt Raynburne überall in den Text treten; vgl. Zupitzas Fußnote zu c 8412 und Rainborne : towne GC 85; bei Girardus Cornub. heißt er Raynburnus. — **6670** Zur Änderung vgl. the marchandes sye that chylde c 8441, C 8702, Rbr. 7, 10. — **6684** Statt children haben c 8659, C 8936 chylde; Rbr. 27, 5 sagt nur kepe þis land. — **6689** quyke habe ich dem Reim zulieb gesetzt. — **6691** Da die Kaufleute mit Heraudes Fahrt nichts zu tun haben, habe ich they all (7932) in den Text gesetzt; es sind natürlich er und seine Schiffsleute: das ist hier ebenso leicht zu erraten wie Rbr. 28, 7 Hasteliche to schip a wente, God wind and weder god him sente: In Denemark þai gonne riue.

6704 recken ('to settle accounts' NED) auch 7328. — **6718** Wie 1537 und 6747 fehlt auch hier we beim Adhortativus; zu den zu Egl. 805 f. gegebenen Belegen füge ich d 1280, 3331 sowie die Aufforderung For seynt Thomas loue of Cawnturberye, Fylle the cuppe and make us mery c 5859 hinzu und verweise auf Zupitza, EStud. XIII 410, 723. Gewöhnlich lautet die Formel auch in d let we .. 95, 167, 531, 577 usw. — Wie die Inhaltsübersicht S. 7 f. zeigt, hat d den Verbleib R.'s nicht im Anschluß an seine Entführung erzählt; es hat außerdem stark gekürzt, indem Rbr. 15-26, C 8769-913, c 8509-650 d. i. die Anfeindung Heraudes auf der zur Abwendung der Dänengefahr einberufenen Versammlung

fortgeblieben sind. — **6746** Vgl. the kynge of Turrye, the moste schrewe c 2849, d 6890, crystene schrewe RLöw. 4457. — **6765** peraduenture stört den Reim; vgl. zu 122, 1824, auentour Oct. 792, 848, 1111, mysaventoure RLöw. 6128. — **6767** f. Hyt befallyth to trauelde (straunge C) men Eyther other some gode (wysdom C) to kenne c 8777, C 9062; oft it falleþ vncouþe man þat gode conseyle ȝiue can α 144, 10. — **6785** Will d mit pore den Gegensatz zwischen Terry und Barnarde stärker hervorheben, oder müssen wir prowde einsetzen, wie c 8852 f., C 9138 den Lombarden nennen? — **6787** Wort für Wort = α 147, 12.

6812 f. love = friend. — Zu I can no (statt not) rede vgl. Holthausen zu PGales 153. — **6821** ff. Diese Bemerkung G.'s ist unverständlich ohne Terrys Klage über seinen Mangel an Essen (vgl. d 7002), die er in den anderen Fassungen vor Nennung seines Namens und seinem langen Bericht vorbringt: c 8807 I had leuyr haue some mete; For y haue grete myster to ete = C 9094, α 146, 4; darauf hatte ihm G. sofort seinen Penny zur Verfügung gestellt. — **6882** α 162, 4, C 9364, c 9085 nennen das Tier white ermyne = mustela GRom. 565, 19. Es kommt, wie Hav. 591, 1256, 2112 das Licht, aus dem Munde. — **6866** Die Stadt ist nach C 9299 Spire, α 168, 2 Aspie, c 9018 Sypurs. — **6876** Zu *his* vgl. The e. a. hys meyne (C men) all c 9174, C 9455. — **6895** Daß Barnarde vom Kaiser zum Steward gemacht worden war, hat d bisher nicht gesagt, aber α 147, 10, C 9168, c 8881; vgl. auch d 7112 f. — **6899** Palmer und pilgrime 6881 in der Anrede an Guy gleichbedeutend; in Wirklichkeit ist palmer der engere Begriff: 'a pilgrim who had returned from the Holy Land' (NED); daher Euery pylgrym and palmere RLöw. 4297 verbunden.

6904 Zum Gedanken vgl. Yf thou slee me in thys halle, Alle men wyll the traytour calle .. And moost of all in that case, when y at the mete was c 6616, atte mete, þer ȝe ouȝt me to were fram hete A 6923. — **6912** Da ich flee = 'vertreiben' nicht kenne, habe ich es hier und 6920 durch fleme (7154) ersetzt. — **6941** Zu of vgl. he was of grete bewte c 9314, that ladye of beawtye Triam. 433. — **6954** deckt sich nach m. Änderung genau mit C 9617; c 9328 Ye wote all, on wh. m. — **6960** Aus eame geht hervor, daß cosyn 6785 = nevou gebraucht ist; vgl. zu 1695. — **6965** Vgl. 6570. — **6983** Zu kinsemen vgl. A 6441, workemen d 1755 mit unorganischem e.

7018 Obgleich sea durch α 195, 10, 205, 8, C 9763, 9911, c 9467 (see : bee), 9590, mare GRom. 567, 15 gedeckt wird, habe ich doch wegen 6990, 7066 ryver in den Text gesetzt. — **7029** dukes wie 6976, aber barouns α 193, 5, 201, 7, C 9731, 9852, c 9434, 9531; sollte d allein die frz. Quelle (Puis sunt li quatre dux alez: vgl. Zupitza zu c 9531) vertreten? — **7081** f. Nach C 9859, c 9536 sind die keepers (vgl. Weyrauch 84) fled; mit der Bemerkung, daß sie dem Kaiser Bericht erstatten, stellt sich d auf die Seite von α 201, 10 þe pilgrims kepers com .. And

seyd to þemperour .. þe pilgrim was oway. — **7077** auter (c 4031, Hav. 2373, Maund. 51, 62; aulter eb. 15, 17, 18) zur Herstellung des Reims. — **7082** Der jüngste Beleg für through (vgl. auch 4745) 'in oaths and adjurations' stammt im NED aus 1290. — **7093** none other neutral wie Seþ þou wylt noon other doo FlBl. 354; hyt myght nooue odur be Oct. 1512; SBab. 2584; Bradshaw, Werb. I 14; none other can I se HArch. 138, 180, 741.

7115 Zur Änderung vgl. c 9663 All forgeue y here Tyrrye My euyll wylle and my malycolye und Anm. zu 2741. — **7138** Zum Reflexiv bei sit vgl. NED und He sat him up Hav. 633. — **7142** me thinke 1728 neben me thynketh 499, 583, 640. — **7164** Gegenüber sore, blacke, bloudy haben C 10214, c 9853 bare, *α* 227, 4 brosten (legges), als Gegensatz clothed (vgl. d) well Cc, whilom yhosed *α*. — **7173** f. Wenn wir nicht nach 7130 eine Lücke annehmen wollen, so bietet hier T. mehr an, als er darf, da wir in d noch nicht erfahren haben, daß er mit G. nach Gurmoyse zurückgekehrt ist, was C 10122 ff, *α* 220, 10 ff., c 9769 ff. erzählen. — **7182** Die Fastenzeit dauert *α* 232, 5, c 9901 nur drei Tage, C 10276 nur zwei. — **7193** f. Statt Hanelocke (wie Henelock 7288 entstellt aus Hanelocke; vgl. Anelocke GC 37) Anlaf *α* 235, 1, Anlofe C 10308, Anelaphus L 6, 5; c 9939 gibt keinen Eigennamen, Anlafe erst 10367. Anelaf auch in einer frz. Hs. Für 7194 bieten *α*Cc nichts Entsprechendes, L 6, 8 the tother was named Genaphelus; bei Girardus heißen sie Anelaphus und Gonelaphus.

7219 f. fehlen *α*c, stimmen aber zu C 10381 ff. — **7238** Der Reim hätte auch londe (vgl. zu 5) : Colbronde vertragen; Colbrande habe ich (nach 7210) auch 7262, 7295 eingeführt. — **7243** gate entspricht *α* 243, 7 (norþ ʒ. = borialis porta bei Girardus); so auch 7250 = *α* 244, 3. C hat 10445 bezw. 10456 church. — **7255** Vgl. dyght redy 704. — **7268** lyke: 'apt, suitable' NED. — **7279** Zur Änderung vgl. Zupitza zu c 9658, croiz : noyz Hav. 1263, RLöw. 3751, 7043, BCupide 93. Capgrave reimt nach Dibelius, Anglia 23, 366 croys : voys, croos : cloos, schreibt aber nur cros und crosse. — **7292** no hors c 10221, *α* 255, 5, A carte onneth myʒt hym bere C 10592. — **7295** Hatte d nicht bedacht, daß trotz 7270 sich seine Leser wundern mußten, wie trefflich der Ritter entgegen 7255 gerüstet erscheint? *α* 249, 4 ff., C 10527, c 10141 ff., GC 118 ff. haben die Ausrüstung genau beschrieben; die nur in c und GC erzählte Herbeischaffung von Guys früherer Rüstung (vgl. Deutschbein 226, Weyrauch 61) fehlt also auch d.

7300 Wenn ich wüßte, daß die ae. Form withstent noch im 16. Jahrh. verstanden wurde, hätte ich sie trotz dem Tempuswechsel beibehalten; yode 182, 6871 neben yede 6875, 7089, 7094. — **7312** 6268 knop : top; die o-Form kennt NED nur für das Verb. — **7329** Zum Plur. weapon (ae. wǣpen) vgl. den Reim 7294. — **7339** Nach 7306 kann das unwahrscheinlich dünken; verständlicher in den anderen Fassungen:

To hys bronde he lepe tyte . . Toward the grownde he lowtyd . . Gye yede hym so nye . . And soche a strock in þe neck he hym gafe, That hys hedd of dud flye c 10356, α 269, 3, C 10759, GC 381. — **7848** Wegen precession vgl. Zupitza zu c 10376. NED sagt: 'app. in very case an error for procession'; vgl. aber zur Präfix-Vertauschung tho man prepose, God dysposed all Bradshaw, Werb. 930, auch Pervens = Provence im Wb. zu Torr. — **7368** Zu sande (7372) = 'grace, mercy' vgl. Zupitza zu c 10477, þankede godes sonde Rbr. 83, 6, Torr. 1274. — **7396** Über die Lage der Einsiedelei und den Ort des Zweikampfes vgl. Ward, Cat. of Romances in the Dep. of MSS. in the Brit. Mus. I 479 ff.

7415 Der Page tritt nach 7398 unvermittelt auf; vgl. aber α 288, 4 ff. Wiþ a prest he spac . . þat dede him seruise . . Wiþ him he hadde þer a page þat serued him in þat hermitage; GC 531 then he hyred him a little page . . And euery day . . The litle ladd to the towne must gang To feitch the Ladyes liuerye; c hat nach 10548 nichts Ähnliches, dort wird der dienstbare Geist grome 10578, page 10603 genannt. — **7428** Zur Änderung vgl. 5567, 7436; oder ist die Endung wie bei sent 7439 (= α 289, 11, sendyth C 10903) nach dem dentalen Stammauslaut verloren gegangen? — **7450** Gewöhnlich shalt (4273, 7570, 7734), wilt (3319, 3729, 7751); will 6587 könnte Konj. sein. — **7476** Nach α 297, 4, C 11042, c 10715 þe leuedi left stille þare; nach GC 606 shee wold neuer rest . . till shee came our king vnto. — **7480** on þe fiftenday sche dyed α 297, 8, L (= Girardus) 67, 7; aber C 11056, c 10719, GC 625 lassen Ph. erst nach 40 Tagen sterben.

7508 Die hier und im folgenden als lorde bezeichnete Person ist der 6699 genannte amerall, und so heißt sie auch α 34, 1, c 10806 usw.: mit dem Eigennamen Parsan Rbr. 35, 7. — **7521** Zum Part.-Präfix y- bei Shakspere vgl. Abbot § 345, yset Morus, HArch. 122, 44, 46. In d erscheint es nur dies eine Mal, in den Lond. Urk. nach Morsbach, Ne. Schriftspr. 78 f. selten. — **7529** Wenn auch curteis in d nie vorkommt, so fordert es auch 7719 der Reim; neben curteous 97, 135 usw. curtyse 1464. — **7536** one kann hier Zahlwort sein (vgl. one bare citie 1780, this bare cittie 7808); könnte es aber nicht nach Art von same (3821), eche (1239), self (vgl. Mätzner, Gr. III 249 und den Pleonasmus þat ilkeself coupe of golde FlBl. 375) als Verstärkung zu this (wie zu that 5113?) hinzugetreten sein? Vgl. the one (= that) sick old man: Dickens, MChuz. XVIII. — **7568** Zur Änderung vgl. c 11081 (take) or (ellys ynome) = Rbr. 53, 5. — **7571** Ful grete luf was bitwix þam twa, And now er aiþer oþer fa gilt, wie Yw. 3515 von zwei Freunden, hier von Lehrer und Schüler, 7859 von Vater und Sohn. — **7599** maularde führt NED als Nebenform von mallard an, belegt es aber nicht als Schimpfwort; doch hat es solchen Beigeschmack bei Shakspere ACl. III 8, 20, wo Antonius mit einem doting mallard verglichen wird.

7667 f. Zu servaunce = servaunts vgl. ten Brink, Chaucers Spr. § 228

und an hundred besaunce A 4856. Wegen launce (Plur.) vgl. zu 2574. — **7685** Wie sehr der Gedanke an den Vater Raynbrowne bestimmt, zeigt 7769: daher habe ich thy in his geändert; thy auf Heraude zu beziehen, gibt keinen Sinn, auf Amis' Gemahlin, verbietet der Umstand, daß sie seit 7680 nicht mehr erwähnt wird; anders c 11349 I schall neuer blynne, Madame, or y thy lorde wynne. — **7694** roche neben rocke 7732, 7809.

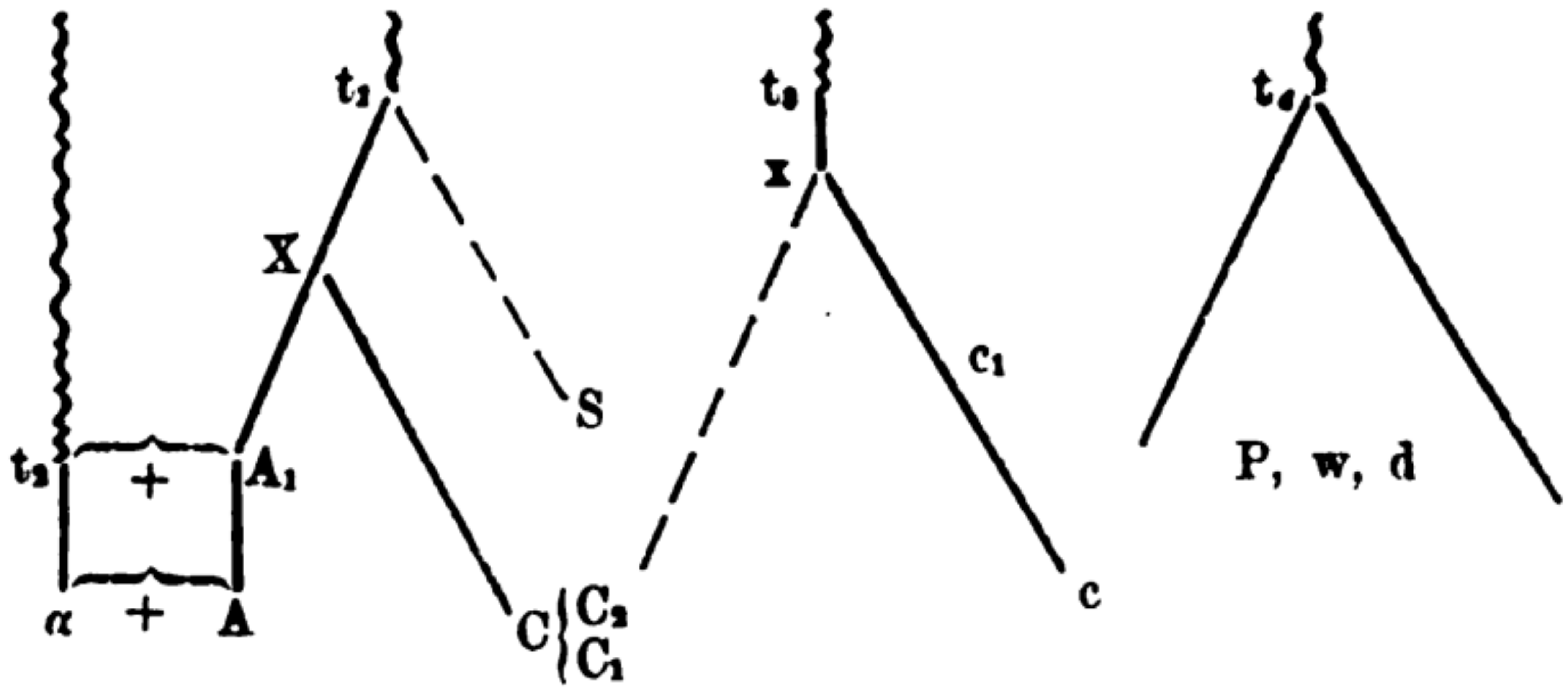
7704 Heißt of h. 'aus der Heidenzeit'? c 11405 Hyt was closyd.. Wythynne þe wallys wyth saradyns, wofür Zupitza w. a walle sarazyneys vorschlägt; Rbr. 81, 1 þe paleys was beloken.. wiþ a marbel wal. — **7711'** þretti mete ȝerde Rbr. 82, 11, Thr. fote c 11432. — **7757** Deutlicher c 11525 To Amys he wente.. And toke hym vp.. Bothe vpon þat stede þey strode; Rbr. 90, 2 tok him vp be þe hond usw.: ist demnach up einzuschieben? — **7776** Woher kann der Feenritter (Rbr. 89, 3 heißt er sire Gayere) wissen, daß R. ihm gegenübersteht und G. dessen Vater ist? Auch Rbr. 94, 6, c 11562 geben darauf keine Antwort.

7805 Sany bildet keinen Reim, ebenso wenig Marce, wenn wir es nach Rbr. 100, 10 in den Text setzten; c ist nach Zupitza, der zu c 11659 den uns nicht helfenden frz. Text mitteilt, verderbt. — **7840** f. in the fl. gibt, da es sich um einen Zweikampf handelt, keinen Sinn; anders 1712, 1879, 2970, 3447. — Zu bad (prayed c) ergänze man nach c 11726, Rbr. 106, 2 to god almiȝt. — **7864** c 11767 R. vndurstode, þat he wolde reuerens hym no more, Rbr. 110, 4 R. herde þis, þat H. dispised is. Zu tell of = to have a specified estimate of vgl. Thys Geaunt noght told of hym in no degre: NED. — **7882** f. Syth the tyme, y spake wyth þe, All y qwake, as leef on tre sagt Aslake zu seinem Vater c 11807, Rbr. 114. — **7896** mad (= stupefied with fear: NED) = agaste Rbr. 116, 5. — **7897** Zur Änderung vgl. 3545, 6355.

7941 dayes thre c 11960, Treis iours in der von Zupitza zur Ergänzung des verstümmelten Rbr. abgedruckten frz. Fassung 9. — **7961** ff. Bel ensaumple i peut em prendre Qui bien la siet e ueut entendre De pruesce amer.. De Guion nus aprent le escrit Ceo est la summe de la ualur, Ke tut guerpi pur sun creatur; fehlt Cc. — **7971** their beziehe ich auf die 7956-60 genannten Personen.

Aus den obigen Anmerkungen geht hervor, daß d aus keiner anderen uns bekannten englischen Fassung stammen kann: 1. nicht aus A: vgl. zu 933, 1017, 1340, 1638, 2285 f., 2553, 2625 f., 2814, 3591, 4354, 4718, 4912, 4943, 5124, 5137 f., 5184; 6337, 7193 f., 7219 f. — 2. nicht aus C: vgl. zu 528, 933, 1017, 1340, 1459 ff., 1638, 1711, 1799, 2517 ff., 2695, 2753, 2838, 3601, 3978, 7193 f., 7243, 7480. — 3. nicht aus c: vgl. zu 199 f., 335, 354, 437 f., 503, 528, 789, 1256, 1381, 1464, 1665, 1799, 1810, 2560, 2591 f., 2804, 2838, 2961 ff., 3451, 3491, 3601, 3978, 4354, 4912, 5137 f., 5299, 5377, 5417 f., 5763 f., 5972 ff., 6406, 7219 f., 7480.

Weyrauch hat S. 66 folgenden Stammbaum aufgestellt:



Daß d nicht aus dem Fragment S stammt, ist schon bei der engen Verwandtschaft von SC (Zupitza, Akad. 629) unwahrscheinlich; daß aber das Fragment 'P keineswegs die direkte oder indirekte Quelle von d war', hat Zupitza S. 640 nachgewiesen. S. 641 fragt er: 'War w die Vorlage von d, so daß die Veränderungen in d Coplands Konjekturen wären, oder hatten d und w eine gemeinschaftliche Grundlage?'

Seine Selbständigkeit bekundet d vor allem in Kürzungen, die es gemäß 5871 bewußt vorgenommen hat (vgl. zu 2999, 5613, 6603, 6713); aber auch sonst ist es seine eigenen Wege gegangen (vgl. zu 532, 2812, 2991 f., 3133, 3322, 4100, 4952, 5891 f., 5972 ff., 5985 f.; zu den Abweichungen in Zahlenangaben vgl. Inhaltsverzeichnis unter d).

Die zu 1059, 1236 und 6247 besprochenen mit c gemeinsamen Fehler legen, ebenso wie enge Berührungen mit Hss. verschiedener Herkunft (mit A: vgl. zu 1464, 3333 ff., 4892 f., 5299; α: vgl. zu 6787, 7031 f.; C: vgl. zu 5359 f., 6563; c: vgl. zu 2927 f., 5105) und hie und da getreuere Wiedergabe der frz. Quelle, als wir in den anderen englischen Fassungen finden (vgl. zu 4119, 4247, 4966, 7029), den Gedanken an eine englische Urübersetzung nahe, aus der die einzelnen Handschriftengeschlechter hervorgegangen sind.

Näher mich mit diesen Fragen zu befassen, verbietet mir die Beschränkung meiner Einsicht in die französischen Quellen und dürfte auch über mein Hauptziel, eine sorgfältige Ausgabe von d zu bieten, hinausgehen. Ferner sind Zupitzas Fragen (Akad. S. 641), soweit ich sehe, noch immer unbeantwortet: „Gibt das Fragment von 36 Blättern 'printed in a thinner letter than W. de Worde's', das sich nach Warton (ed. Hazlitt) II 162 im Besitz von Mr. Staunton of Longbridge House, co. Warw., befindet und von Pynson herrühren soll — gibt dieses denselben Text wie d? Auch Cawood's Ausgabe? Wo ist ein Exemplar von diesen?"

Namenverzeichnis.

(Um Platz zu sparen, habe ich aus den Belegen zu den einzelnen Namen meist nur eine Auswahl angeführt; ein * weist auf die Anmerkungen.)

Adam 5947*, Adelarde 2991 ff.*, Afrike 6690, 6712, 7494, Almayne 818, 4176, 6178, the Almaynes 1867, 2194, Alysander 6218, Ameraunt 6478, 6615, 6751, Amis 5323, 6180*, 7688, 7735, Amory 4658*, Anbry 4537*, 4919, 5659, Antyoche 6194, Apolyne 3706, Aragus 6719, 7534, 7641, Arderne 154, 4768, 7395, Aslake 7909, 7951, Athelstone 1075*, 5892, 7345, 7936.

Barnarde 6786, 6909, 6987, 7153, Bartufe 2137 ff.*, Belyne 2517, Blaunchflower 836, 839, 1008, Bokingham 54, Braban 5777*, Brytayne 822, 1236*, 6181, Burgoyne 1570, 4175, 7800, Burnesweke 2812.

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